# THE FRA

NOT·FOR·MUMMIES

A·JOURNAL·OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. V APRIL, 1910 No. 1



THOMAS A. EDISON IN THIS ISSUE

PUBLISHED·MONTHLY·BY·ELBERT·HUBBARD
EAST·AURORA·ERIE·COUNTY·N.Y.
25·CENTS·A·COPY·2·DOLLARS·A·YEAR

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A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. 5 APRIL No. 1

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign Postage: 75 Cents Extra

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, EAST AURORA, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER


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# THE OPEN ROAD

## AFOOT WITH THE FRA

### Thomas A. Edison



UT in Ohio they passed a law, a few years ago, making any man ineligible to act as a magistrate who had not studied law and been duly admitted to the bar. Men who had not studied law were deemed lacking in the sense of justice. This law was designed purely for one man—Samuel M. Jones of Toledo ❧ Was ever a Jones so honored before?

In Athens, of old, a law was once passed declaring that every man, either of whose parents was an alien, was not a citizen and therefore ineligible to hold office.

This law was aimed at the head of one man—Themistocles. "And so you are an alien?" was the taunting remark flung at the mother of Themistocles.

And the Greek matron proudly answered, "Yes, I am an alien—but my son is Themistocles."

¶Down at Lilly Dale the other day a woman told me that she had talked with the mother of Edison and the spirit voice had said: "It is true I was a Canadian schoolteacher, and this at a time when very few women taught, but I am the mother of him you call Thomas A. Edison. I studied and read and wrote, and in degree I educated myself. I had great ambition—I thirsted to know, to do, to become. But I was hampered and chained in an uncongenial atmosphere. My body struggled with its bonds, so that I grew weak, worried, sick, and died, leaving my boy to struggle his way alone. My only regret at death was the thought that I


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was leaving my boy. I thought that through my marriage I had killed my career—sacrificed myself ✍ But my boy became heir to all my hunger for knowledge, and he has accomplished what I dimly dreamed. He has made plain what I only guessed. From my position here I have whispered secrets to him that only the freed spirits knew. I once thought my life was a failure, but now I know that the word 'failure' is a term used only by foolish mortals. In the universal sense there is no such thing as failure."

Just here it seems to me that some one once said that we get no mind without brain. But we had here the brain of the medium, otherwise this alleged message from the spirit realm would not be ours. So we will not now tarry to discuss psychic phenomena, but go on to other things. But the woman from Lilly Dale said something, just the same.

### The Beginnings of Things

EDISON was born at the little village of Milan, Ohio, which lies six miles from Norwalk on the road between Cleveland and Toledo ✍ ✍

On the breaking out of the Civil War the boy was fourteen years old. His parents had moved to Sarnia, Canada, and then across to Port Huron ✍ ✍

Young Edison used to ride up and down from Detroit on the passenger-boats and sell newspapers. His standing with the Detroit "Free Press," backed up by his good cheer and readiness to help the passengers with their babies and bundles, gave him free passage on all railroads and steamboat lines.

There was a public library at Detroit where any one could read, but books could not be taken away.

All of Edison's spare time was spent at the library, which to him was a gold mine. All of his mother's books had been sold, stolen or given away.

And ahoy there, all you folks who have books! Do you not know what books are to a child hungry for truth, that has no books?

Of course you do not!

Books to a boy like young Edison are treasures-trove, in which is stored the learning of all the great and good and wise who have ever lived. ¶ And the boy has to read, and read for a decade, in order to find that books are not much after all.

When Edison saw the inside of that library and was told he could read any or all of the books, he said, "If you please, Mister, I'll begin here." And he tackled the first shelf, mentally deciding that he would go through the books ten feet at a time.

A little later he bought at an auction fifty volumes of the "North American Review," and moving the books up to his home at Port Huron proceeded to read them.

The war was on—papers sold for ten cents each and business was good.

Edison was making money—and saving it. He only plunged on books.

Over at Mount Clemens, at the Springs, folks congregated, and there young Edison took weekly trips selling papers.

On one such visit he rescued the little son of the station-agent from in front of a moving train. In gratitude the man took the boy to his house and told him he must make it his home while in Mount Clemens; and then after supper the youngster went down to the station; and what was more, the station-agent took him in behind the ticket-window where the telegraph-instrument clicked off dots and dashes on a long strip of paper.

Edison looked on with open mouth.

"Would you like to become a telegraph-operator?" asked the agent.

"Sure!" was the reply.

Already the boy had read up on the subject in his library of the "North American Review" and he really knew the history of the thing better than the agent.

Edison was now a newsboy on the Grand Trunk, and he arranged his route so as to spend every other night at Mount Clemens.

In a few months he could handle the key about as well as the station-agent.

About this time the ice had carried out the telegraph-line between Port Huron and Sarnia. The telegraph people were in sore straits ✍ Edison happened along and said to the local operator, "Come out here, Bill, on this switch-engine and we'll fix things!" By short snorts of the whistle for dots and long ones for dashes, they soon caught the ear of the operator on the other side. He answered back, "What t'ell is the matter with you fellows?" And Edison and the other operator roared with laughter, so that the engineer thought their think-boxes needed re-babbitting.

And that scheme of telegraphy with a steam-whistle was Edison's first invention.

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### Out on the Highway

INSTEAD of going to college Edison started a newspaper—a kind of amateur affair, in which he himself wrote editorials, news-items and advertisements—this when he was seventeen years old.

The best way to become a skilled writer is to write; and if there is a better way to learn than by doing, the world has not yet discovered it. ¶ Also, if there is a finer advantage for a youth who would be a financier than to have a shiftless father, it has not been recorded.

When nineteen Edison had two thousand dollars in cash—more money than his father ever saw at one time.

The Grand Trunk folks found that their ex-trainboy could operate, and so they called on him to help them out, up and down the line. Then the Western Union wanted extra good men, and young Edison was given double pay to go to New Orleans where there was a pitiful dearth of operators, the Southern operators being mostly dead, and Northern men not caring to live in the South.

So Edison traveled North and South and East and West, gathering gear. He had studied the science of telegraphy closely enough to see that it could be improved upon. One message at a time for one wire was absurd—why not two, or four, and why not send messages both ways at once!

It was the general idea then that electricity traveled: Edison knew better—electricity merely rendered the wire sensitive.

Edison was getting a reputation among his associates. He had read everything, and when his key was not busy, there was in his hand a copy of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall."

He wrote a hand like copperplate and could "take" as fast as the best could send. And when it came to "sending," he had made the pride of Chicago cry quits.

The Western Union had need of a specially good man at Albany while the Legislature was in session, and Edison was sent there. He took the key and never looked at the clock—he cleaned up the stuff. He sat glued to his chair for ten hours, straight.

At one time the line suddenly became blocked between Albany and New York. The manager was in distress, and after exhausting all known expedients went to Edison. The lanky youth called up a friend of his in Pittsburgh and ordered that New York give the Pittsburgh man the Albany wire. "Feel your way up the river until you find me," were the orders.

Edison started feeling his way down the river. ¶ In twenty minutes he called to the manager, "The break is two miles below Poughkeepsie—I've ordered the section-boss at Poughkeepsie to take a repairer on his handcar and go and fix it!"

Of course, this plain telegraph-operator had no right to order out a section-boss; but nevertheless he did it. He shouldered responsibility like Tom Potter of the C., B. & Q.

Not long after the Albany experience, Edison was in New York, not looking for work as some say, but nosing around Wall Street investigating the "Laws Automatic Ticker." The machine he was looking at suddenly stopped, and this blocked all the tickers on the line. An expert was sent for, but he could not start it.

"I'll fix it," said a tall, awkward volunteer, the same which was Edison.

History is not yet clear as to whether Edison had not originally "fixed" it, and Edison so far has not confessed.

And there being no one else to start the machine, Edison was given a chance, and soon the tickers were going again. This gave him an introduction to the stock-ticker folks, and the Western Union people he already knew. ¶ This was in Eighteen Hundred Seventy, and Edison was then twenty-three years old.

He studied out how stock-reporting could be bettered and invented a plan which he duly patented, and then laid his scheme before the Western Union managers.

A stock company was formed, and young Edison, aged twenty-four, was paid exactly forty thousand dollars in cash for his patent, and retained by the Company as Electrical Adviser at three hundred dollars a month.

In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-four, when he was twenty-seven, he had perfected his duplex telegraph apparatus and had a factory turning out telegraph-instruments and appliances at Newark, New Jersey, where three hundred men were employed.

In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, the year of the Centennial Exposition, Edison told the Exposition Managers that if they would wait a year or so he would light their show with electricity.

He moved to the then secluded spot of Menlo Park to devote himself to experiments, spending

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an even hundred thousand dollars in equipment as a starter. Results followed fast, and soon we had the incandescent lamp, trolley-car, electric pen and many other inventions. It was on the night of October the Twenty-third, Eighteen Hundred Seventy-nine, that Edison first turned the current through an incandescent burner and got the perfect light. He sat and looked at the soft, mild, beautiful light and laughed a joyous peal of laughter that was heard in the adjoining rooms. "We've got it, boys!" he cried, and the boys, a dozen of them, came tumbling in ❧ Arguments started as to how long it would last. One said an hour. "Twenty-four hours," said Edison. They all vowed they would watch it without sleep until the carbon film was destroyed and the light went out. It lasted just forty hours.

Around Edison grew up a group of great workers, proud to be called "Edison Men"—and some of these went out and made for themselves names and fortunes.

Edison was born in Eighteen Hundred Forty-seven. Consequently, at this writing he is sixty-three years old. He is big and looks awkward, because his dusty-gray clothes do not fit, and he walks with a slight stoop. When he wants clothes he telephones for them. His necktie is worn by the right oblique, his iron-gray hair is combed by the wind ❧ On his cherubic face usually sits a half-quizzical, pleased smile, that fades into a look plaintive and very gentle. The face is that of a man who has borne burdens and known sorrow, of one who has overcome only after mighty effort. I was going to say that Edison looks like a Roman Emperor, but I recall that no Roman Emperor deserves to rank with him—not even Julius Cæsar! The face is that of Napoleon at St. Helena, unsubdued. ¶ The predominant characteristics of the man are his faith, hope, good cheer and courage. But at all times his humor is apt to be near the surface.

Had Edison been as keen a business man as Rockefeller, and kept his own in his own hands, he would today be as rich as Rockefeller.

But Edison is worth, oh, say, two million dollars, and that is all any man should be worth—it is all he needs. Yet there are at least a hundred men in the world today, far richer than Edison, who have made their fortunes wholly and solely by appropriating his ideas.

Edison has trusted people, and some of them have taken advantage of his great, big, generous, boyish spirit to do him grievous wrong. But the nearest I ever heard him come to making a complaint was when he said to me, "Fra Elbertus, you never wrote but one really true thing!"

"Well, what was that, Mr. Edison?"

"You said, 'There is one thing worse than to be deceived by men, and that is to distrust them.' Now people say I have been successful, and so I have, in degree, and it has been through trusting men ❧ There are a few fellows who always know just what I am doing—I confide in them—I explain things to them just to straighten the matter out in my own mind."

But of the men who have used Edison's money and ideas, who have made it a life business to study his patents and then use them, evading the law, not a word!

From Eighteen Hundred Seventy to Eighteen Hundred Ninety Edison secured over nine hundred patents, or at the rate of one patent every ten days ❧ Very few indeed of these patents ever brought him any direct return, and now his plan is to invent and keep the matter a secret in his "family."

"The value of an idea lies in the using of it," he said to me. "You patent a thing and the other fellow starts even with you. Keep it to yourself and you have the machinery going before the other fellow is awake. Patents may protect some things, and still others they only advertise ❧ Up in Buffalo you have a great lawyer who says he can drive a coach and four through any will that was ever made—and I guess he can. All good lawyers know how to break wills and contracts, and there are now specialists who secure goodly fees for busting patents. If you have an idea, go ahead and invent a way to use it and keep your process secret."

### The Lion in His Den

THE Edison factories at West Orange cover a space of about thirty acres, all fenced in with high pickets and barb-wire. Over two thousand people are employed inside that fence. There are guards at the gates and the would-be visitor is challenged as if he were an enemy ❧ If you want to see any particular person, you do not go in and see him—he comes to you and you sit in a place like the visitors' dock at Sing-Sing.

With me it was different: I had a note that

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made the gates swing wide. However, one gatekeeper scrutinized the note and scrutinized me, and then went back into a maze of buildings for advice. When he came back, the General Manager was with him and was reproving him. In a voice full of defense the County Down watchman said, "Ah, now, and how did I know but that it was a forgery? And anyhow, I'd never let in a man what looks like that, even if he had an order from Bill Taft!"

The Edison factories, all enclosed in the high fence and under guard, include four separate and distinct corporations, each with its own set of offices. Edison himself owns a controlling interest in each corporation, and the rest of the stock is owned by the managers or "family." With his few trusted helpers he is most liberal. Not only do they draw goodly salaries, but they have an interest in the profits that is no small matter

The secrets of the place are protected by having each workman stick right to one thing and work in one room No running around is allowed—each employee goes to a certain place and remains there all day. To be found elsewhere is a misdemeanor, and while spies at the Edison factory are not shot, they have been known to disappear into space with great velocity.

To make amends for the close restrictions on workers, an extra wage is paid and the eight-hour day prevails, so help is never wanting. Ninety-nine workers out of a hundred want their wages, and nothing else.

Promotion, advancement and education are things that never occur to them. But for the few that have the stuff in them, Edison is always on the lookout. His place is really a college, for to know the man is an education. He radiates good cheer and his animation is catching

To a woman who wanted him to write a motto for her son, Edison wrote, "Never look at the clock!" The argument is plain—get the thing done!

And around the Edison laboratory there is no use of looking at a clock, for none of them runs. That is the classic joke of the place. Years ago Edison expressed his contempt for the man who watched the clock, and now every Christmas his office family take up a collection and buy him a clock, and present it with great ceremony. He replies in a speech on the nebular hypothesis and all are very happy. One year the present assumed the form of an Ingersoll Dollar Watch, which the Wizard showed to me with great pride In the stockade is a beautiful library building and here you see clocks galore, some of which must have cost a thousand dollars apiece, all silent. One clock had a neatly printed card attached, "Don't look at this clock—it has stopped." And another, "You may look at this clock, for you can't stop it!" It was already stopped.

One very elegant clock had a solid block of wood where the works should have been, but the face and golden hands were all complete. ¶ However, one clock was running, with a tick needlessly loud, but this clock had no hands

The Edison Library is a gigantic affair, with two balconies and bookstacks, limitless.

The intent was to have a scientific library right at hand that would compass the knowledge of the world. The Laboratory is quite as complete, for in it is every chemical substance known to man, all labeled, classified and indexed Seemingly Edison is the most careless, indifferent and slipshod of men, but the real fact is that such a thorough business general the world has seldom seen. If he wants, say, the "Electrical Review" for March, Eighteen Hundred Ninety-one, he hands a boy a slip of paper and the book is in his hands in five minutes. Edison of all men understands that knowledge consists in having a clerk who can quickly find the thing. In his hands the card index has reached perfection.

Edison has no private office, and his desk in the great library has not had a letter written on it since Eighteen Hundred Ninety-five. "I hate to disturb the mice," he said as he pointed it out indifferently.

He arrives at the stockade early—often by seven o'clock, and makes his way direct to the Laboratory, which stands in the center of the campus. All around are high factory buildings, vibrating with the suppressed roar and hum of industry

In the Laboratory, Edison works, secure and free from interruption unless he invites it. Much of his time is spent in the Chemical Building, a low, one-story structure, lighted from the top. It has a cement floor and very simple furniture, the shelves and tables being mostly of iron. "We are always prepared for fires and explosions here," said Edison in half-apology for the barrenness of the rooms.

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The place is a maze of retorts, kettles, tubes, siphons and tiny brass machinery. In the midst of the mess stood two old-fashioned armchairs —both sacred to Edison. One he sits in, and the other is for his feet, his books, pads and paper. ¶ Here he sits and thinks, reads or muses or tells stories or shuffles about with his hands in his pockets ✍ Edison is a man of infinite leisure. He has the faculty of throwing details on others. At his elbow, shod in sneakers silent, is always a stenographer. Then there is a bookkeeper who does nothing but record the result of every experiment, and these experiments are going on constantly, attended to by half a dozen quiet and alert men, who work like automatons. "I have tried a million schemes that will not work—I know everything that is no good. I work by elimination," says Edison.

When hot on the trail of an idea he may work here for three days and nights without going home, and his wife is good enough and great enough to leave him absolutely to himself. In a little room in the corner of the Laboratory is a little iron cot and three gray army blankets. He can sleep at any time, and half an hour's rest will enable him to go on.

When he can't quite catch the idea, he closes up his brain-cells for ten minutes and sleeps, then up and after it again.

Mrs. Edison occasionally sends meals down for the Wizard when he is on the trail of a thought and does not want to take time to go home.

One day the dinner arrived when Edison was just putting the salt on the tail of an idea. There was no time to eat, but it occurred to the inventor that if he would just quit thinking for ten minutes and sleep, he could awaken with enough brain-power to throw the lariat successfully. So he just leaned back, put his feet in the other chair and went to sleep.

The General Manager came in and saw the dinner on the table and Edison sleeping, so he just sat down and began to eat the dinner ✍ He ate it all, and tiptoed out.

Edison slept twenty minutes, awoke, looked at the empty dishes, pulled down his vest, took out his regular after-dinner cigar, lighted it and smoked away in sweet satisfaction, fully believing that he had had his dinner; and even after the General Manager had come in and offered to bet him a dollar he had n't, he was still of the same mind.

This spirit of sly joking fills the place, set afloat by the master himself. Edison dearly loves a joke, and will quit work any time to hear one. It is the five minutes' sleep and the good laugh that keep his brain from becoming a hotbox—he gets his rest!

"When do you take your vacation, Mr. Edison?" a lady asked him.

"Election night every November," was the reply. And this is literally true, for on that night there is a special wire run into the Orange Club-House, and Edison takes the key and sits there until daylight taking the returns, writing them out carefully in that copperplate Western Union hand. He is as careful about his handwriting now as if he were writing out train-orders.

"If I wanted to live a hundred years I would use neither tobacco nor coffee," said Edison as we sat at lunch. "But you see I'd rather get a little really good work done than live long and do nothing to speak of. And so I spur what I am pleased to call my mind, at times with coffee and a good cigar—just pass the matches, thank you! Some day some fellow will invent a way of concentrating and storing up sunshine to use instead of this old, absurd Prometheus scheme of fire. I'll do the trick myself if some one does n't get at it. Why, that is all there is about my work in electricity—you know, I never claimed to have invented electricity—that is a campaign lie—nail it!

"Sunshine is spread out thin and so is electricity. Perhaps they are the same, but we will take that up later. Now the trick was, you see, to concentrate the juice and liberate it as you needed it. The old-fashioned way inaugurated by Jove, of letting it off in a clap of thunder, is dangerous, disconcerting and wasteful. It does n't fetch up anywhere. My task was to subdivide the current and use it in a great number of little lights, and to do this I had to store it. And we have n't really found out how to store it yet and let it off really easy-like and cheap. Why, we have just begun to commence to get ready to find out about electricity. This scheme of combustion in order to get power makes me sick to think of—it is so wasteful. It is just the old, foolish Prometheus idea, and the father of Prometheus was a baboon.

"When we learn how to store electricity, we will cease being apes ourselves; until then we are tailless orang-outangs. You see, we should

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utilize natural forces and thus get all of our power. Sunshine is a form of energy, and the winds and the tides are manifestations of energy. Do we use them?

"Oh, no; we burn up wood and coal, as renters burn up the front fence for fuel. We live like squatters, not as if we owned the property.

"There must surely come a time when heat and power will be stored in unlimited quantities in every community, all gathered by natural forces. Electricity ought to be as cheap as oxygen, for it can not be destroyed.

"Now I am not sure but that my new storage-battery is the thing. I'd tell you about that, but I don't want to bore you. Of course, I know that nothing is more interesting to the public than a good lie. You see, I have been a newspaper-man myself—used to run a newspaper—in fact, Veritas and Old Subscriber once took exception to one of my editorials and threw me into the Detroit River—that is where I got my little deafness—what's that? No, I did not say my deftness—I got that in another way. But about lies, you have heard that one about my smoking big, black cigars! Well, the story is that the boys in the office used to steal my cigars and so I got a cigarmaker to make me up a box that looked just like my favorite brand, only I had 'em filled with hemp, horse-hair and a touch of asafetida. Then I just left the box where the boys would be sure to dip into it; but it seems the cigarman put them on, and so they just put that box into my own private stock and I smoked the fumigators and never knew the difference.

"That whole story is a pernicious malrepresentation invented by the enemy of mankind in order to throw obloquy over a virtuous old telegraph-operator—brand it!"

And so you see I have branded it.

## "Educated Men"

ONCE upon a day I wrote an article on Alexander Humboldt. And in the article among other things I said this: "This world of ours, round like an orange and slightly flattened at the Poles, has produced but five educated men."

And ironical ladies and gents from all parts of the United States wrote me on postal cards, begging that I should name the other four.

Let us leave the cynics to their little pleasantries, and make our appeal to people who think.

¶ Education means evolution, development, growth. Education is comparative, for there is no fixed standard—all men know more than some men, and some men know more than some other men. "Every man I meet is my master in some particular," said Emerson.

But there are five men in history who had minds so developed and evolved beyond the rest of mankind so far that they form a class by themselves, and deserve to be called Educated Men.

The men I have in mind were the following:

Pericles, Builder of Athens.

Aristotle, tutor of Alexander, and the world's first naturalist.

Leonardo, the all-round man—the man who could do more things, and do them well, than any other man who ever lived.

Sir Isaac Newton, the mathematician, who analyzed light and discovered the law of gravitation.

Alexander von Humboldt, explorer and naturalist, who compassed the entire scientific knowledge of the world, issued his books in de luxe limited editions at his own expense and sold them for three thousand dollars a set.

Newton and Humboldt each wore a seven and three-fourths hat. Leonardo and Aristotle went untaped, but Pericles had a head so high and so big that he looked like a caricature, and Aristophanes, a nice man who lived at the same time, said the head of Pericles looked like a pumpkin that had been sat upon. All the busts of Pericles represent him wearing a helmet—this to avoid what the artists thought an abnormality, the average Greek having a round, smooth chucklehead like that of a Bowery bartender.

America has produced two men who stand out so far beyond the rest of mankind that they form a class by themselves: Benjamin Franklin and Thomas A. Edison.

Franklin wore a seven and a half hat, Edison wears a seven and three-fourths.

The difference in men is the difference in brain-power. And while size does not always token quality, yet size and surface are necessary to get power, and there is no record of a man with a six and a half head ever making a ripple on the intellectual sea. Without the cells you get no mind, and if mind exists without the cells, it has not yet been proven. The brain is a storage-battery made up of millions of minute cells.

The weight of an average man's brain is forty-nine ounces. Now, Humboldt's brain weighed

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fifty-six ounces, and Newton's and Franklin's weighed fifty-seven. Let us hope the autopsist will not have a chance to weigh Edison's brain for many years, but when he does the mark will register fifty-seven ounces.

An orang-outang weighs about the same as a man, but its brain weighs only a pound, against three pounds for a man. Give a gorilla a brain weighing fifty ounces, and he would be a Methodist Presiding Elder. Give him a brain the same size as Edison's, say fifty-seven ounces, and instead of spending life in hunting for snakes and heaving cocoanuts at monkeys as respectable gorillas are wont, he would be weighing the world in scales of his own invention and making and measuring the distances of the stars.

Pericles was taught by the gentle Anaxagoras, who gave all his money to the State in order that he might be free. The State reciprocated by cutting off his head, for republics are always ungrateful.

Aristotle was a pupil of Plato and worked his way through college, sifting ashes, washing windows, and sweeping sidewalks.

Leonardo was self-taught and gathered knowledge as a bee gathers honey, although honey is n't honey until the bee digests it.

Sir Isaac Newton was a Cambridge man. He held the office of Master of the Mint, and to relieve himself of the charge of atheism he anticipated the enemy and wrote a book on the Hebrew Prophets, which gave the scientists the laugh on him, but made his position with the State secure. Newton is the only man herein mentioned who knew anything about theology, all the others being "infidels" in their day, devoting themselves strictly to this world. Humboldt was taught by the "natural method," and never took a college degree. ¶ Franklin was a graduate of the University of Hard Knocks, and Edison's Alma Mater is the same.

There is one special characteristic manifested by the Seven Educated men I have named—good cheer, a great welling sense of happiness! They were all good animals: they gloried in life; they loved the men and women who were still on earth; they feasted on the good things in life; breathed deeply; slept soundly and did not bother about the future. Their working motto was, "One world at a time."

They were all able to laugh.

Genius is a great fund of joyousness.

Each and all of these men influenced the world profoundly. We are different people because they lived. Every house, school, library and workshop in Christendom is touched by their presence.

All are dead but Edison, yet their influence can never die. And no one in the list has influenced civilization so profoundly as Edison. You can not look out of a window in any city in Europe or America without beholding the influence of his thought. You may say that the science of electricity has gone past him, but all of the Sons of Jove have built on him.

He gave us the electric light and the electric car and pointed the way to the telephone—three things that have revolutionized society. As Athens at her height was the Age of Pericles, so will our time be known as the Age of Edison.

The major habit or the minor sin trips its victim over the bank at an unguarded point, and to get back to safety, strong and friendly hands must reach out.

## Who Is Right?



SHAKESPEARE tells us of the fickle favor of princes.

And the reason a prince is fickle and flighty, and his favor easily given and quickly withdrawn, is because he is a man. ¶ Popularity is a bubble, fame a bauble, reputation a breath. If the breeze of popular favor blows too strong in your direction, be warned in time—it is likely to veer and give you a back-draft, soon.

Especially is this so if you have done some great and daring feat, or performed some signal service for the world. Society has always destroyed its saviors, and usually hanged them between thieves.

We deify and slay, and slay and deify. The men who ask for bread often get a pile of stone after they are dead.

Socrates was passed the hemlock; Pericles had to go into the public forum and plead for the life of his wife; the son of Pericles was executed because he failed to win a battle; Phidias died in prison; Herodotus ostracized; Aristotle exiled; Christ crucified; Seneca banished; Paul beheaded; Bruno burned; Galileo disgraced; Copernicus silenced;

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Savonarola destroyed; Luther imprisoned, Columbus freed from his chains by death; Henry Hudson set afloat in an open boat to starve; Sir Walter Raleigh sent to the block. Day before yesterday the name of Dewey was shouted from the housetops ❧ He was our popular hero. We loaded him with favors and bought him a home. When he got married and did the very wise and sensible thing of deeding the home to his wife, society from Aroostock to San Diego turned on him, and the newspapers (the echo of public sentiment) sneezed, coughed, caviled overtime—and Dewey was a dead one.

Who ever performed such a signal service for his country as Admiral Nelson did for England? Yet when Nelson in his will left his wife and daughter to the care of "the country I have always tried to serve," England allowed the wife and daughter to drift to the poorhouse.

### Is Dr. Cook a Faker?

KNOWING these things, does it not behoove people who prize truth, justice and the spirit of fair play to go a little slow in their judgments? ¶ Is Dr. Cook a faker? ¶ I answer, there is not a particle of evidence to show that he is. And therefore we have no right to condemn him.

Wendell Phillips and Horace Greeley were both good men, but what they thought and said about Abraham Lincoln is too sickening to reprint. To make it brief they both called Lincoln all the names and a few more that so many people are now applying to Dr. Cook. ¶ The people who lavished on Dr. Cook their roses, were after him with cockle-burs, immediately after the Danish Commission issued their verdict of "Not Proven."

Yet this verdict should have been anticipated, since it was the only possible verdict that could be given.

Our Copenhagen friends were very remiss in not knowing, and plainly stating, that no man can ever go to the North Pole and prove it according to the accepted rules of what constitutes legal evidence.

Evidence to be irrefutable must be corroborated by disinterested witnesses. Theological evidence, of course, is something else.

Peary had a chance to take a white man with him. Instead he chose a negro who had no knowledge of navigation nor any sense of the value of scientific data.

There is no reason to suppose that Peary has been to the Pole beyond his own statements and the records which he personally prepared. And all experts now agree that records can be faked. All photographs taken above Eighty Degrees are very much alike.

Peary's records are better prepared than Cook's. But does this prove that Peary went to the Pole and Cook did n't?

Not at all; it simply proves that Peary is more skilful in compiling a record, and the question of which man could travel farther is left untouched.

### A Straightforward Account

IF an outsider were to be asked which man is the faker, he would naturally say, the one who produced the best report.

Fakers plot and plan to make their work plausible. The proof of forgery often lies in the forger being too exact.

Peary's report is perfect—Cook's is faulty ❧ Therefore, this big, flighty, fickle, foolish thing called the public cries, "Oh, Cook is a faker!" And his silence is construed as a final proof of guilt ❧ ❧

Please fletcherize on this: Dr. Cook's temporary retirement from the world is his own affair. Decency and the humanities demand that we should not hound him or beat the bush when he is taking a needed and well-earned rest ❧ If Cook were a faker, he would never have put in so plain, simple and naive a record. He would have muddled it with astronomy, geology, meteorology and mathematics until no one could have made anything out of it, and Copenhagen would have admitted it rather than understood it—like Dr. Johnson, who recommended a book but refused to read it ❧ ❧

Get it out of your head, once and forever, that any man can go to the North Pole and prove it outside of his own record.

Next, get it into your head that this record can be faked so no living man can tell when and where it was prepared.

### Barille's Impeachment

THERE are three counts against Cook. The first is the affidavit of Barille. Not being able to prove that Cook has not been to the Pole, the Peary syndicate of clubmen, editors and backers set out to show he never climbed Mount McKinley. This on the basis of the legal Roman maxim, "False in one, false in all."

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But Barille gives two reasons, both base, of why he made the affidavit impeaching Cook. One is that Cook owes him money, and the second is that he was paid money for making the affidavit.

Now, it seems that Barille for several years asserted over and over that he and Cook had climbed Mount McKinley. During that time he lied and now says he lied. So his affidavit is the affidavit of a confessed liar. Hence, we get back to the old country-schoolhouse question of debate, namely: If a man lies and admits he lies, is he telling the truth?

In law it is the rule to apply no more value to an affidavit that can neither be proved nor disproved than to a simple statement of the same individual. And the value of the statement turns on the man and why he makes it.

¶ In coming to a conclusion concerning the value of Barille's affidavit, we must consider the animus of securing this affidavit from Barille. What was the purpose involved?

It had but one motive, and that was to impeach Cook

And this was necessary in order to fix Peary's place in history as the discoverer of the Pole. One man's reputation is dragged down to exalt another's

### Loose Testimony

NEXT, we get the affidavit of a man by the suggestive name of Loose, who swears that Cook hired him to fake a record. This, Loose was quite willing to do, for a consideration.

The man who is willing to sell his services to impose upon the public, would certainly impose on the public in an affidavit that could not be either proved or disproved, if there was money enough in it. The business of Loose is to deceive. If he was faithless to Cook, what reason have we to assume that he is now telling the truth to us about Cook? If we apply the maxim, "False in one, false in all," to Cook, why not apply it to Barille and Loose?

¶ The testimony of rogues, paid for their services, will only be accepted by people with violent prejudices. Any kind of proof is good enough for a man who already believes the thing and has a personal reason for maintaining it

### Peary's Dogmatic Mind

PEARY'S first message concerning his rival was, "Cook is handing the public a gold brick." Here is revealed an attitude of mind that, to use the mildest term, is not judicial

Peary gives us the testimony of the two Esquimaux who accompanied Cook, to the effect that Cook only went "two sleeps North." But Peary was not content simply to ask these aborigines questions—he put them through a third degree. Now, the Esquimaux know nothing of the shape of the earth. They make no maps and have no interest in topography. They do not even calculate distance by miles. They are as simple, innocent and delightfully evasive as the Chinese.

But Peary, acting as judge, interpreter, stenographer and attorney, and for all the Esquimaux know, as executioner, worms out of them certain much-desired admissions, and then in the absence of the men gives the record out to civilized people as "proof."

Fie on you, Peary! You went to the North Pole, all right, I do believe, but your manners and your reasoning are unworthy of a Caucasian! Only blind hate could go so far as you have.

### Peary's Play-Fair Spirit

THEN begins a campaign of disparagement and vilification almost unprecedented in history. The rage of Peary disqualifies him for all belief, where Dr. Cook is concerned. He is like a woman who believes she has been wronged. The more she thinks about it, the greater her grievance grows. The man in the case assumes the proportions of a fiend. When seen, we behold a diffident little fellow, faulty no doubt, but not more so than the lady, so violent in her virtue.

Peary has brains, and he has great purpose and persistence. But he is cold as an iceberg—hard, irritable, unsympathetic, jealous, severe in his estimates, and absolutely without judicial balance

Cook is modest, mild, kind, unresentful, cool and well-balanced. Cook is exactly the kind of man who might make the trip. Such men have courage, plus. His patience is of the sort that could endure the Arctic night and go on, and on, and on.

Of the two men, on seeing them, nine people out of ten would believe Cook, and doubt Peary. Not that they would think Peary a liar, but his violence of direction destroys his perspective and he sees things all out of focus.

¶ He will not even admit that it is possible Cook has told the truth; or that Cook believes he made the trip.

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Peary's rage disqualifies him either as a judge or as a witness.

Cook's name was stricken from the roster of the Arctic Club of which Peary is president, and this has been accepted by the precious public as proof of Cook's guilt.

Let it be noted that Cook has never accused Peary of faking, and all the proof against Cook emanates from his competitor. Considering the animus and constitutional mood of Peary, we are forced to reject his accusations.

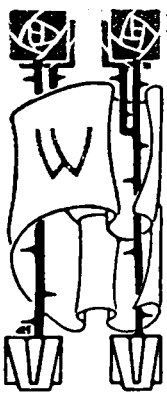
Cook was surgeon on Peary's first voyage to the frozen North. On this journey Peary's leg was broken. Cook set the fracture, and nursed Peary back to strength. In his report, Peary says, "This report would not be complete without acknowledgment of my obligation to Dr. Cook, patient and skilful surgeon, indefatigable worker and earnest student of the peculiar people among whom we lived."

¶ Peary could give Cook due credit, until he was a rival for the world's applause, and then he savagely turns on him and denounces him as a fraud and a faker.

The proof that these men have been to the North Pole is of their own compiling, and the verdict of all fair men is, "For all we know both men succeeded."

On close inspection we find the great man is not so great as we thought, and the stupid man not quite so dull as he appeared.

## Our Women Workers



WHAT is called "Good Society" now demands that when a girl marries she must cease all work, save for her husband alone. Her life no longer belongs to the world nor to herself: she is the property of her husband. That which a married woman earns or produces belongs not to herself, but to her husband.

In most cities there are now regulations prohibiting married women from teaching school. Many years may have been spent in preparation, and the experience the woman has acquired may be most valuable; but as soon as she is married she is relegated to looking after her own individual home, incarcerated in a kitchen, and a person less fit is put in her place, with the result that schoolteaching in America is often given up to the callow, the incompetent, the inexperienced and the unfit.

¶ The exaggerated value that we place upon the individual home is largely on account of the opportunities it offers for Conspicuous Leisure and Conspicuous Waste. It is quite true that not all the waste is conspicuous. Kitchen and laundry work, for instance, are to a great extent drudgery in small households; but in a community life these things are taken care of in turn, and by those who specialize on them, at a cost of one-fourth the effort which prevails in individual houses.

¶ There are machines now for washing clothes, drying and ironing them, and machines for washing dishes, all of which can be easily operated in communities, but which it is impossible to utilize in individual households. In the individual home, drudgery must forever prevail. The good housekeeper is a slave to her household, and her unremitting drudgery gives to her but little time and small inclination for mental improvement.

But the fact that the Conspicuous Waste and Conspicuous Leisure of the home are largely fictitious and futile, is no special disadvantage to a society that places a premium on pretense. It adds a kind of general piquancy to the idea, and surely shocks nobody—so accustomed are we to hypocrisy.

### Women and Insurance

A GREAT Life-Insurance Company, whose actuaries have more than a national reputation for soundness of reasoning, has recently given its agents some instructions on insuring the lives of women. I quote:

"Whereas, this company has not heretofore thought best to insure the lives of women, it is now acceptable for you to secure applications for policies from women as follows:

"1. Accept applications only from women in business or from wage-earning women who have people dependent on them.

"2. Do not accept married women, or women with an income that is not derived from their own property."

From this I assume that these hardheaded actuaries who absolutely eliminate gallantry, poetry and sentiment from their calculations, regard married women and women who have things provided for them as uncertain propositions to insure.

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Wage-earning women are reasonably happy. ¶ Steady, systematic work means health. The competent man or woman is a good moral and financial risk.

A married woman may be competent or she may not. She may be happy or she may not. ¶ It is quite unnecessary to question her along these lines—she will not tell the truth about them, and it is exactly the same with a woman who lives on the bounty provided by either a live man or a dead one.

Four-fifths of all surgical cases in public hospitals are performed on women.

But of the wage-earning, wealth-producing women, no more go to hospitals, proportionally, than do men. It is men who take the physical risks of the world—it is men who operate railroads, tunnel mountains, sail ships, mine the ores and erect buildings that scrape the sky. ¶ Yet, in spite of this fact, the insurance actuaries much prefer to insure men who are abroad in the world doing things than to accept risks on women who abide in the safety of the home and are protected and shielded on every side. From this there is only one conclusion, and that is, that to be married and keep house, and to have an income and do nothing, are hazardous undertakings

It is not the dangers of childbirth that make women a bad risk—it is the paucity of their lives. If it were the dangers of motherhood, the Insurance Companies would not refuse women over fifty, but married women and those unmarried, who are provided for, are placed in the same category.

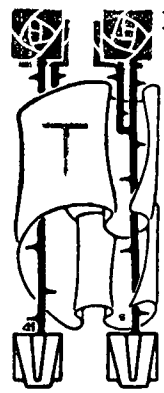
The real fact is, few women are admitted into the work of the world. Woman is the slave of her housekeeping—the slave of a man Hence the misery that leads to the ether-cone, the ligature and the scalpel And that is the reason why Life-Insurance Companies, as a rule, will not insure the lives of married women. The average married woman has no high purpose in life—no output for her ambition, no rock upon which she can strike her intellect and cause the welling waters of life to flow.

She has tasted of life and found it alkaline—all there is for her now is submission. She is a passive party. So the Insurance Actuary, viewing the average married woman with his cold, calculating, financial eye, declares her a hazardous risk, and passes her up.

Give women the ballot! It will help to enlarge their lives, improve their mental and physical estate, and make them better risks.

A man living in a certain environment, with a certain outlook, describes the things he sees, and out of these, plus what he imagines, is shaped his philosophy.

## Good News for Canadians



THE FRA Magazine has been admitted to the Dominion Mails as Second-Class Matter. Heretofore, we have had to make an extra charge to all Canadian subscribers of forty cents a year to cover postage. This now is done away with, and the rate is simply two dollars, the same as to subscribers in the United States All of our Canadian subscribers who have paid this excess will have their subscription extended accordingly.

For a United States publication to be admitted to Canada at the privileged rate is quite an achievement. The natural tendency is to keep out American publications, for Canada has a pretty fair list of Good Stuff of her own; and if our Ottawa friends did not feel quite able to instruct and educate, they would be something else than human.

But THE FRA, they feel, is a positive educational force for good, and they must have it. And so they have welcomed it. Canada has complimented herself.

So here are congratulations all round.

In passing let this truth be stated: the latest census reports show that Canada is the least illiterate of any country in the world. Also, she has the lowest death-rate per thousand of any country in the world. Also, once more, she has the fewest paupers. To be poor in Canada, nowadays, you have to waste an awful lot of time and an awful lot of money. However, things in Canada are not exactly perfect. For instance, there is a bad lot of awful silly-billy theology rampant over the line. ¶ But as the Canadian subscription-list of THE FRA grows, and it is growing fast, things in an intellectual way will get better. There is no doubt about that.

Just here seems a good place to call attention

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to a slight slip of logic on the part of President Taft, who has recently recommended an increase in the postage-rate on periodicals. The President intimates that the publisher is the man who thrives by the cent-a-pound rate; in other words, it is the publisher who pays the postage—and not the subscriber. Please note that the buyer pays the freight, and that now that the Canadian Government has admitted THE FRA to the low-rate privilege, each and all subscribers get a rebate of forty cents a year. Whether the consumer pays openly and frankly, or by an increased cost concealed in the price, matters not—the consumer pays.

If the thing has no value, and is given away, that is a different proposition. And a periodical that the subscriber does not want bad enough to pay for, is clearly outside of the scope of the statute, and the Second-Class Rate should not apply.

And while Canada and other highly civilized countries are welcoming publications of positive educational value, and extending them the privileged rate, our Uncle Sam at Washington has a cold in the head, also cold feet, over a trifling Post-Office deficit, and is sneezing at one of our greatest factors of liberty and light, and threatening to put jackscrews under postal rates ❧ ❧

Even Scotch Presbyterianism does n't go so far as to place a tax on window-lights.

In President Taft's argument he is said to have stated that the average haul of mail in the United States is a thousand miles. I am confident that this statement is an error and wide of the truth. While it may be true that figures do not lie, it is a fact that the men who make them are not thus handicapped.

### Average Haul of Mail

AS to the average distance the mail is hauled in the United States, let the matter remain in solution until some one knows. But here is a fact that no sane person will deny. The average haul of mail in Canada is very much longer than it is in the States. Look at the map! Canada stretches East and West a greater distance than does the United States. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are East of Maine. But the width of Canada—that is, the populated area, North and South—is very slight compared with the distance from, say, St. Paul to New Orleans. Western Canada—the British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan provinces—are growing at a marvelous rate. The mail haul from Montreal is long, but there is no scarey, flarey, blarey statement at Ottawa clamoring for an increased price on postage—not exactly. On the contrary, Ottawa is busy figuring out a plan of lowering her postage-rates ❧ And her postal rates are now lower than ours.

So this is to notify Washington that if postage-rates are advanced in the United States, I propose to move The Roycroft Shop over to Canada ❧ ❧

No doubt many good people will here arise, cough and say, "Let us have the increased rates, by all means!"

But let them enjoy their pleasantry. I am in earnest—also, I am safe in the threat.

Will Brother Barrowclough please have the Band play, "God Save the King!"

❧

Believe in the divinity of the child, not in its depravity.

❧

## The Social Dead-Line



IN all of the many growing cities of America there is taking place an eager exodus over a certain, social dead-line, that marks the rich from the poor.

When a business man attains a certain income, a speculator "strikes it rich," a manufacturer secures a monopoly, or any impecunious son of earth is struck by lightning and receives a legacy, straightway he moves his household to The Other Side of Town.

And for this man's family, when they go, the scenes that knew them once know them no more forever ❧ They do not say good-by—the friends they once had are no longer theirs; the neighbors with whom they used to chat over the gate read of them in the Society Events Column, but they never see them. The grocer who once was so friendly to them is dead; the jolly butcher is forgotten—all are gone, faded and swallowed up in the misty past, that past so full of work, and struggle, and difficulty, that past of youth and hope; and the end for which they toiled and longed has come. St. Peter's golden gates have opened: they have moved to the Other Side.

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Men who have incomes of four thousand dollars or more, say, in Buffalo, make hot haste to live on Delaware Avenue; in Pittsburgh it is the East End; in Cincinnati, Walnut Hills; in Cleveland, Euclid Avenue; in Chicago, Hyde Park; in Boston, Commonwealth Avenue; in New York, Uptown. And in these social migrations there is something pitiful, wondrous pitiful; for the man who goes can never return of his own free will; and to be forced back by fate is to suffer a humiliation that is worse than the disgrace that comes through crime.

### The Transition

WHEN a rich man, say in Albany, Syracuse or Toledo, loses his money and his family has to "come down," the sympathetic souls of earth shed tears for the glory that is gone. We tell how he had to give up all—he gave up his horses, his billiard-tables, his club, his solid plate: he discharged his gardener, his coachman, his butler. He is now keeping books for twenty dollars a week, and his wife is doing her own work; and we relate how his children are now compelled to attend the public school.

Ah, me! Life is grievous, and our days are full of trouble!

On questioning a good many men who have taken part in the Social Exodus, I find that the responsibility, Adam-like, of the change is thrown entirely on the woman: "My wife was dissatisfied and we had to go." Not once could I ever get a man to acknowledge that the question of pride, the desire to parade his success, or the hope of a better social position for his daughters ever weighed in the scale. But then a man is seldom aware of the motives that move him: we deceive ourselves and hide behind pleas of many hues.

The women of the Exodus tell me that the reason they moved to Commonwealth Avenue was because the sewerage was imperfect in the old home, the water was bad, the air full of smoke, or the neighbors' children so very rude

And in various instances these worthy mothers, following the example of their husbands, unload the responsibility on the children. "When Mayme came home from Wellesley she could not stand it there," or "When George got back from Harvard he found the society so awfully dull."

And right here let us note this prevalent fact: the first effect of college life is often a desire to separate from the old companions—a drawing away from the plain and simple; a separation from the mass and a making of cliques; an unfitting for life's commonplace duties, and the forming of a condition that makes riches a necessity and their loss a calamity

### The College Settlement

THAT much of our so-called "culture" has been bought at the price of manhood, no one who knows men can deny. But when matters go far enough in any one direction the pendulum swings back and they cure themselves: and now behold the College Settlement! That the men and women of wealth and culture who are deliberately making their homes among the poor are as one to ten thousand, compared with the "sudden rich" who are making frantic efforts to get away from all smirching contact with plain people, there is no doubt; but the claim that money gives the right to monopolize the beautiful things of earth, and the gentle qualities of heart, no longer goes unchallenged The culture that is kept close smells to high heaven: only running water is pure.

And it is a pleasing fact that although the male men of the Social Exodus lay the blame all on woman, yet the credit of the return move must be given to her. Hull House is primarily woman's work. "Where is your home?" I asked Miss Jane Addams a short time ago. ¶ "My home is at Three Hundred Fifty-seven Halstead Street—my work is there and there I expect to live and die," was the quiet answer. ¶ The number of earnest women, highly cultured in the best sense, who are deeply interested in social questions, is most encouraging. And when that strong and gentle woman, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, deliberately casts her lot with the lowly and tells us that poor people often have a deal more culture and true charity than we who consider ourselves rich, she voices a truth that should be passed down the line.

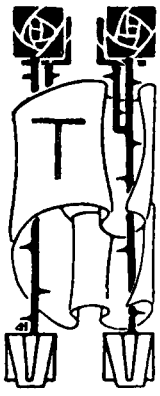
Have your beautiful things, of course—why not? Encourage the workers in art, and use your money to decorate and beautify, but do not think that these things will benefit you if you join the Social Exodus and make hot haste to put distance between you and those who are less fortunate. Owners of art must build no spite-fence! Show the marbles that fill your niches and the canvases that glorify

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your walls to those who seldom see such sights; give your education to those who need it, your culture to those who have less, and you double your treasure by giving it away.

Appreciation of the worthy can come only from those who are not unworthy.

## The Good Fellow



TOLSTOY somewhere tells of a priest who saw a peasant plowing and asked him this question, "If you knew you were going to die this night, how would you spend the rest of the day?" The peasant thought a moment and answered, "I would plow." A man of the true type, if he had but a day to live, would not change his occupation Every day he is preparing to live; and men who are prepared to live are prepared to die. ¶ In family life the average man is apt to treat every other woman with more courtesy than he does his wife, and other people's children with more consideration than his own. A man in his home may be an absolute tyrant, and at the same time be known to the world as a "good fellow."

Communism has no more use for the tyrant than it has for the good fellow. In family life, usually, a man sees too much of his family and they see too much of him; and society does not see enough of the good fellow with his antique brass, or he would be well squelched. ¶ The good fellow is one who bothers the busy; deals in pretense and hypocrisy; encourages the idle—assuming both virtues and vices. He has not the courage to live his life, and so has neither friends nor foes. His praise and blame are alike futile, and his lavish spending and "treating" are at the expense of some one else—he lives to impress the waiters Such a one may deceive a society made up of individuals, but he can not deceive a community. There his measure is quickly taken. He does not have to be sent away—he goes. In a community an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

### Honesty an Essential

NO coin of conduct is current in a community but sterling honesty—truthfulness alone is legal tender and passes at par. Apologies and explanations are never in order; your life must proclaim itself and must be its own excuse for being.

And while all faults are forgiven in the man of perfect candor, the smile that does not spring from the soul will transform itself into a grimace. A community can not be deceived. Only those who deal in deception can be duped. William Penn once asked a man who was much given to drawing the long bow, "Why do you not lie to me?" And the liar answered, "What's the use?"

In Athens of old the criterion or standard of art sprang from the most competent; so in a community the criterion of conduct is formed by the best. The highest minds fix the standard, and the lesser ones try to adapt themselves to it; but there is an unseen mark which, if they drop below, eliminates them absolutely from the community.

### A Pertinent Question

THE question may here be asked, "Why may not a special community be formed where the standard of conduct is low, and so make the good fellows, idlers and rogues feel at home?"

And the answer is this: A community is only possible where truth and loyalty abide. Weakness never formed a community and never can. And if it could, the institution would not hold together a day In weak and vicious people there is no attractive force, no coalescing principle. The weak pull apart—they thwart, retard and impede one another. They are like drowning people—they clutch and strangle one another. A goodly degree of integrity, disinterestedness and unselfishness are demanded even to start a community, and the more of these qualities you can get the more enduring the institution. A partnership of weak men does not give strength. Weakness multiplied by weakness equals naught. Two weak people will not make a strong team. Strength multiplied by strength gives strength. Weak men need a monarch, and defectives need a priest. They want some one to direct—to think for them. But the enlightened co-operate, and in pooling their best in thought and effort they reach a degree of power and excellence that can be obtained in no other way.

To have friends is a great gain, but to achieve an enemy is distinction.

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# Safety and Sanity

## Or the Has-Been and the Never-Was

TWO Irishmen were seated on a pile of brick, eating their dinner.
McGinty, the foreman, walked by.
Now, it seems that McGinty had occasion to call these two particular men down, a few hours before, and they are a bit grouchy.
"There goes McGinty!" says Mike.
"He is n't the man he was once," says Pat with deprecating sigh, a wave of the hand and a mouth full of pie.
"Indeed, he is n't the man he was once—and begorrah, what 's worse, he never was!" answers Mike.

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THE man with no Life-Insurance probably is n't the man he was once—and there is a suspicion that he never was. ¶ A good time to get Life-Insurance is when you can. Many a good man "goes past"—we all do, in time. Some never were. ¶ To use the word "beneficiary" as applied to the person to whom the policy is payable, as if all the benefits were his, is a lapse in logic and linguistics.
The value of Life-Insurance is just as much to the insured as to the insuree. Both are beneficiaries. The consciousness that you are an insurable quantity makes you carry your chin in and the crown of your head high. The man with a hundred thousand or so on his life is a bigger, better, stronger, safer and more competent man than one who ambles through life with a dark cloud of doubt over him as to what would become of wife and kiddies should the benzine-buggy catch him on the curve.
In very truth, you are enough bigger to earn and pay the premiums on your policies. If this is not so, then set me down as a soused gurnet, a has-been and a never-was.
Among other good things, Life-Insurance insures you against your own indiscretion when the fit is on to go after a financial wildcat, which, as Lincoln said, may be only a louse on your eyebrow. But do you think it fair or reasonable to suppose that your loved ones, after you have gone hence, will prove themselves better able to manage money wisely and well than you are now? ¶ You insure yourself, through insurance, against your own indiscretion, but how about your loved ones when you are no longer here to give them counsel?

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# An Advertisement
## Written by Elbert Hubbard

Life-Insurance is based on the elimination of chance by large numbers through the Law of Average. The knowledge of the Law of Average is gained in but one way, and that is through statistics. Now, there are accurate statistics, not only as to the life of individuals, but also as to the life of a legacy; that is, how long five thousand, ten thousand or twenty-five thousand dollars will last the average person who is not used to handling such sums.

A widow with money is a shining mark for the mining-shark. I am sorry to say it, because I think well of woman's ability to manage her affairs; but the fact is, five thousand dollars usually lasts a widow three years, and ten thousand is dissipated in five years. Doubtless, the average man, not used to having such lump sums come to him, would do no better. And anyway, if you have never made a financial fool of yourself, you are not in my class.

Money in a lump sum in the hands of those not versed in finance is a burden and sometimes a menace. It lays them open to the machinations of the tricky and dishonest, also the well-meaning men of the Colonel Sellers class, who know just how to double it in a month.

Realizing these things, and to meet a great human need, the Equitable is now issuing a policy which, instead of being paid in a lump sum on the death of the insured, gives a fixed payment every year (or more often) to the beneficiary as long as she shall live. On her death the remainder is to be paid to her heirs in one sum or in payments as she may devise.

Here is a plain, simple, safe plan whereby you can insure those dependent upon you against want and temptation, by insuring them against their indiscretion, and yours. It is the Equitable Way.

We would like to tell you more about this plan—whether you want insurance or not—because we feel that the public should know about this great modern betterment.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society
of the United States
"Strongest in The World"

**The Company which pays its death-claims on the day it receives them.**
**PAUL MORTON, President. 120 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY**

**AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend some good man—or woman—to us, to represent us there? Great opportunities today in Life-Insurance work for the EQUITABLE**

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## A Theological Titbit



MANY readers of THE FRA do not go to church, and thus are ill informed as to what sort of brain is today preaching orthodoxy. And while possibly they are not missing any sand for their gizzards, they surely are failing to find their share of fun and feathers to tickle their risibles. In order that I may not be accused of presenting a purely ex-parte statement, I print the following, without comment. It is from a stenographic report of a sermon recently preached by the Reverend Doctor A. C. Dixon, one of the most brilliant and scholarly men today in the Baptist Church.

### False Prophets

OUR American colleges and universities, I am sorry to say, are getting away—far away—from the church. And the separation spells ruin of the schools ❧ Founded on the Bible, with the Bible behind them, they must stand by their colors or close their doors.

Time was when college presidents recognized a power greater than themselves. That day seems to be passing. We find the collegians yawping against the Creator of the universe. We find such men as Eliot dictating the religion of the future.

How lonesome God must be to be cast into oblivion, while Eliot becomes the guardian of the universe! Our schools simply must get back to eternal principles, back to their religious senses, or they will lose themselves in the very vacuum of their theories.

There was Harper, of the University of Chicago—a two-faced Janus, who beamed with one face on orthodoxy and grinned with the other at whatsoever dissenter stood before him ❧ The Bible must stand as it is written—from the first verse to the last. It needs no apology and suggests no controversy. It reconciles itself with science—or rather, it is science itself ❧ Miracles? Of course, I believe in miracles! Turning water into wine is no more wonderful than the making of the lily of the field, and neither is much of a job as compared with the work of constructing a universe in six days. ¶ The construction of the world I take just as it is told us in Genesis. There is, I understand, one man in Germany who still believes in the Darwinian theory ❧ Maybe there are a few others left somewhere in the world, but I can not point them out at the time.

I tell you that the embryonic theory is a tissue of absurdities. There is not any question as to which came first—the egg or the hen. It could only have been the adult hen.

### Why Not, Indeed!

UNDERSTANDING these things, how can one hesitate over the matter of Jonah and the whale? What easier than to prepare a whale for Jonah's reception? ❧ Had God wished he would have made a whale that would not only have gulped down Jonah, but the whole ship and crew, disgorging the outfit on land when the time was fit. Had God wished he would have fitted up the interior of that whale with a stateroom, electric lights and a wireless-telegraph station.

If a man jumps overboard from a vessel he is talked about by all the rest of the passengers for the rest of the voyage. If a man leaps out from standard facts of religion and goes drowning himself in a sea of theory, then he's talked about by the world. That is why such men as Hubbard get prominent. They are so few, their action so silly and stupid that it creates surprise ❧ Catch-phrases catch the public for the time being.

It is not such as Hubbard that we have to fear, but those who less blatantly sow the seeds of infidelity. The Unitarian church is itself dead, but it has started a cleavage. There are Unitarian Baptists, Unitarian Methodists and Unitarian this and that. This will be the religious division of the world eventually. Harvard University, Chicago University, East Aurora—such places are bringing about the disaster ❧ ❧

❧

The orator must subdue his audience or it will subdue him.

❧

## Try it for a Day!



THERE must be an inward shrine where you can go and absolve yourself ❧ ❧

No standard of excellence that society, law or temporal rulers can make is so exacting as the god within.

If you think it is easy to live up to your ideal, try it for a day! ¶ Begin tomorrow and in the morning say, "This day I will live as becomes a man. I will put hate, fear, whim and prejudice out of my heart. I will speak no heedless word. I will hold a mental attitude that will benefit every person I meet. I will do my work so well that when night comes, ere I close my eyes in sleep, the god within will say, "Well done." ¶ Try it for a day!

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# OUR COVER PAGE

## SAMUEL JOHNSON

BY ALICE HUBBARD



SAMUEL JOHNSON was born in Lichfield, England, in Seventeen Hundred Nine. This was just a hundred years before that brilliant group of doers and thinkers came, of which were Darwin, Lincoln, Tennyson, Poe and Gladstone.

Johnson, too, was one of a great constellation ✍ Genius seems to come in showers. As we look back to his time we think one great man jostled another at every street-corner, and that all the public gatherings were made up of brilliant men and women.

Johnson's time followed one of great nerve tension. People had been hysterically religious and dangerously political.

Louis the Fourteenth had watered Europe with blood and sown it with the bones of her most conscientious men and women. The Seventeenth Century had been a tragic time ✍ Diastole must follow systole in every heart-beat. Reaction must follow tension. In Seventeen Hundred Nine England took time to laugh, to play, to create in art, to write poems and stories, to go to the theater and to compose music and study science. The Earth gave her harvests and Nature was glad.

The father and mother of Samuel Johnson were plain, simple people of the middle class. His father was a bookseller, not very prosperous, sickly, nervous and superstitious. His mother had enough of superstition and folk-lore to endow the child with haunting fear and much fussiness. However, the boy added his father's foibles to his mother's, and kept them all.

He says he remembers being touched by Queen Anne for the King's Evil—a disease not curable by any Queen.

Anne's jeweled touch did not help the diseased child; at any rate, sick and scarred he went all through his life.

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WHEN Johnson was twenty-two years of age the bookseller died, leaving his son just twenty pounds. He had browsed industriously in the books in his father's store; had been to Grammar-School and to Oxford, which University he left without a degree after staying there three years.

He tried to be an Usher in a school, and despised it. He tutored, and liked that little better ✍ ✍

When he was twenty-six he married a widow twenty-two years older than himself, with whom he lived comfortably happy for seventeen years ✍ Although the widow was forty-eight and neither winsome nor lissome, yet the youthful husband gallantly affirmed it was a love-match on both sides. She was, however, attractive to Johnson. She had what he had not—eight hundred pounds in ready money ✍ This became Samuel's for the asking of her hand in marriage. And, like a dutiful wife, this she gave into his care and keeping.

With this money Johnson started a school. But he was no more successful in teaching in his own school than in another's ✍ Finally, the money was gone, the school closed.

There was one pupil who was interesting to Johnson: David Garrick was saved out of the wrecked business. Pupil and teacher went down to London together to seek their fortunes, each with a few pennies in his pocket ✍ ✍

Garrick was a wit and an actor. He made his way "on the boards" and attracted the brilliant to him.

Johnson made literature his profession ✍ He had no false pride about it. "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money," he said ✍ He despised people who dabbled in literature. To him it was divine work, worthy of any man's best effort. Man must live by his labor, and if writing of literature was his honest work, he should receive good money for it. He entertained no Byronic sentiments about vulgar money.

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POSSIBLY there is a little of posing and inconsistency in the attitude that artists assume at times con-

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cerning the "ignoble strife and struggle in commerce" I can well appreciate that the bargaining is disagreeable to any sensitive nature—a barter where a something you love, something that represents the divinest in you, is exchanged for a soulless bit, which you must again exchange for food, clothing and shelter—meaningless things compared with a poem or a painting.

Still, if, as Bernard Shaw says, an artist demands far more and far better food, clothing and shelter, together with luxuries beyond what businessmen can have and earn money, then artists should not pretend to scorn the medium of exchange which brings luxuries and necessities.

No one can live honestly without using money We pay money for work. It is the way of the world. Let artists show a better plan or else conform frankly. Otherwise, they get themselves disliked.

And so Johnson worked for money—not much, but all his writings would bring. His Letty was his dearest critic. Others came into his life, men and women of talent, a few with genius. It was worth while that he came to London. He always loved it. "He who is tired of London is tired of life," he said.

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NO one ever writes of Johnson without telling of Boswell. Some have even gone so far as to say that Boswell made the great Johnson; that all the brilliant sentences Boswell attributes to his idol are figments of "little Bozzy's" brain

But there are too many other writers of Johnson's time to make us credit this.

Mrs. Thrale evolved some little literary ability in writing of the sayings, feelings and doings of her great friend, who for more than twenty years made her house his home whenever he was so inclined. Little Fanny Burney gossips of him, too, and Miss Reynolds writes letters all about what Doctor Johnson says, and how he puffs and blows when he says it.

In all of their accounts he makes the little fishes talk like whales: he rolls orange-peel and munches it: he thumps the sidewalk with his cane and scrapes the fence-boards this way and that for luck: he obeys laws laid down for superstitious folk, and crosses the threshold right foot first, or left—I forget which. He is ever inelegant, untidy, coarse and brute-like in his manner; honest, outspoken, quibbling, quarrelsome, witty, wise and great. He is always Somebody, and he left his impress upon his time.

Johnson was.

And he was not Boswell, nor was Boswell in Johnson's class

It just happened that Johnson knew him.

Tom Davies introduced Boswell to Johnson.

"Who is this cur?" said an infuriated listener whom the Satellite had bored.

"He is a Scotch bur that Tom threw at Johnson one day and it stuck," said Goldsmith.

You have seen the Boswell type, hero-worshipers with much appreciation and little ability, who say, "Lo, here!" and "Lo, there! Eureka! I have found him!" Possibly Johnson would not have come down to us as so great had not Boswell considered him the Ursa Major.

THESE "burs" never doubt their own genius. Boswell dined once with Voltaire, and never kept it a secret. "When I was talking with Rousseau," he would say with that familiar air that betokens intimacy. He went to Corsica to see Paoli and sent him many letters, interesting only to himself. He introduced himself to Lord Chatham, then Prime Minister, and concludes a letter to him with this request: "Could your Lordship find time to honor me now and then with a letter?" John Wesley, the religious, received the attention of Boswell; also Hume, the skeptic. The little man was a chameleon and took on the mental state and convictions he assumed the man held whom he was visiting. With a Whig he was radical; with a Tory he was orthodox; he was all things to all people, or thought he was. ¶ He imitated, and, of course, badly

When Johnson was slovenly and indifferent through sickness and age, Boswell became so through dissipation or lack of principle.

Johnson would again and again pick off the bur with sarcasm and often with anger. "Sir," said Johnson to him in desperation, "you have but two subjects, yourself and me. I am sick of both."

But Boswell always came back and continued to write down what the great man said, and question him to get the truth which fell from his lips.

The world is indebted to Boswell for the detailed pictures which he gave of Johnson. He made his peculiarities interesting to us, and the intimacy of the acquaintance is charming at this distance.

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JOHNSON merely patronized women. They had their place, which was to be helpmeets to men. When they kept within woman's sphere he never criticized nor interfered with them.

His Letty was perfect, and so was his mother. Their memory was always sweet to him, and he kept as sacred days anniversaries of the wedding and of Letty's death.

But for a woman to think and have an opinion was foolishness to consider. "A woman preaching is like a dog walking on its hind legs. It is not well done, but you marvel it can be done at all." "Mrs. Montague's defense of Shakespeare against Voltaire does her honor," commented Johnson, "but it will do nobody else honor."

¶ Boswell outdid his master, however, in believing in man's superiority over woman. At a dinner at Dilly's one day where there were many guests, the conversation turned for a brief discussion of woman's rights ❧ A few women had gently declared that woman had rights. The Quaker sect maintained that sex was less important than had been supposed ❧ ❧

A storm was threatening when Mrs. Knowles, a Friend, modestly expressed the hope that women and men would be equal in another world. Boswell, with splendid courage, in a loud and bombastic voice said, "That is too ambitious, Madam. We men might as well desire to be equal with the angels."

And Johnson quite agreed with his *satellite*; and no man there *murmured* against the sentiment, *but* thanked God for *making him* man.

AN English man of letters met Hawthorne at the home of Emerson.

"Who is that man sitting over there in the quiet corner?" asked the distinguished guest.

"That man? That silent man is Nathaniel Hawthorne."

"He rides well his horse of the night," was the Englishman's comment.

This was a steed that Johnson never mounted.

Nobody ever said, "Is Johnson here?" He always announced himself. He roared at you like the bulls of Bashan. He was the social and literary dictator: he was the czar of his friends. He had his way with people always, because they dreaded the uproar, the hurricane of words, the ugly scene and the discord which were inevitable when he was opposed.

Many autocrats rule in this way. We prefer giving them their way to enduring the tantrum which comes from thwarting their will. This kind of ruling should be called, "one-man power." For when the man's physical power is gone, all is lost for him.

Touch the heart of Johnson, and his home, his purse, his time were yours. Oppose him, contradict him, and he would hurl invective, and thunder at you a vocabulary of cutting words ❧ ❧

In speaking to Mrs. Knowles, a Quaker, of a young woman who had recently become of that belief, Johnson said, "Madam, she is an odious wench."

Mrs. Knowles expressed a hope that he would meet the young lady in another world. Johnson retorted that he was not fond of meeting fools anywhere ❧ Johnson and Adam Smith disagreed as regards the truth in the report concerning the manner of Hume's death. Johnson intended to close the scene when he bellowed to Smith, "You lie!"

Even poor Boswell was assaulted with cruel words many times, and Sir Joshua Reynolds and Burke swallowed insults without number, because it was Johnson.

He could brook no rivalry ❧ When Johnson was present there was one supreme dictator. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," was his first command ❧ "After you," was not in his bright lexicon.

But for Miss Williams, peevish, nearly blind, and dependent, he was all courtesy and kindness ❧ Robert Levett, another member of his household, was most gently dealt with. Mr. Delimore and half a dozen other pensioners never felt his displeasure. And to Hodge, his cat, he was a sweet friend, unreasonably patient, kind and gentle.

¶ He used much of his income really to support a private almshouse.

He lived in strict economy, that these unfortunates might have a home.

Theoretically, Johnson was harsh and brutal. His heart was kind.

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SAMUEL JOHNSON was a big man physically, six feet four and ponderous. He had, too, a giant's brain.

¶ No man was more outspoken regarding his likes and dislikes. He never suffered in silence, nor did he conceal his sentiments on any subject. He was rough always, but not ill-natured, Stephen says ❧ When he disapproved of a man or a sentiment, he gave

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his opinion without any reserve. Just look up the famous Lord Chesterfield letters.

"Dear Bathurst was a man to my very heart's content; he hated a fool and he hated a rogue and he hated a Whig; he was a very good hater."

¶ Johnson lived in an interesting age. It was a joyous, careless time in many respects. Sheridan spent his life as if it were cheap, though he lived and laughed much of the foolishness out of many lives. It was an age of relaxation. Addison, Steele, Pope, were men of letters, two of whom noticed him and prophesied well of his literary ability.

¶ Joyous, brave, fascinating Peg Woffington made tea, black and strong, for Johnson and Garrick, and she charmed them both.

Richardson still had his coterie of ladies. Fielding and Smollett were writing their engaging stories, and Lawrence Sterne was interesting people in "My Uncle Toby."

Gray and Cowper, too, were writing their fine lines. Pitt, Fox, Burke, Walpole, Warren Hastings, were all making history as they thought. Richard Brinsley Sheridan was writing plays, making and losing small fortunes, and being an orator as well. Goldsmith was writing divinely and living foolishly. Gibbon and Hume were writing history. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough were painting portraits. The Herschels were exploring the heavens. Hannah More, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Knowles and little Miss Burney were doing their best to say their say.

Voltaire and Rousseau were rousing all France to think, and America was affirming that taxation without representation in government is unfair—though she herself is still doing this unjust thing for which she went to war with England.

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WHENEVER the great men came to London they met in coffee-houses to eat and converse, at the Ivy Lane Inn or wherever the popular haunt happened to be. Johnson never sought them, but if they came to him he was always pleased and sometimes gracious.

Conversation was the divinest of the arts to him—the highest intoxicant. "Wine picks the lock," he said, "while conversation opens the door to understanding."

Brilliant, sharp repartee was the fashion of the day, and though Johnson had rivals, he never considered himself outdone.

Johnson was probably never in the best London society in his life. Like Rousseau, he was not a gentleman, and fine ladies never asked him to their homes.

But he was a man of mighty brains, and men of brains sought his company.

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SAMUEL JOHNSON has good literature to his credit, and many epigrammatic sentences that for force and clearness can never be surpassed. He could make words live, as witness these:

Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

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His death (Garrick's) eclipsed the gayety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.

DOCTOR JOHNSON'S first writing after he went up to London was for "The Gentleman's Magazine." Then he published a paper somewhat after the style of "The Spectator," which he named "The Rambler," which flourished for two years. This was followed by "The Idler." The Dictionary was the work of more than seven years and appeared in Seventeen Hundred Fifty-five. His edition of Shakespeare was nine years in evolving. He worked slowly, and unless driven by necessity did little.

But he could work rapidly. "Rasselas" was written in a week, to pay the expense of his mother's funeral. His play "Irene" was not a success on the stage, though it was "read" and "praised."

In Seventeen Hundred Sixty-two Johnson was given a pension of three hundred pounds a year. After this he wrote little. "A Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland," the history of a trip he took with Boswell, was written after the pension.

"The Lives of the Poets" was the book of his old age and has much of beauty and genuine worth. He wrote some poetry, lines of which we often quote today.

Although the pension robbed the world of Johnson's possible work, it helped him a long way into a degree of respectability, and he surely needed that help.

¶ "I have no passion for clean linen," he said, and he might have made a list of cleanlinesses he had no passion for. Had there been a struggle between poverty and decency for Johnson, poverty with all its camp-followers of miseries would have carried away the

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big prize. Certainly, Providence was kind to many when He arranged that pension for Johnson. It strengthened his manhood and gave opportunity for the exercise of the gentler side of his nature and made it possible sometimes to use the term lovable when speaking of him.

Johnson certainly never went into polite society—looks, actions and clothing forbade. He was always diseased, would puff and snort like an overgrowing schoolboy; was untidy, and shambled along as he walked, carrying the superstitions of ignorance to his death. ¶ His lifelong ills increased with his age. He knew death was approaching, and his fear of it was pitiful.

"Death, my dear, is very dreadful," he wrote to Lucy Porter in the last year of his life.

"I am afraid I may be one of those who shall be damned," he said to Dr. Adams, who came to administer comfort before he died.

"What do you mean by damned?" asked Adams.

"Sent to hell, sir, and punished everlastingly," replied Johnson loudly and with fervor.

He could endure physical pain with calmness, and was most kind to his attendants in his sickness. At the last, however, he had unlimited courage. The great came to minister to him. Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds were with him only a few hours before he died.

"God bless you, my dear," he said to a young lady who stood beside his bed just before he passed peacefully away, December the Thirteenth, Seventeen Hundred Eighty-four.

Devoted friends laid him to rest beside Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey.

*It does not make much difference what a person studies—all knowledge is related, and the man who studies anything, if he keeps at it, will become learned.*

## The Bluffers

By Edmund Vance Cooke

"HOW much do you want for your First Street lot?"
Said a real-estate man to me.
I looked as if I were lost in thought,
And then I replied: "Let 's see:
Black's sold last year at fifty the foot;
So, without any algebra, that should put
My figures at sixty now, I guess,
Or a trifle more, or a trifle less."
I was anxious to sell at fifty straight
Or I might have dropped down to forty-eight.
Oh, yes, I 'm a bit of a bluff, it 's true;
What sort of a bluff are you?

"And what do you know about railroad rates?"
The man with a bald brow said.
"For you have traveled through all the States
And have heard a good deal and read."
"The railroad-lines," I wisely replied,
"Are the lines with which our trade is tied,
And the wretches who take these rebates set
New knots in the bonds under which we fret."
But *now*, I remember, I once rode free
*And forgot* that the road rebated me.
*Oh, yes*, I 'm a bit of a bluff, it 's true;
*How much of a* bluff are you?

"So you went to hear Siegfried and found it fine?"
Said a classical friend one day.
"I 'm sure your impressions accord with mine,
But tell me your own terse way."
And "Oh, the tone-color beats belief,"
And oh, "dynamics," and oh, "motif!"
And "chiar-oscuro, how finely abstruse!"
And la-la-la-la, and oh, well, what 's the use?
For all that I understood in the play
Was that dippy, old dragon of papier-mache.
Oh, yes, I 'm a bit of a bluff, it 's true;
What sort of a bluff are you?

"Should the senior senator be returned?"
Said a newspaper man to me.
"He 's as rotten a rascal as ever burned,"
I cried. "May I quote?" asked he.
"Oh, no," I replied; "if you 're going to quote,
Just remark that his friends regret to note
That the exigencies of the party case
Indicate that he should n't re-enter the race."
For the senator sometime may possibly be
Interviewed by a newspaper man about me!
Oh, none of these cases may quite fit you,
But what sort of a bluff are you?

The education that aims at mere scholarly acquirement, rather than useful intelligence, will have to step down and out. The world needs competent men; then, if their hearts are right, culture will come as a matter of course. To go in search of culture is to accumulate that which is rotten at the core.

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# A Message About Rowan

By Bert Moses



IN all the talk about carrying a message to Garcia, this point is to be observed:

The man Rowan, who did the trick, was not interfered with. ¶ He did as he dam pleased. He was not fettered by details, and regulations were not nailed on the wall.

If he had been told how to carry the message, or compelled to do it in a certain way, he would never have passed the first Spanish sentinel, and the buzzards would have picked his bones.

The paper was handed him without any red-tape nonsense, and he did the rest himself. ¶ The cry that goes up from many establishments for men who can do big things, and strike blows that leave big dents, is often the cry of bosses who don't know how to boss. ¶ I tell you no art is finer than the art of developing men, and if you say there are few Rowans, I answer there are few men big enough to give Rowan a job to do and then let him do it in his own way. ¶ In the average establishment, the owner is an egotist with his cosmos unduly distended because of his success. ¶ He puts a man in charge of a department without giving him any real authority.

Everybody in the place knows the man is not the real head, and he is the constant object of jokes and cheap side-talk among the "push."

He is hedged and tied fast by rules, and nine times in ten, if he has an idea, he is afraid to present it for fear the "old man" will call him down for butting in.

Quite often he is subject to the petty tyranny of a son, brother, nephew or other relative of the boss, and whatever ambition and originality he possesses is smothered.

He is supposed to make his department pay, and yet he has no voice in the planning of the work he has to do.

Some one else hires and fires his help, and about all he gets out of the job is a little cheap glory and a small salary.

### Really Big Men Have No Trouble

REALLY big men never seem to have any trouble in finding really big assistants, and I'll tell you why.

They are keen judges of human values, and when they pick a man for a big job, they virtually say to him:

"There you are, sir! Take hold of things and get a move on."

And keep this further vital fact in mind: They pay their assistants a price that holds them on the job, and gets out of them all there is to get. ¶ They make their managers real heads, with unquestioned authority, and they do not pester and nag them with petty details, nor are they supposed to conform strictly to precedents. These managers are in full charge, and there is no question on this point in the minds of subordinates.

Carnegie, Morgan, Rockefeller and men of their gauge have always picked big men for aides because they knew how to separate the great from the small in human traffic, just as they know values in merchandise and markets.

They make the jobs so valuable that there is no thought of shirking or of looking for another place.

They say: "Take this message to Garcia," and it is carried through the enemy's lines to its destination without wireless interruptions or foolish details as to how it shall be done.

No joy is quite so keen as the joy that comes to a man who is doing a duty in his own way, and using his own brains to attain a result that is expected of him.

And there is no surer way to make a Class B man out of first-class stock than to interfere when he is making head and coming in with the quarry.

### World Full of Rowans

THE world is full of Rowans, but the trouble is there are not many employers broad enough or far-seeing enough to pick them out of the bunch.

The first step toward securing the faithful services of an employee is to sacredly keep your promises to him.

If you want a man to do a thing, for God's sake let him do it in his own way, or else fire him then and there.

If you have insufficient faith in the ability of a man to do a task, in Heaven's name, don't set him at it.

If your judgment in selecting help is bad, do not pass the blame along to the man you hire, for the chances are you load him down with petty instructions until all thought of

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self-expression is completely blotted out ❧ My heart goes out to the man who would carry the message if let alone, but who fails to pull off the trick because of a hundred handicaps, and because the boss really won't let him.

I uncover to that hired man who has the courage at the proper time, to tell the boss to go to hell, and I salute that boss who has foresight enough not to let that hired man get away, but holds him fast by a grasp of the hand and a boost in his salary.

There are two sides to this "Garcia Message" business, and if you want a Rowan, you'll find him at your elbow in the rough.

Every stone-quarry is full of statues, but it takes a sculptor and not a stone-cutter to find them ❧ ❧

In developing a great business, you have to develop competent department heads as you go along, and you never will run up a high score if you fail in this vital particular.

There are Rowans everywhere.

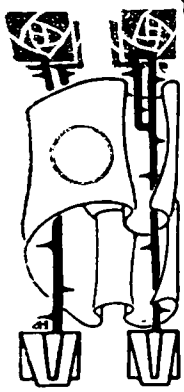
It is up to you to develop and use them.

❧

That which has been done is dead; that which is now being done is dying; that only is alive which remains to do. ❧

## About the Bible

By Washington Gladden



OUR study has made a few things plain ❧ Among them is the certainty that the Bible is not an infallible book. When we study the history of the several books, the history of the canon, the history of the distribution and reproduction of the manuscript copies and the history of the versions—when we discover that the "various readings" of differing manuscripts amount to one hundred fifty thousand—the impossibility of maintaining the verbal inerrancy of the Bible becomes evident. We see how human ignorance and error have been suffered to mingle with this stream of living water throughout all its course; if our assurance of salvation were made to depend upon our knowledge that every word of the Bible was of divine origin, our hopes of eternal life would be altogether insecure.

The book is not infallible historically. It is a veracious record; we may depend upon the truthfulness of the outline which it gives us of the history of the Jewish people; but the discrepancies and contradictions which appear here and there upon its pages show that its writers were not miraculously protected from mistakes in dates and numbers and the order of events.

It is not infallible scientifically. It is idle to try to force the narrative of Genesis into an exact correspondence with geological science. It is a hymn of creation, wonderfully beautiful and pure; the central truths of monotheistic religion and of modern science are involved in it; but it is not intended to give us the scientific history of creation, and the attempt to make it bear this construction is highly injudicious.

¶ It is not infallible morally. By this I mean that portions of this revelation involve an imperfect morality. Many things are here commanded which it would be wrong for us to do. This is not saying that these commands were not divinely given; nor is it denying that the morality of the New Testament, which is the fulfilment and consummation of the moral progress which the book records, is a perfect morality; it is simply asserting that the stages of this progress from a lower to a higher morality are here clearly marked; that the standards of the earlier time are therefore inadequate and misleading in these later times; and that any man who accepts the Bible as a code of moral rules, all of which are equally binding, will be led into the gravest errors. It is no more true that the ceremonial legislation of the Old Testament is obsolete than that large portions of the moral legislation are obsolete. The notions of the writers of these books concerning their duties to God were dim and imperfect; so were their notions concerning their duties to man. All the truth that they could receive was given to them; but there were many truths which they could not receive, which to us are as plain as the daylight ❧ ❧

### Disloyalty to Truth

NOT to recognize the partialness and imperfection of this record in all these respects is to be guilty of a grave disloyalty to the kingdom of truth. With all these facts staring him in the face, the attempt of any intelligent man to maintain the theoretical and infallible idea of all parts of these writings

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is a criminal blunder. Nor is there any use in loudly asserting the inerrancy of these books, with vehement denunciations of all who call it in question, and then in a breath admitting that there may be some errors and discrepancies and interpolations. Perfection is perfection. To affirm stoutly that a thing is perfect, and then admit that it may be in some respects imperfect, is an insensate procedure.

### The Rabbinical Theory

THE old rabbinical theory, as adopted and extended by some of the Post-Reformation theologians, that the Bible was verbally dictated by God and is absolutely accurate in every word, letter and vowel-point, and that it is therefore blasphemy to raise a question concerning any part of it, is not a consistent theory. Between this and a free but reverent inquiry into the Bible itself, to discover what human elements it contains and how it is affected by them, there is no middle ground. That it is useless and mischievous to make for the Bible claims that it nowhere makes for itself—to hold and teach a theory concerning it which at once breaks down when an intelligent man begins to study it with open mind—is beginning to be very plain. The quibbling, the concealment, the disingenuousness which this method of using the Bible involves are not conducive to Christian integrity. This kind of "lying for God" has driven hundreds of thousands already into irreconcilable alienation from the Christian church. It is time to stop it!

### Origin of Infallibility Theory

HOW did this theory of the infallibility of the Bible arise? Those who have followed the discussion to this point know that it has not always been held by the Christian church. The history of the canon, told with any measure of truthfulness, will make this plain. The history of the variations between the Septuagint and the Hebrew, shows beyond the shadow of a doubt that the theory of the unchangeable and absolute divinity of the words of the Scripture had no practical hold upon transcribers and copyists in the early Jewish church. The New Testament writers could not have consistently held such a theory respecting the Old Testament books, else they would not have quoted them, as they did, with small care for verbal accuracy. They believed them to be substantially true, and therefore they give the substance of them in their quotations; but there is no such slavish attention to the letter as there must have been if they had regarded them as verbally dictated by God Himself. The Christian Fathers were inclined, no doubt, to accept the rabbinical theories of inspiration respecting the Old Testament; but they sometimes avoided the difficulties growing out of manifest errors in the text by a theory of an inner sense which is faultless, frankly admitting that the natural meaning can not always be defended. As to the early Reformers, we have seen how freely they handled the Sacred Writings, submitting them to a scrutiny which they would not have ventured upon if they had believed concerning them what we have been taught. It was not until the period succeeding the Reformation that this dogma of Biblical Infallibility was clearly formulated and imposed upon the Protestant churches. As taught by Quenstedt and Vossius and Calovius, the dogma asserts that "not only the substance of truth and the views proposed, in their minutest detail, but even the identical words, all and in particular, were supplied and dictated by the Holy Ghost. Not a word is contained in the Holy Scriptures which is not in the strictest sense inspired, the very interpunctuation not excepted. Errors of any sort whatever, even verbal or grammatical, as well as all inelegancies of style, are to be denied as unworthy of the Divine Spirit who is throughout the primary author of the Bible." This view was long maintained with all strictness, and many a man has been made a heretic for denying it. Within the last century the form of doctrine has been somewhat modified by theologians, yet the substance of it is still regarded as essential orthodoxy. Dr. Charles Hodge, in his "Theology," Volume One, page one hundred fifty-two, says, "Protestants hold that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the word of God, written under the inspiration of God, the Holy Ghost, and are therefore infallible, and consequently free from all error, whether of doctrine, of fact, or of precept." And again, page one hundred sixty-three, "All the books of Scripture are equally inspired. All alike are infallible in what they teach." Such is the doctrine now held by the great majority of Christians. It is doubtless true that a large number of our most intelligent pastors and pulpit orators no longer hold to this antiquated belief, but the body of the laity have no other conception.

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### An Outgrowth of Protestantism

THERE is not one word in the Bible which affirms or implies that this character of inerrancy attaches to the entire collection of writings, or to any one of them.

The doctrine arose, as I have said, in the Seventeenth Century, and it was in part, no doubt, a reflection of the teachings of the later rabbins, whose fantastic notions about the origin of their sacred books I have before alluded to. It was also developed, as a polemical necessity, in the exigencies of that conflict with the Roman Catholic theologians which followed the Reformation. The eminent German scholar and saint, Professor Tholuck, gives the following account of its origin: "In proportion as controversy, sharpened by Jesuitism, made the Protestant party sensible of an externally fortified ground of combat, in that same proportion did Protestantism seek, by the exaltation of the outward authoritative character of the Sacred Writings, to recover that infallible authority which it had lost through its rejection of infallible councils and the infallible authority of the Pope. In this manner arose, not earlier than the Seventeenth Century, those sentiments which regarded the Holy Scripture as the infallible production of the Divine Spirit—in its entire contents and its very form—so that not only the sense but also the words, the letters, the Hebrew vowel-points, and the very punctuation were regarded as proceeding from the Spirit of God."

The fact that the doctrine has this origin is in itself suspicious. A theory which is framed in the heart of a great controversy, by one party in the church, is apt to be extreme ✍

✍

Power left to itself attains a terrific impulse.

✍

## The Ladder of Truth

By Ernest Crosby

SIN, justice, fear, an angry Judge—with these we are on the lowest round of the ladder of truth.

How long the world dwelt there, and how many still look back regretful to those days!

One step higher and we find forgiveness and a Father. ¶ For most men that is the last word, but we must press upward.

Beyond fatherhood and brotherhood we grope toward organic oneness—we dimly feel that God is palpitating, all-embracing love.

## The World's Peace

By Hon. Richard Bartholdt



IF the President of the United States were to say to King Edward and Emperor William, "Let us keep the peace, and in case of any trouble between either two of our three countries let us not draw the sword until we have had an investigation by an impartial third party, be it power, commission or court"—if, I say, President Taft were to make a formal proposal of this nature and those two great monarchs were to grasp the outstretched hand, what would be the result? It would signify the end of war.

If this utterance should be published, I want it understood that it was made, not at a meeting of the unsophisticated by a "demagogue of peace," but at a conference of experts, by one who knows whereof he speaks ✍ The distinguished members of this assemblage know that if the Government of the United States saw fit to take this course the other two nations would be only too willing to join hands with us, and they also know that all other powers would readily follow suit.

While we may differ as to whether the nations should first establish a system of international justice and then proceed to disarmament, or whether we should first reduce armaments and then establish law and order in place of the present state of anarchy in international relations, or strive for both reforms simultaneously, we are all headed for the same goal, and we are all agreed that peace should be maintained and its permanency guaranteed by law rather than by force, and its breach guarded against by binding international agreements ✍ In other words, both the advocates of disarmament and the friends of arbitration are after identically the same result and will not fall out over the means to bring it about.

I shall not now speculate as to what the effect of President Taft's redeeming act would be. Suffice it to say that, as compared with its beneficent consequences, every other event in the history of the human race would fade into insignificance. It would mean the emancipation of mankind from one of its greatest scourges and the dawn of a new epoch in the history of

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civilization, and posterity would, amidst the plaudits of the whole human family, adorn the brow of our President with the wreath of immortality

### A Pertinent Question

IT may well be asked why, if it is so easy, no President has yet undertaken to thus substitute peace by lawful agreement for peace by force? A book could be written to answer this question. In a word, conditions were not ripe. The burden of militarism, though oppressively great, had not become unbearable either in England or Germany, and we ourselves had not been spending sixty per cent of our total revenue for war, as we do now. But there is another even more potent reason. Water does not rise above its source. Governments can not take the risk of marching too far ahead of the procession of the governed, and the masses of the people here and elsewhere lacked enlightenment. Their justifiable prejudice in favor of the old order of things would not allow their eyes to be opened to the revelations of the new—revelations which, after all, emanated only from the inspiration of the few. Yet we know that great reforms must always come from the source of power, the people; they are rarely, if ever, handed down by those in authority, but must be handed up to the rulers by the people. While this is much easier in a democracy than in monarchies, and while, therefore, the initiative in this great movement should be taken by the United States, yet up to this time the voice of the people lacked that force and unanimity which alone can prompt governments to act.

### The "Navy League"

HENCE our duty is clear. We must give organized expression to the popular will. We must satisfy President Taft that the majority of the American people will applaud and the great heart of the Nation will beat for his new policy of emancipation. Therefore, we should organize for peace in every congressional district and every State of the Union after the fashion of the so-called "Navy League" in Germany, with this difference: While the members of the German Navy League are pledged to support the Government in its policy to steadily increase the navy, the members of the American Peace League must pledge themselves to support the Government in its policy to establish a lawful peace, such as will be inviolate and secure as well from the transgressions of arbitrary power as from the passions of the people. Goethe said man is but an animal with a soul. While the Navy League appeals to the animal, let our Peace League appeal to the soul in man. As I said before, there should be a peace organization in every congressional district to make its influence felt with all the candidates for the National Legislature. These district organizations should then merge into state organizations, and finally into a great national body, whose power and influence will tend to shape legislation along peace lines and make Representatives, Senators and even Presidents sit up and take notice. Business is with us because it can not prosper except in times of peace; labor is with us because it bears the burden and foots the bill of war; the farmer is with us because war decimates his customers and devastates the fruit of his labor; but, after all, these are only material considerations. The great and overshadowing moral reason why every well-meaning man and woman is with us is that, in the language of Victor Hugo, "Peace is the virtue and war the crime of civilization." So it will be an easy task to convince the President and his counselors that "we are coming, Father William, many millions strong."

### An Interparliamentary Union

TO those of us who are familiar with the progress of the cause of international justice and peace, the evidence already at hand as to the world's sentiment regarding it seems even now sufficient to warrant a bold dash, by any democratic government, for final results. Two Hague conferences have met within the last ten years, and a third one has been agreed upon. Through these international councils all the governments of the world have been committed to the principle of arbitration, aye, even obligatory arbitration, and to the maintenance of a permanent tribunal of arbitral justice, a world supreme court. It is absolutely safe to construe this action of the allied nations as a mandate for further practical steps in the new arena of world politics. But this is not all. The national legislative bodies of the world have combined and formed an Interparliamentary Union to strive for permanent peace by arbitration, and already more than two thousand members of the parliaments, in the American Congress more than one-half the total membership, belong to that great organization which, since its birth twenty years

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ago, has already held fifteen international conferences. Of the seven meetings of this union of lawmakers held during the last ten years I have had the honor to attend six as an American delegate, namely, those of Christiania, Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine; Vienna, Nineteen Hundred Three; St. Louis, Nineteen Hundred Four; Brussels, Nineteen Hundred Five; London, Nineteen Hundred Six; and Berlin, Nineteen Hundred Eight, and I speak from personal observation when I say that enlightened Europe expects the United States to speak the redeeming word. The statesmen of that continent are convinced of our disinterestedness and righteousness, and are, therefore, willing to confide in and trust us. Held by monarchs in the iron grasp of militarism, they can not free themselves and they look to democracy for salvation. They are fully conscious of the power, wealth and resources of the United States, as well as of our superior ability to compete in armaments with any other country; hence the olive-branch held out by an American President would not be regarded as an emblem of fear or weakness, but rather as an evidence of both our superior greatness and our genuine love of justice and peace. And permit me to add that as far as I know the state of the public mind in the larger countries of Europe from personal contact with their representative men, no monarch could or would reject an American offer of any practical peace agreement.

**America's Mission**

ASSURED, then, of a cordial reception by Great Britain and Germany of our peace offering, and of its enthusiastic approval by an enlightened public sentiment here as well as abroad, and conscious of its inestimable benefits to the whole human family, the United States has a mission to perform, as well defined as it is sublime. It seems to have been reserved to a President who is in himself the embodiment of the majesty of law, and is therefore peculiarly well equipped to give to the reign of law that wider scope which would include the relations between governments and peoples. To him it will plainly appear as the manifest destiny of law. The gradual extension of its rule from families to communities, from communities to provinces, from provinces to states, and from states to interstate and world-wide relations, so that the conduct of nations toward each other may be regulated the same as the conduct of individuals, is an evolution as inevitable as is the progress of civilization itself. The task, we are confident, will appeal most strongly to the eminent jurist who is now Chief Magistrate of the American Nation. And if he can be prevailed upon to repeat the immortal words of one of his predecessors, "Let us have peace," adding a new and world-wide significance to them, the luster of his name would be reflected to all the ages to come, and his immortal fame would be more securely assured than if he were the hero of a hundred battlefields.

A crisis is upon us. The nations, in wild alarm, are taking counsel of fear, and a suicidal rivalry in armaments is equally exhausting the resources of all without changing their relative strength in the least. The people are groaning both under the insufferable burden and the growing danger of war, and, realizing that there can neither be genuine liberty nor real happiness as long as this condition lasts, their eyes are turned hopefully to Washington, where once an emancipator, by one stroke of the pen, struck the shackles from four million slaves. The hour of a new emancipation has come. Will another President immortalize himself by emancipating all mankind from the thraldom of war?

He who will not accept orders has no right to give them; he who will not serve has no right to command; he who can not keep silence has no right to speak.

## A Slant of Sun

By Stephen Crane

A SLANT of sun on dull brown walls,
A forgotten sky of bashful blue.
Toward God a mighty hymn
A song of clashes and cries,
Rumbling wheels, hoof-beats, bells,
Welcomes, farewells, love-calls, final moans,
Voices of joy, idiocy, warning, despair,
The unknown appeals of brutes,
The chanting of violets,
The screams of cut trees,
The senseless babble of hens and wise men—
A cluttered incoherency that says at the stars:
"Oh, God save us!"

Many a man's reputation would not know his character if they met on the street.

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# SOME OF THE MANY WOMEN WHO WORK WITH HEAD, HEART AND HAND

BY ALICE HUBBARD

MRS. LEEDS, of Atlantic City, is the General Manager and chief owner of the Chalfonte, one of the first and most complete fireproof hotels in the world.

Starting with a boarding-house, for summer boarders, Mrs. Leeds grew with the business. The Chalfonte and Haddon Hall are monuments to her memory ✍ Her son Harry is President of the Company, and Mine Host Bell is the Superintendent; but Mrs. Leeds is the Mother Superior, and Harry, Bell and everybody else know it.

Ten years or so ago Atlantic City was at a pivotal point, and was in danger of being captured by the cheap and tawdry. The fly-by-nights were taking it captive.

Almost more than any one person who could be named, Mrs. Leeds has added to the dignity and beauty and orderliness of the place. She has given it a tone. System, safety, sanitation, order and good cheer mark her footsteps. On her payroll are a thousand people, and often she cares for two thousand guests—all without friction or fuss.

Mrs. Leeds is of Quaker stock, and listens to the Voice. You will remember that this was one of the chief offenses of George Fox—that God spake through women as well as men. Mrs. Leeds in her work, and in her wide influence for humanity, proves George Fox's case ✍ ✍

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IN Williamsport, Pennsylvania, live the Hodges Sisters, five of them. They operate a successful Beauty Parlor. Here is a little advice they give their clients: "The way to be beautiful is to be happy. The way to be happy is not to think about it. The way to forget it is to be useful. Beauty is a matter of circulation, good digestion and sound sleep. These things are results of right living. Get busy with brain and hands." Doctor Johnson had a cat named Hodges. I do not wonder that he loved it dearly ✍ My heart goes out to Williamsport. The Modern Beauty-Doctor is a worker and a teacher.

PASSED out, a month ago, Mrs. Curtis, wife of Cyrus H. K. Curtis. Mrs. Curtis was the first editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal." In fact, she was the manager of the venture, during its time of stress and struggle ✍ ✍

Coming from Boston to Philadelphia in Centennial Year (Eighteen Hundred Seventy-Six), Mr. and Mrs. Curtis began in a very modest way this business which has now increased to gigantic proportions.

It is no reflection on Mr. Curtis to say that he never possibly could have succeeded as he has without this great woman's love, help and encouragement.

Beside being a woman of superior literary and artistic tastes, and a business woman, Mrs. Curtis was a rarely good housekeeper and model mother. Her daughter, the wife of the present editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal," is the true daughter of her mother.

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Maude Adams is a farmer, an economist and an artist. R. G. Dun & Co. say she is worth as much as—well, what difference is it, since she is adding to the joy and wealth of the world?

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Mrs. Netcher, of the Boston Store, is the only woman in the world who has a million dollars insurance on her life.

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Elizabeth Fry, who reorganized the prison system of England and brought decency and humanity to bear in the care of the insane, was the mother of nine children.

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Susannah Wesley was the mother of nineteen children. In showing her sons how to methodize their time she founded the Methodist Church. Ask Bishop Buckley how about woman delegates!

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Miss Milholland is able to make a beautiful shirt-waist. This I know, for she sent me one —the work of her hands.

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# LIVE WIRES

NOTES ALONG THE WAY BY FRA ELBERTUS

"JOHNNY FITZ," officially known as John F. Fitzgerald, is mayor of Boston, chosen for a second term, which is to last four years, all in accordance with a recent ruling of the Weisenheimers of the Hubless Hub. Whisper it not in Gotham, but in the two years of his first term, John attended twelve hundred dinners, fifteen hundred dances, two hundred picnics and one thousand meetings—and made some three thousand speeches. Talk about Milesian mixability and ubiquity!

FELIX felicitates himself on being it, since THE FRA is becoming a vogue. Take a tumble, Felix; the text is secondary to advertising, of course, but people would still read THE FRA even if it carried no ads.

W. Atlee Burpee has just celebrated his thirty-fifth anniversary in the seed business. And all by mail!

McAdoo of the Tubes is a handsome dog—and suspects it.

Said the New Valet, "Mr. Conners, the carriage waits without!"

"Without what, you dam flunkey?" said Fingy in his own playful way, "without what?"

¶ "Without horses—it 's the automobile," replied Jeems, as he dodged the cuspidor.

Dr. Tilden is working to destroy his own business—and incidentally is making fifty thousand a year out of the operation. Good!

This is the Age of the Business Man, and as far as brain ballast is concerned that man Hugh Chalmers is the boss of us all.

Dr. Edward Everett Cady has put on a night force. You know why!

Emerson once said that men are gods in ruins. What he probably meant to say was that a man is a god in knee-pants.

JOHN G. SHEDD, General Manager of Marshall Field's, is sixty. He has been with the institution for forty years and has risen from errand-boy. He is small in inches, but when you weigh him, weigh him Troy.

About ten years ago John Wanamaker retired from business. He did n't stay put. If he had he would a' been dead. As it is he is more alive today than ever.

The recipe for perpetual ignorance is: Be satisfied with your opinions and content with your knowledge.

## Advice to a "Working Girl"

By Mrs. John Daly



YOU say you are a shop-girl; that you go to work at seven-thirty a. m. and "scarcely have any time to breathe" before your day's work is over at six; that your salary just about pays your board and room-rent.

You tell me that you were "well-raised" and never had to turn your hand to do a thing until after you were twenty. Then you came West and started out for yourself and now you've a good mind to go back and live in idleness the rest of your life.

Don't do it, sister; don't do it! You've made a break in the right direction—keep going.

And maybe I can help you a little. I, myself, was twenty once, well-raised(?) like you and rather proud of the fact that I had never done, as the hobo puts it, "a bloomin' piece of work in my life."

I'm older now, and wiser, I hope. And any morning you happen down our way between eight and nine, you will see a certain boy toting in the day's supply of wood. And after that he dries the dishes.

Your mother did n't bring you up right, Work-

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ing Girl. She let you dawdle over your lessons and over your piano or go basket-balling over the country when you should have been in the kitchen, scouring the silver, or scrubbing out the dark closet under the sink, or sewing up a seam in your Sunday frock.

But that is neither here nor there ✍ Your employer gives you small wages because he can go 'round the corner any day and hour and find a girl as capable as you at that same price. You lack the habits of concentration and steady application that would make you invaluable to an employer. You are forever prognosticating 'round and wishing somebody or something would turn up to let you out of your present job and into something better. ¶ But it won't, sister mine; it won't! If it did, it would most likely be a case of "out of the frying-pan into the fire." We each of us have our lessons to learn in this methodical old world before we can rightfully pass on into a higher class, and I am strongly of the opinion that your lesson is one in "attention to business."

Suppose the very next customer that comes in, you "sit up and take notice." Try to fancy that you are she. To be sure, she is roaming about from shop to shop, not knowing very well what she wants to buy, and not altogether certain that she shall buy anything at all. But that is her business, not yours.

**Smile, Sister; Smile!**

WHAT if her predecessor, who just passed out, did make you pull down every box on your side and, after jumbling the contents into a beautiful mess, told you she would "look 'round a little and come in again"? That was her business. Yours is to smile—smile though the heavens fall—and tell her to ask for you when next she calls. She won't notice the sarcasm and it may relieve your feelings a bit.

Put yourself in the woman's place and feel kindly towards her. She is not altogether bad, you know. Few of us are. Try to think just how little Doris would look in that bright red sweater and how Uncle James would appreciate a lavender muffler worked in pink. Then when you put back the boxes, put them back right—every article carefully folded and in its place

If the girl working next you is a common sort of person and "gets on your nerves," try doing her a good turn once in a while. 'T will make the day shorter and you'll be surprised how much less common and cantankerous she'll grow.

If the manager is an airy sort of chap who has missed his calling and should have been a slave-driver instead, you'll not improve him by your haughty stares. Just put yourself in his place and, inside a week, you'll be offering him condolences.

You ask me how to obtain shorter hours and more pay. Well, that's it ✍ Love everybody, from the manager down to the delivery-boy, with all the customers thrown in. Then tackle every job that comes your way, no matter how small, with a spirit to do it right.

In this day of wide-awake employers, you'll soon be settling your own hours and your own pay.

✍

There are two kinds of Socialists—those who desire to give, and those who wish to get. When fifty-one per cent of all Socialists desire to give, Utopia will be here.

✍

## The Feller with the Hoe

By William Colby Cooper

BY naich'ral upwardness, the troglodyte
Stepped out'n the ape. This was some time ago.
Borned was the troglodyte with club in hand.
'T was fittin', this, fer it was 'nough fer him—
He made his livin' with the club. That time
'T was true, society had neither top
Ner bottom, fer these was identical.
The first of anarchists, the troglodyte,
To wear the "big stick," first.
The upwardness
Kept busy and it come to pass, they was
Two children borned, one with a sword within
Its hand, and t'other with a hoe. Both was
Consumers, but it is a cranky fact
That only one was a producer, and—
The world swings ever 'twixt the two. The hoe
Runs from the field-hoe up, and up, and up
Unto that hoe that dug out Hamlet. Now,
The hoeless feller, he leans on the hoe—
The other feller's hoe. He gits along
Quite well, thank you.
The most importantest hoe 's
The hoe that tickles up the sile. 'Thout it,
They would n't be no grub; 'thout grub, you know,
We 'd lose the hoe itself, and 'thout the hoe,
They would n't be nothin' for us but to go
Back to the club! The feller with the hoe 's
God's pardner; they work touchin' elbows, and
The angels, they look on, and smile and wait.

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# THE FRA

NOT·FOR·MUMMIES

A·JOURNAL·OF·AFFIRMATION

Vol. V MAY, 1910 No. 2



PUBLISHED·MONTHLY·BY·ELBERT·HUBBARD
EAST·AURORA·ERIE·COUNTY·N.Y.
25·CENTS·A·COPY·2·DOLLARS·A·YEAR

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# The Sweep of an Idea

START something in Boston and you get the echo in Bombay. It is an Idea that makes neighbors of us all. ¶ In the farthest corner of the world you find the Gillette Safety-Razor—introduced by Army and Navy officers, tourists, capitalists, business men. ¶ The Gillette now has great sales agencies in India and China. Men there have been stropping and honing for five thousand years. It's time they were awakening. How long will YOU cling to obsolete shaving methods? Seven hundred thousand men bought Gillettes last year. We expect a million new customers in 1910. ¶ Wake up! Get a Gillette! Make a good front. Look the world in the face. A Gillette shave every morning is more than a material comfort—it's a moral brace—gives you a new grip on the Day's work. ¶ The Gillette is for sale everywhere. It costs $5.00, but it lasts a lifetime

*King C. Gillette*

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# THE FRA

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. 5 MAY No. 2


Undying fame is possible only for those who are not afraid of being unpopular


Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign Postage: 75 Cents Extra

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, EAST AURORA, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER
ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT POST-OFFICE DEPT., CANADA
TRADE-MARK REGISTERED.


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# THE OPEN ROAD

## AFOOT WITH THE FRA

### Civic Righteousness



BESIDES my old college chum, the Reverend J. Boyd Pantlind, and his Life-Saving Stations, the city of Grand Rapids has several valuable things to recommend it.

I can remember when the chief industry of Grand Rapids was her lumber-mills. To the South lay fertile farms and smiling orchards, but all North of Grand Rapids was spoken of as the Timber Country.

In those days we heard dire prophecies of what would become of Michigan when the lumber was gone.

Alas for the croaker—he can not say, "I told you so!" The croaker croaks, for the same reason that the owl hoots—it is his nature ☙ ☙

Michigan did n't really begin to grow until the lumber barons made way for the manufacturers with their artists, inventors and designers, and the slashings were transformed into fruit-farms.

Beet-sugar beats the buzz-saw as a money-maker ☙ ☙

It creates prosperous homes, instead of skimming the cream and leaving waste and desolation behind.

And yet the timber period had its use: even individuals have to go through the tall-timber period and get rid of a lot of lumber before they begin really to live.

Grand Rapids is a manufacturing city—rich, restless, growing, progressive. The sawmill


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city is fast becoming a city of concrete and steel, of stone and brick, of beautiful parks, drives and ample playgrounds.

Her great furniture interests began as a plan for using up the waste odds and ends of the sawmill. Now she leads the world in the creation of all that goes into home decoration and furnishings de luxe.

But the one thing I wish to mention here is the Public Spirit—the Zeitgeist—of Grand Rapids. This is the thing that differentiates her from almost every other city in the United States.

### The Rule of the Worst

BRYCE in his "American Commonwealth" says that the one weak spot in American government is our municipal governments. Then he goes on to throw the calcium on us, and explains how the business men of America are so submerged in their own personal affairs that they allow themselves to be ruled by the worst. The genus heeler and the ward-boss sit fat and sassy, supreme.

The result is, according to Bryce, a reign of peculation and wire-pulling, and a scramble for place and power; so that in many cases the vital interests of the municipality are subservient to the interests of the politicians.

¶ "The only cure," says the great Scotchman, "is an evolution or a revolution where all the best minds of the city will be organized in such a way that public opinion can be focused and realized."

Since Bryce's book was issued, various efforts have been made to remedy this weak spot in our government. One of the best moves along this line is a government by commission. But all or any government will fail without the hearty co-operation of the people.

As the universe is held in place through the opposition of forces, so men need the alternate restraining and encouraging influences of other men.

Too much power in the hands of any man —or set of men—makes for tyranny. And always and forever, a people get the kind of government they deserve.

If the grafters get entrenched and then chesty, it is because we have allowed it.

¶ Politicians who are not closely audited by the people will eventually look upon their municipality as their property. They will regard it as a game-preserve, and will resent any interference by the people.

In fact, do not most politicians now look upon their election as a personal victory? How many men on the public payroll do you know who realize that they are the servants of the people? Do we not all know office-holders who imagine that the office exists for them and the people's interests are secondary to theirs! Shakespeare caught the idea three hundred years ago when he said, "Man, proud man, drest in a little brief authority, plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven, as make the angels weep."

¶ No individual or company would place a man in the possession of a great business and go off and leave him, in the happy, baby faith that all would go well.

The man who is n't asked to ring up will in the course of time look upon ringing up as an outrage of his individual rights. He will think he owns the place, and everything and everybody must do jig-step and await his convenience.

This is what we get when the ward-heeler and the pothouse politician get enough votes and land in the City Hall. All they care for is their own interests and the interests of their party. And this is what Bryce had in mind when he pointed out our "weak spot," and intimated that this policy if continued would wreck the best government that ever existed, because it gave us the rule of the worst.

### The Committee of One Hundred

THE remedy we all understand: it is for every citizen to take an active and hearty interest in government affairs. That's easy.

But this we also understand, that an unorganized individual interest is impotent in the face of an organized political party.

An efficient machine for expressing the Zeitgeist is absolutely necessary, because an individual protest is pooh-poohed, shelved, pigeon-holed or given the hoarse haw-haw. In fact, "the gang" can direct its displeasure upon any particular citizen "who has too much to say" and destroy him utterly.

In the way of an effectual and effective machine for expressing the best sentiment of the best minds, I know of nothing equal to the Grand Rapids Committee of One Hundred, save possibly the Canadian Club at Vancouver.

The Grand Rapids Committee of One Hundred is made up of members of the Board of Trade.

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On this committee, every trade, business, profession and art in Grand Rapids is represented. The Committee meets twice a month at noon for a simple lunch and a discussion of everything that pertains to the best interests of Grand Rapids. There are extra meetings of sub-committees if emergency demands.

### Object of the Committee

THERE are five principal objects which this Committee of One Hundred hold before the people:

A more beautiful city.

A safer city.

A more healthful city.

A cleaner city.

A better governed city.

Any person, young or old, a citizen or not, can file a complaint with the Committee of One Hundred, and this complaint is considered and reported upon.

The whole intent is absolute truth. Everything must be done right out in the sunlight. "Deals" are not to be considered. No longer is it "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." But it is each for all, and all for each. ¶ Charles Ferguson started a splendid plan in Kansas City with his Municipal University—a scheme to educate the people in civic righteousness, and the truth that eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but also of everything else. Had he been able to remain in Kansas City and captain his Idea, big results would have followed.

In Grand Rapids the same sentiment is not only in the air, but in the minds of all its men and women who possess any claim at all to intelligence.

Indifference has been made a disgrace.

Co-operation is a vogue.

### The Personnel of the Committee

TO bring about this oneness was the work of several and persistent men. Heber A. Knott is President of the Board of Trade, and he is a type of the new kind of man—a man who never lets anything go by default. The secretary is C. A. Cotton, another man of quite the same type. Millard Palmer is Chairman of the Committee of One Hundred, and Millard is a man who might be killed, but who can not be bought, bribed or intimidated. ¶ You see it is a vigilance committee, organized in a time of peace, and working for beauty, truth and justice and the rights of even its most obscure citizen.

The Mayor, Common Council and City officials do the municipal business, but they do it under the sleepless eye of the Committee of One Hundred. And the people who make up the Committee of One Hundred are chosen from the membership of the Board of Trade, which comprises over two thousand members.

So here is a machine for expressing Public Opinion and the will of the best.

### The Rule of the Best

IN primitive times, when government changed hands, it was only after a fight. Spear, sword and club made the transfer. ¶ The instrument we use now is the ballot; but expert skill and cleverness are required to manipulate the smokeless ballot, quite as much as when the warrior was supreme. "To the victor belong the spoils," cried Andrew Jackson, the true type of fighting statesman who bridged the times between savage and civilized.

Enlightened minds now regard the plan of paying for party service with political preferment, as a rudimentary survival from savage times, when the cry of "to the victor belong the spoils" was no mere poetic allusion nor figure of speech.

The difference between being ruled by an absolute monarch and an absolute boss is microscopic.

The monarch pays his dukes for drawing their breath, and the boss rewards his rooters for throwing up their hats and making a noise like victory at the proper time.

The Grand Rapids plan of co-operation, which focuses Public Opinion on every act of the office-holder, making him realize that he is a servant and not the chief, seems the only possible way of spelling democracy.

Thus we get the rule of the best, instead of the worst. "The gang" has no foothold—no standing—and actually does not exist, because "the gang" can only work in the dark. And here we get the best lighted city in America, poetically and literally.

We need some one to believe in us—if we do well, we want our work recommended, our faith corroborated. The individual who thinks well of you, who keeps his mind on your good qualities, and does not look for flaws, is your friend. Who is my brother? I'll tell you: he is the one who recognizes the good in me.

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## Expression and Life



MEN are not punished for their sins, but by them.

¶ Expression is necessary to life. The spirit grows through exercise of its faculties, just as a muscle grows strong through use. Life is expression, and repression is stagnation—death.

¶ Yet there is right expression and wrong expression. If a man allows his life to run riot, and only the animal side of his nature is allowed to express itself, he is repressing his highest and best, and therefore those qualities not used atrophy and die. Sensuality, gluttony and the life of license repress the life of the spirit, and the soul never blossoms; and this is what it is to lose one's soul.

All adown the centuries, thinking men have noted these great truths, and again and again we find individuals forsaking, in horror, the life of the senses and devoting themselves to the life of the spirit.

The question of expression through the spirit or through the senses—through the soul or the body—has been the pivotal point of all philosophies and the inspiration of all religions.

¶ Asceticism in our day finds an interesting manifestation in the Trappists, who live on a mountain, nearly inaccessible, and deprive themselves of almost every vestige of bodily comfort—going without food for days, wearing uncomfortable garments, suffering severe cold. So here we find the extreme instance of men repressing the faculties of the body, in order that the spirit may find ample opportunity for exercise.

Between this extreme repression and the license of the sensualist lies the truth. But just where, is the great question; and the desire of one person, who thinks he has discovered the norm, to compel all other men to stop there, has led to war and strife untold. All law centers around this point: What shall men be allowed to do? And so we find statutes to punish "strolling play-actors," "players on fiddles," "disturbers of the public conscience," "persons who dance wantonly," "blasphemers," "vagrants," etc. In England there were in the year Seventeen Hundred Fifty, sixty-one offenses punishable with death.

### A Matter of Opinion

WHAT expression is right and what is not is largely a matter of opinion. Instrumental music has been to some a rock of offense, exciting the spirit through the sense of hearing to wrong thoughts—through "the lascivious pleasing of a lute." Others think dancing wicked, while a few allow square dances but condemn the waltz. Some sects allow pipe-organ music, but draw the line at the violin; while others still employ a whole orchestra in their religious service.

Some there may be who regard pictures as implements of idolatry, while the Hook-and-Eye Baptists look upon buttons as immoral. Strange evolutions are often witnessed within the life of one individual, as to what is right and wrong. For instance, Leo Tolstoy, that great and good man, once a worldling, has now turned ascetic, a not unusual evolution in the lives of saints. Not caring for harmony as expressed in color, form and sounds, Tolstoy is quite willing to deprive all others of these things which minister to their well-being. There is in most souls a hunger for beauty, just as there is a physical hunger. Beauty speaks to them through the senses; but Tolstoy would have his house barren to the verge of hardship, and he advocates that all other houses should be likewise. My veneration for Count Tolstoy is profound, and I mention him here simply to show the danger that lies in allowing any man, even one of the best, to dictate to us what is right.

### Temperament

MOST of the frightful cruelties inflicted on mankind during the past have sprung out of a difference of opinion arising through a difference in temperament. The question is as live today as it was two thousand years ago: What expression is best? that is, What shall we do to be saved? And concrete absurdity consists in saying we must all do the same thing.

Whether the race will ever grow to a point where men will be willing to leave the matter of life-expression to the individual is a question. Most men are anxious to do what is best for themselves and least harmful to others. The average man now has intelligence enough. Utopia is not far off, if the folk who govern us, for a consideration, would only be willing to do unto others as they would be done by. War among nations, and strife among indi-

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viduals, is a result of the covetous spirit to possess power or things, or both.

A little more patience, a little more charity for all, a little more devotion, a little more love; with less bowing down to the past, a brave looking forward to the future, with more confidence in ourselves, and more faith in our fellows, and the race will be ripe for a great burst of light and life.

Only thru liberty can men progress and grow.

## A Kansan's Panacea



MAN in Kansas City is trying to get Pierp. Morg. to give ten million dollars to christianize the world.

It is all right to get the money away from Pierp., but if the Kansas City man should christianize the world it would be a calamity for humanity.

The world was once christianized

It was christianized from the year Three Hundred Forty to Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two. For over a thousand years it was christianized, and it was a thousand years of night.

Progress consists in breaking free from religious fetich.

We call the period when Christianity was supreme the Dark Ages.

Centralized religious power leads always and forever to tyranny. Religions are only valuable during their time of stress and struggle A successful religion is always a vicious, wicked and cruel thing.

During the time when the Christian religion was supreme, the world did not produce a poet, an inventor, an orator, a navigator, an artist, a scientist—not one.

Christianity claims to have found truth. It formulates this alleged truth in a dogma If Christianity was supreme it would be a crime to dissent from it. And to remain away from church would be a misdemeanor, as it was once in Venice when the Jews were rounded up by the soldiery, and taken to hear Billy Sunday, willy-nilly.

It is notable that the meanest man in any community is the other fellow.

## The Art of Doing



WHEN the Czar of Russia placed a ruler on the map of Siberia and ran his pencil along it, saying, "Build your railroad there," he proved himself a gazabowski. ¶ But look you, Terese, that did n't build the railroad.

The laddibuckski who built the railroad had to have great creative ability, great persistence, great patience, great endurance. ¶ He had to enlist the services of a vast number of men, and organize them so they would not scrap any more than the lawovitski allowed.

Also, he had to be well up on the motto of the late Col. Socrates—Know Thyself.

To get into the demnition grind of things and not get ground up into Jones' Little-Pig Sausages is an achievement You must know hygiene and the law of health. You must know your strength and also your weakness. To adjust the burden to your back requires brains as well as well bread-hooks. To face the day every morning, and say, "This day will I live as it becomes a man," and then to do it, is an art.

The Church increases morality at the expense of intellect, and thus tends to keep man forever a mental minor.

## The Quality of Loyalty



ARTHUR BRISBANE gets a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year. ¶ Also, he earns it.

He is editor and practically manager of William Randolph Hearst's publications The policy is that of Mr. Hearst, but Brisbane makes it his own. ¶ Brisbane believes in Hearst—body and boots. He stands by the institution, in working hours and out. At a banquet I saw him arise and flash fire at a man who sneered at yellow journalism, with the New York "American" in mind. Brisbane absolutely smothered his batteries. Brisbane has brains and ballast. Also, he has power and persistence.

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But the one thing that makes him valuable is his loyalty. He is true to his employer, and true to his clients.

Many a young man when he gets a job uses the stationery of the firm to open up correspondence with competitors, with an eye to getting a better job.

The idea of getting a better job by being true to his firm does not occur to him. Success lies at a distance.

It is easy to say that Brisbane's salary makes a better job elsewhere absolutely out of the question, for the fact is, Arthur Brisbane did newspaper work for twenty dollars a week. And he got his promotions because he did his work superbly well.

He did not work for his pay—the pay came as a result of doing his work. The man who works for money does n't get it. But he who serves will get paid as a natural result.

The Chautauqua Salute—a flutter of five thousand nose-rags, ranging from snowy white to dull ecru—is the most unsanitary thing ever devised by innocent and ignorant mortal man.

## The Remittance-Man



HE Remittance-Man—I wonder, Josiah, if you know what a Remittance-Man is? We have n't many in America; but the United States will not be behind the Mother Country in anything for very long.

There is hope for us.

The genuine Remittance-Man is distinctively English, you know. He is the son of rich parents and has been given every advantage of boarding-school and college. Influences have also been brought to bear to secure him a place in the Church, Army or Diplomatic Corps.

But the true type is without ambition. He is too proud to work, and too lazy to steal. He will not concentrate his mind on any good thing. He dabbles in poetry, pretends to paint, sings a bit, and expresses regrets, you know, concerning the commercial spirit. As for Cecil, he dotes on art.

When a child he was his mamma's boy; the servants trembled at his coming; everybody deferred to him; he always had his own way; and now that he is six feet tall he expects that the same conditions should apply.

But they don't.

He is a connoisseur in wines, liquors and cigars, carouses at night and sleeps in the day.

¶ He is apt to be a thorough-paced clubman; invents a new rum punch and knows all the secrets of the chafing-dish.

When a place is gotten him in the Army his superiors soon see his worthlessness, and inasmuch as he has a pedigree, in deference to his kinsmen he is let down and out very gently.

If he tries the Church, the Bishop soon takes his measure, and is sorry, very sorry, etc

The fellow continues to drink, but shifts from wine to "Scotch." He is familiar with the pick-me-up, and can give any druggist pointers on dope.

The monthly allowance from his parents is gambled away, and debts accumulate.

He's getting to be a nuisance; his parents fear him; his brothers shun him; he gets blacklisted by merchants, and at the club he is falling below par.

What must be done with mamma's boy? Why, make a Remittance-Man of him—it's the only thing to do.

A passage ticket to Quebec is secured, the youth is given ten guineas in cash and sails away

You always find him in the steamer's smoking-room, and there does he order up his favorite "Scotch," and shuffle pasteboard.

Usually, on board ship there are men who make a pretense of imbibing "Scotch" and who also shuffle pasteboard, and these men soon relieve the Remittance-Man of the ten guineas his mamma gave him.

He lands in Quebec shaky in nerves and empty in pocket; but on applying to a certain barrister, to whom he has a letter, it is found that ten more guineas have been remitted for him. He takes the money, goes forth to the club and —as usual.

At the end of the month he is again very shaky, and penniless. But promptly on the first of the month another small remittance comes for him, and also a railroad-ticket to Seattle.

Our Remittance-Man complains bitterly because the remittance is so small, but in his own heart he knows that if it were fifty times as much it would go as quickly. The intent of his parents is to postpone delirium tremens.

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They believe there is safety in motion
And then he does not want to go to Seattle, but he must go to Seattle, because advices say a remittance has been sent on there for him in care of a certain Banker, and to stay here is to starve.
He goes to Seattle, and the Quebec experience is repeated. And so he is sent on to Australia, New Zealand, Hong Kong, Japan, and wherever his guardians wish—a remittance always ahead, like a sheaf of oats in front of the donkey

### A Continuous Performance

OF course the hope of his friends is that he will reform and come back home in a year a new man. But the Remittance-Man never reforms for more than a week at a time.
¶ I never crossed the Atlantic but there were from one to a dozen Remittance-Men on board. The last time I came over, there was one on the ship, of a better intellectual grade than I had ever before met. He had been an Eton boy, graduated at Oxford and was educated for the Church He laughingly told his new-found friends in the smoking-room he had gone round the world six times as a Remittance-Man
On the fourth day he told me all his money was spent—ten guineas—gambled away and gone for strong drink. The ship's steward would not supply him with more whiskey and he said that if he could not borrow money from some one on the boat he would jump overboard.
He was placed in the doctor's care and after a few hours became calm.
Some one suggested that the man be given his liberty, just to see if he would make good his threat to jump overboard. But the captain had the good name of his ship at stake, so he detailed two sailors to watch the man—one always on duty.
Arriving at New York I went with him to call on his lawyer; sure enough, the fifty dollars was there, all right. And on my friend went to Chicago.
But Matteawan is his final destination.

### Prevention

HERE we get an object-lesson of what happens when we do too much for a youth
Give your boys a chance to earn money, and let them learn its value by buying and paying for the things they need.
*Also, let* them get the savings-bank habit.
To "give" an education is as bad as to give anything else. An education should be an achievement, and not a gift.
Are the rich people of America raising up a race of Remittance-Men?
Some of them are, Josiah, some of them are. When we do too much for a child, he will never do much for himself. Safety lies in the Work Habit, the Study Habit and the Health Habit. Then you know the motto of Ali Baba the sage—"If the devil finds you idle, he will set you to work as sure as hell."

Keep your ray of reason! It is your only guiding star. He who says you would see better if you would blow it out is a preacher.

## Fame



USED to think that fame consisted in having your name "paged" through Peacock Alley at the Auditorium Annex.
But now I realize that this is not enough There is something more.
Last week in Chicago a man came to my hotel with a note from Robert Lincoln with a request that I meet him at the Illinois Central Station. It seems Mr. Lincoln was just leaving for the South, and hearing I was in town he wanted to see me.
Such a request was equal to an order.
I complied, and was at the station in five minutes
I was led out to the sheds and shown a train of palatial cars.
Two of the "Pullmans" were brand-new cars, just out of the Shop.
As I stood on the platform rubbering, I suddenly discovered the names of the cars, painted on the doors.
One car was FRA ELBERTUS, the other was ALICIA
A shout of laughter met my confusion and embarrassment.
It cost me ten dollars for White Rock and Ginger Ale. Fame comes high.

The Land of Sorrow has been explored and traversed in every part, but Joy is a Country practically as yet unmapped.

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## To Live a Hundred Years



LIFE is combustion. The food we eat is fuel ❧ Our bodies are boilers.

Oxygen is necessary to combustion, otherwise the slag, clinker and smoke nuisance ❧ When we exercise, we increase the draft—we breathe more, eliminate better, live finer. Your best thoughts come to you when in motion in the open air. Health is a gift, but we have to work to keep it.

Health is held with a price, and that price is right living. And the secrets of right living are not in control of the doctors.

They are very simple. Here they are: work, study, breathe, love—and do not overeat. Also, chew your food.

In the best modern hotels the bar is modestly referred to as a "buffet." It is usually hidden away in some obscure corner of the nether region. The men who patronize it are always apologetic, sometimes apoplectic, and usually try to hide the odor of their lack of sanctity with sensen or coffee-grains or sundry other devices more or less innocent but always obvious ❧ ❧

To use liquor to excess is always a disgrace. Intemperance in eating should be.

Drink is not the only enemy you can put into your mouth to steal away your brains. Excess baggage in way of decaying food-supply stored in your hold will work the robbery just as well. ¶ Senility is caused by toxins in the blood; the brain is improperly nourished and goes a mad, sad, bad way of its own, unmindful of the rudder, landing on the rocks of Doctors' Cove, and they send you to the operating-room in a breeches-buoy, there to remove your walletoski ❧ ❧

### Dietetic Sins

IN order to be acceptable to society and the people who have to live with us, we should avoid transforming ourselves into a garbage garage. A bad breath means bad thoughts—for those who have to endure it, at least.

Much insanity can be traced to a contamination of the well of English manhood, undefiled. ¶ The engine works, the wheels revolve, but the screw is befouled with a hawser, the pilot is drunk at his post. Ruin in high heels and a straight-front corset laughs a hysteric cry like the wail of a Keener drunk on pepper-sauce. And pardie, your soul is awash on a sea of bilge. ¶ Appendicitis is a direct result of dietetic sin. Impaction always precedes intestinal inflammation. This condition can not possibly occur with a person who does not violate Nature's laws. The man who properly masticates can not eat any more food than Nature easily takes care of. To fletcherize and yet take drugs would be an anomaly, a paradox and a contradiction ❧ ❧

In order to eat twenty-five per cent more food than you need, you have to bolt it. And if you are in the habit of bolting you will swallow twenty-five per cent more than you need ❧ Eat rightly and you will not get homesick, nor die in Matteawan of nostalgia.

Heaven is only an orphan-asylum where institutionalism reigns.

Here we can do as we wish—and if we wish to do right, Mother tells us how. And if we fletcherize, things always taste like those Mother used to make. With Mother we are happy and content; and when twilight gathers and for us the day is done, she will hold us in her loving arms and croon us a lullaby as care casts anchor in the harbor of a dream.

❧

To act as we should is the moral part: to know how to act is the intellectual part.

❧

## Manana—Tomorrow!



THERE is an old Spanish proverb which says that "Through the Street of By-and-By we arrive at the House of Never." We all know many men who begin early in life to loiter in that fascinating street—and at thirty they are life-prisoners in the House of Never. Their faces are a moldy cobweb of lost intentions. They are only Half-Men. ¶ Tomorrow never comes ❧ When will men begin to understand that that musty and age-worn aphorism is not an empty phrase, a mere metaphysical proposition, but the most practical truth ever uttered? Tomorrow never comes—it is an adage as old as thought and as young as each growing life. It is both a young and an old truth because

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it is an immortal truth—and things that are immortal have no age.

There is only Today. There never can be anything but Today. And if you do not do the thing you have to do today you will never do it. You can not do it tomorrow, because tomorrow is only a word—it will never come. You can not do it yesterday, because that would necessitate a miracle, and miracles are things that never happened

Postponement is the father of failure Tomorrow is the mother of regret. Do it NOW. Do the thing you contemplate doing while the brain is bright with the thought, the heart glowing with hope, and the hand strong with the strength that conquers.

There is no other time but NOW.

There is only an eternal Present.

The Present is the only reality.

The past and future are as illusory as children's pipe-bubbles.

You can either do a thing or you can not do it. You can hit the bull's-eye or you can't hit it. Do they sound like commonplaces? As a matter of fact, they are. But it is the simplest truths that need reiteration. The great truths are so evident, so simple, that they have been forgotten

### Indecision a Disease

INDECISION is a disease. There is a kind of man—we meet him everywhere—who will never give a direct "yes" or "no" to the simplest question. His decisions like his life are perpetually postponed. He feasts on husks. He can not think directly, he can not look directly, he can not walk directly. He "will let you know," or he "will think about it," or "tomorrow, maybe." Depend upon it, this Half-Man will never let you know, because he knows nothing; he will never "think about it," because his brain is as flabby as an oyster and he can not think; and his "tomorrow, maybe," is his way of confessing his cowardice.

His word is no good in business, social life or anything that concerns the practical doings of men. He has not even the courage to lie. He is only evolved to the stage where he can evade, deceive, skulk. A healthy, direct liar is at least imaginatively bold. He often claims our secret admiration. But for the man who stands before us shuffling, coughing, chirping his eternal "Manana," we have only contempt mingled with pity. And we can not quarrel with a sick man

Nature has no finer sight to offer than the direct, sincere, sturdy, even half-aggressive, man who says what he has got to say in just the manner that he ought to say it, and does what he must do in a manner that leaves no mistake as to his intention. His life is not an apology, but a real thing, living and quivering in its every fiber each hour of the day. He knows the secret of Now. He scorns to pass his days scraping and bowing before his dreams. He turns dreams into facts in their birth-hour. When you ask him for an opinion he does not quote some dead sage or living ass. He quotes himself. He says "I" and is not ashamed to say it. He is Nature's darling and all things seem possible to him.

The Half-Man—that poor thing of shreds and patches—stands in the great Open Road of life agape, and wonders why the world passes him by, why he does not win the race, why he at last is ground in the dust of defeat, compelled to drink his own salt tears.

Why—indeed! He must ask his patron saint, Timidity, whose shrine is in the Cave of Defeat.

No greater insult was ever offered to God than the claim that his chief product, man, is base at heart and merits damnation.

## Motherhood



THE State should pension any mother who personally assumes the care of her child Thus would we place a premium on loyalty and mother-love. Our present plan of disgracing free or natural maternity places a premium on abandonment and murder, and makes the child, if it survives, a charge on the community

The statesman who has the courage to carry through a bill for the protection and support of woman, at a time when she especially needs love and friendship, will live in the gratitude of millions unborn, and the wisdom of the future will crown him with laurel.

We are strong as we move with Nature—we are weak as we disregard her.

We must not fear Nature, but we should fear for the man who sets himself against Nature. Let the Christ-Spirit of Charity and the Sci-

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entific Spirit of Commonsense combine, and the question of race suicide will solve itself. We must conserve the best among human beings instead of destroying them. The "baby-farm" is a place where eighty per cent of the little boarders are killed by neglect and narcotics. The best-conducted orphan-asylums are places where the child is institutionalized, his individuality ironed out, his soul stunned, stunted and dwarfed.

Let the church and church people cease their policy of social damnation for the woman who makes a "mistake" ❧ Let them follow the attitude of their leader and they may discover that God makes no mistakes. Let them cease their blundering and immoral haste to separate the innocent child from the loving breast of its mother, sending one into moral hell and the other to an orphan-asylum.

The church's sociology has been as fallacious as her astronomy. She should study psychology, not ancient history and prophecy. The habit of robbing the unmarried mother of her child is a crime against Nature, and as punishment for it God has made us a race of scrubs.

For the State to subsidize motherhood is to do away with the necessity of the mother's dependence upon some particular man or men. ¶ As long as the mother is obliged to look to some certain man for sustenance and shelter at a time when she is incapacitated for doing the world's work, she is to that extent a slave and a menial, and is in great danger of heading for perdition.

Is there any greater service a good woman can render the State than to be the mother of strong and beautiful children—children born in freedom and joy, and loved into being? A President has told us no, and he is right. But he has not told us that the mother must be free; he would still have her a dependent upon the bounty of a male individual.

### Immediate Betterment

THE plan for immediate betterment is simple—reverence maternity, respect mother-love, and pension all mothers who stand by Nature and are loyal to their God-given instincts. Thus will we encourage honesty and conserve the best in our population.

And this pension, extending over a trying time, is not so much for the material support of the mother, as it is to convince her that she is not abandoned and repudiated by her kind. The Cosmic Urge, or Creative Principle, must be respected and upheld, not scorned and scoffed and made the butt of vile loaferism.

And still another reason why society should sustain the mother, is on account of its effect on the unborn ❧ That which depresses or unnerves is bad in tendency, bad in practise, and followed with bad results.

For the education and purification of our own minds on this great question of creation, we must begin to respect the miracle of Maternity. ¶ The orphan-asylum and the hospital, to which the church so proudly points, are necessities, only because the church creates the conditions that foster them. Both are indictments of our mode of life.

When we abandon fear, and learn how to work, play and love, there will be no need for hospitals. And when we allow the mother to follow her divine impulse and cling to and care for her child, the orphan-asylum will be an anachronism and a superfluity.

We shall have no more actual need for hospitals and asylums and prisons, nor make them a necessity. All lead to death—not to health or reformation.

Let us respect, honor and reverence maternity. Love should rule the world, and it can and will if only we cease building dams to stop its flow.

The policies of Cain have been given a thorough test—it is time that they were abandoned.

"A New Commandment I give unto you—that ye love one another!"

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There are two classes of men who never kick on The Standard Oil Company. One is the men who are employed by The Standard Oil Company, and the other is the folks who buy and consume The Standard Oil Company products.

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WE are making head. We have ceased to believe that paganism was "bad." All the men and women who have ever lived and loved and hoped and died were God's children, and we are no more ❧ With the nations dead and turned to dust, we reach out through the darkness of forgotten days and touch friendly hands. Some of these people who existed two, three or four thousand years ago, did things so marvelously grand and great that in presence of the broken fragments of their work we stand silent, o'erawed and abashed.

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# OUR COVER PAGE

## LUTHER BURBANK

BY ALICE HUBBARD

"The universe is not half-dead but all alive."



WE were talking the other day of the heavy burdens carried by the mother of one child. This woman was tired out, sick and undone. She was overworked because she insisted on trying to do what Nature has put her eternal ban upon; namely, trying to carry the personal burdens of more than one.

Nature perpetually says to us, "Mind your own business! Let other people alone!" But we are deaf, dumb and blind. Poor mother! Poor, poor child! Neither of them has a chance to live. And the husband is miserable, too, because he does n't live as his wife prescribes. This mother wants to live, move and act for her child. She also dictates just how her husband shall breathe, eat, work, dress, play and think.

She has unusual energy and executive ability. Could she stop working against Nature and work with her, she would be like Solomon's ideal woman. ¶ But, alas, like Othello, her healthful occupation is gone. Gone the harvesting of flax and wool; the spinning and weaving; the making of homespun garments. Gone the gardening and cooking, the storing up provisions for winter. Beautiful, healthful Necessity has taken her flight, and there remains to this woman of energy only Luxury—sickly, degenerating Luxury.

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I DO not sigh for the good old days that have gone, alas! But what is needed for women, children and men is that woman shall have work to do that shall exercise her powers, just as she had exercise when she had creative, dignified, honored work.

Do you wonder that a woman wants to live the lives of her husband and child, when her own is so meager?

The dweller in a modern flat calls into a speaking-tube, "More heat, please"; and it is done. She "rings up" the grocer, "Six fresh eggs, two grape-fruits, half a dozen apples, half a pound of butter, please—the best quality." Then she calls the baker, the milkman and the butcher. The maid does the rest. Then the woman returns to harassing fear, unrest, worry and lack of satisfying employment. The child and mother and father suffer.

We want to make life easier for women. That is why we do not let her vote or carry any political responsibilities. We have made all decisions for her; kept her from hard thinking or vigorous exercise. We have done the lifting and reaching, the creative and satisfying work for her, until now she must break her fetters or die.

With the death of woman dies the race, or am I mistaken? At any rate, in her abundant life is the hope of the race. And yet we do know that only in the exercise of every faculty is there life.

Have you noticed how many of the great men and women of the world have been one of a large family of children? NOT that the size of the family of itself makes the children great, but it gives conditions favorable for development of individuality. First, the mother has little time for introspection; she is not likely to become morbid or abnormal. Then she exercises brain and body and has a diversity of interests. Necessity is her constant companion. Luxury is only an occasional visitor, and so Health and Happiness dwell in that home.

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HERE are a few of the great who were in a family of many children:

John and Charles Wesley were two from a little family of nineteen children, and their mother, like Elizabeth Fry, had time to preach and teach. Susannah Wesley herself was the twenty-fourth child of her mother. She was the first Methodist, and methodized time, energy, opportunity, money, everything. She was a great woman and had one supremely great son whom

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Fate could use to teach the world a lesson.

Edmund Burke was one of the fifteen children of his mother. Daniel Webster was the eleventh child of his parents. Theodore Parker, too, was the eleventh child of his parents. Friedrich Froebel and Beethoven were each one of a goodly brood. The Herschels, William and Caroline, were happy in having nine brothers and sisters ✍ Coleridge had twelve brothers and sisters to divide the attention of his mother.

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IN reading a book about Mr. Burbank I find this: Luther Burbank was the thirteenth of a family of fifteen children. His mother is living now, aged ninety-six. She is not familiar with hospitals or trained nurses. She has never had nervous prostration nor the luxuries of operations and "convalescing Abroad."

Yet she is a woman fine and delicate, sensitive and conscientious ✍ She has dealt with realities all her years and has kept close to the fundamental principles of life. ¶ This woman's children worked. She taught them what all animals but unwise man teach their young; namely, that to take care of one's self is the first and most vital law of life. ¶ The older daughters were the little "other mothers" for the younger children.

This thirteenth baby was most tenderly watched and cared for by mother and sisters. He was just as welcome as the first-born. There was love for all. But he was let alone enough so that he could develop himself ✍ ✍

They gave him flowers and he looked upon them with awe and love.

The first great grief that usually comes to children is the death of a kitten or a dog.

Luther Burbank's was that he fell and broke a plant that was his very own.

He was born in Lancaster, Massachusetts, on March the Seventh, Eighteen Hundred Forty-nine, just sixty-one years ago today. Both his parents were New England born, his mother of Scotch descent, his father of English. ¶ He had always a love for plant life and a love for books. The boy studied and worked, and played a little.

The Burbanks were rich only in mental and moral qualities. And really money is a handicap to most children. It keeps dormant their possibilities and Sloth takes them captive.

Beautiful Necessity awakens the powers of life.

Out in his mother's garden Luther Burbank developed the Burbank potato.

He saw one plant with fruit on it—the "potato ball," children call it. There was only one plant that bore this fruit. This scientific mind observed that and watched it mature. One morning the fruit was gone. Down on his knees he searched until he found it.

Why was this plant of such interest to him? Because it was different. It had more life. It grew tubers and fruit beside. Here was fit material to reproduce from.

He bred from the best.

Have you not seen economical farmers use the little, gnarly potatoes for seed? And as they sowed, so also did they reap ✍

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THE severe Massachusetts climate was a great hindrance to Mr. Burbank's work and in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-five he went to California, and located in an undomiciled way, fifty miles North of San Francisco ✍ He was twenty-five, slender, not very muscular, but strong as La Salle, the explorer. And he had about as much money as did Robert Louis Stevenson when he reached San Francisco. The experience of the two men in their struggle to live, to find work, is similar. Each knew what hunger was, biting hunger, stinging need. Each conquered.

Mr. Burbank did any work there was to be done.

One day he met a man who wanted twenty thousand young prune-trees delivered to him in nine months ✍ He took the contract to furnish them. Why did he do it? He used his brain, his hands, his feet. He had observed the rapidity with which almonds grow in that country. He got together men and boys and seed and planted almonds. In a short time the young plants were ready for budding. Burbank had secured twenty thousand prune-buds and these were budded into the almonds, and twenty thousand prune-trees were ready on time ✍ ✍

This is a simple example of how Mr. Burbank takes the hints which Nature gives and turns them into benefit to man. Luther Burbank became a nurseryman. He was successful, eminently so, and he was a good business man. He made money so that to the New England mind he was getting rich. Why was n't that enough for anybody to be satisfied with? ¶ But this scientific man, with dominant desire for a better environment for humanity, was restless and unsatisfied. He sold the nursery business

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and devoted his genius to the scientific development of plants. This was in the year Eighteen Hundred Ninety-three. ¶ Just one person approved of this change, Luther Burbank. His Spartan soul was satisfied with his purpose —that was enough.

For seventeen years he has been developing new forms and combinations of plant life, always breeding from the Best.

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TO enumerate the work Luther Burbank has accomplished would take many pages. We can not estimate what he has done for humanity because generations yet to come will be most benefited. He has turned our attention back to the soil and to fundamental principles of life. He has made us feel that nothing is impossible.

He reads Darwin and always Emerson—the thoughts of these men quicken his mind into new life.

His methods and Darwin's seem most alike, his ideals are Thoreau's ⁂ Read Thoreau's essay on Love and Chastity. Darwin and Burbank do not draw a conclusion from a dozen experiments and call it law. Burbank does not jump at finalities ⁂ He proves all things and it takes hundreds of thousands of experiments to make proof.

He is not working for one crop —he is working for the ages to come ⁂ ⁂

Change the environment, says Burbank.

Disturb the life habits of the plant, and you are bound to have a changed plant.

Other scientists said that "Acquired characteristics are never transmitted." Mr. Burbank has proven that acquired characteristics are the only ones which are transmitted. Thoreau says that in this fact is there hope for the human race ⁂ ⁂

"The life forces are constantly pressing forward to obtain any space which can be occupied, and if they find an open avenue, always make use of it, as far as heredity will allow."

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A CRITIC said not long ago that plain, simple, old-fashioned truth has been Luther Burbank's work. Was this science?

Is science what the books say of science? Must a scientist follow the methods of work laid out by men acknowledged as scientists?

If the study of science is anything intelligent, it is original observations, continual experiments, until the student can see a law.

Herbert Spencer defines science as the common knowledge of the common people, catalogued and carried one step further.

Dr. David Starr Jordan says that "Science is human experience tested and set in order."

Darwin had no precedent to follow. His research and experiments caused him to see truth which contradicted precedent and tradition. He was an original observer, which every human being would be if we taught children to think and not to learn by rote what some one else thought.

Exact science is new to us. We know very little about the world natural. We have kept our eyes toward the imagined miracles in the skies, and have not seen the wonders of the world which are real. Original, individual research is the necessary requirement for a scientist.

Science means to know. It is the knowledge of principles and causes, classified and made available in work, in life ⁂ ⁂

Luther Burbank is an exact scientist: his knowledge is verified before he calls it truth. His work, too, is for the sake of knowledge, not for present production. It is for humanity. "No man ever did a great work for hire," says Luther Burbank ⁂ ⁂

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SCIENTISTS, like poets, are born, not made ⁂ That is, there is a peculiar quality of mind and heart necessary for the study which finds the truth.

The first requisite is honesty in the most refined sense of that word. It is an exquisite quality, is honesty, known and appreciated by but few.

The secret is divine desire, divine hunger for truth; so great a desire to know that the seeker will forsake all and follow where truth leads. The scientist will and does give all —prejudice, tradition, dear hopes, fond desires, position, reputation, everything for knowledge.

The scientist asks for no reward of any kind, nor riches, nor honors, nor attentions, nor favors.

To know is all! It is the highest joy that man can imagine ⁂ "We shall know," says Browning when he suggests the topmost heights of satisfaction ⁂ "For now we see through a glass, darkly," said Paul; "but then, face to face."

Most of mankind is satisfied with the bauble, reputation, the cap and bells of things.

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¶ William Jennings Bryan said his reason for "believing" in the miracles of the Bible was that it is easier to believe them than not to believe them. As though that were reason! ¶ The scientist never considers ease nor the easier way, nor the popular way, nor the consequences. He simply follows where Truth leads ❧ Praise, blame; reward, punishment; joy, sorrow; difficulty, ease; luxury, hardship—all are alike to him, provided he may find his Beloved, Knowledge.

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LUTHER BURBANK works with plants. He looks to them for applause and appreciation.

Only one kind of effort to please counts with plants. No human being ever posed for flowers ❧ Intelligence, keen understanding, absolute honesty are demanded.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," is given to us as Holy Writ. And it is. The pure in heart see God all the day long, for to the pure all things are pure—even as God. The scientist sees God in everything: the rocks, all plant life, all animal life are manifestations of the Divine power. He recognizes God in all he sees, and does not have to wait for a future. Heaven for the scientist is here and now.

Does n't living today help to keep one honest? I believe it does.

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SPARTA was the capital of Laconia, and the most famous city of the Peloponnesus—famous because of the ideals which the pure-blooded Dorian families held, many years before Christ.

They were a wonderful people. They believed that the human race could so evolve that every man and every woman would be a godlike being. With this belief, there was, of course, a desire that caused them to bend every energy to accomplish this end.

The histories say they were without sentiment. However, I imagine that they had the highest sentiment and it was directed by wisdom.

They built no walls around their city. They wanted a race of men and women who could defend themselves day and night ❧ ❧

Mothers were honored as mothers, only when their children were strong, robust and capable.

When a child was born it was waited upon by a committee who gave it a physical test. The child was laid on its back, then a sturdy Spartan placed a large, sandaled foot squarely on the child's stomach. If the baby cried lustily after this, the elders decided it was worth while for the State to go to the expense of bringing it up.

A weakling was left unattended on Mount Lagus. They sent the incompetent back to the elements from whence it came. If Providence rescued it, all right! Then the State did its part, and considered the child vitally strong.

Girls and boys alike had this examination. The people of Sparta were wise enough to know that weak women were no more desirable than weak men ❧ ❧

Spartan women could pick up their own handkerchiefs, open doors and close them, cross the road alone and walk alone. Prettiness was not considered an equivalent for worth in Sparta ❧ No clinging vines strangled the oaks in Laconia. Women were brave in Sparta, and the men were virtuous, more or less. ¶ We have much to learn from Sparta.

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IN the State of California there is a modern Spartan who has added to the wisdom of the ancient Laconians the refinement and knowledge of modern times, and put it all into a practical benefit to humanity.

Instead of working directly with man, this man's genius has turned to plant life. Not that he loves his fellows less, but his calling has been to make a new and a better surrounding for humanity. Better environment will evolve a higher type of being.

Man is not doomed by heredity, by natural tendency. He can be born again and again and better—as many times as is required to make an ideal man. ¶ It looks as though Luther Burbank thought that the Creating Powers had done their part, and it now remains for man to begin his periods of creating.

Man must carry on this work now, or the earth will revert to type and all life forms return from whence they came.

"We have bred from the worst," says Luther Burbank. Survival of the fittest? We have reached a point where we have little that is fit.

Whenever a man of originality has appeared on the earth, one who varied from the common type, humanity has always taken notice. Any one who defied precedent and took a look at things as we imagine a stranger from another world might do, we have used as a target for persecution.

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We have usually killed them at last. Then, finally, posterity realized they were the chosen, favored of God, that life more abundant was within them—they were a higher type of their species.

But we are slow to recognize this fact. The rule has been that the genius is dead before he is proclaimed a genius. We have given as our homage to the saviors of mankind, difficulties, discouragement, persecution and ridicule.

We have tried to stop the progress of civilization in every way, because we have not had prescience.

This is the way Luther Burbank has been helped. Yet the stolid indifference of those who saw and heard, but could not understand, did not discourage him. He knew well his purpose, and had the divine gift of faith founded on fact.

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LUTHER BURBANK observes, takes note, and finds meaning in everything. Nature speaks a language which he understands. He did not learn this language in schools, nor from textbooks, nor from some one whom Nature has taught.

He learns from Nature direct. Others' interpretations do not affect him, necessarily.

Mr. Burbank has the power to think—in fact, any one who does think, thinks for himself.

He has a clear, strong desire to develop higher forms of plant life and forms that will better benefit mankind. This desire is so great that Mr. Burbank is willing and does pay the price to secure the results.

This is where he is the Spartan. Every year at his grounds in Sebastopol he burns up millions of inferior plants, and from the fields where grow these millions he selects only those that are absolutely superior to the plants from which he breeds. Any plant that is not superior is doomed—it is of no use to this scientist. And in the Plan Book, opposite the record of the work on the not superior plant, are written the words, "No good."

Mr. Burbank breeds from the best. The sacrifice is nothing to him. He is propagating plants that shall be as kings among their kind. He wants no inferior strain or quality. ¶ The Best! That is the only quality which will satisfy him.

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THE artistic conscience! This man has a conscience of steel. Any one who has ever seen or spoken with Luther Burbank knows that he has seen an honest man. Have you ever been in the presence of an absolutely honest person, who in very truth had nothing to hide—not even his weaknesses? one whose purpose was so clear that you felt flooded with the sunlight of truth? Honesty is a positive quality, not an absence of evil, nor the absence of anything. It is the mighty presence of some thing. It is not the innocence of childhood, nor the sweetness ascribed to fair ladies. Honesty is of the power that holds the worlds in place, that created all things.

"This one thing I do," says this scientist. And nothing can or has changed him from his first purpose.

Does it take courage to hold the prow of a ship toward the harbor light through tempest and storms, night and day for weary weeks and years? Ask Columbus. Read the life of Darwin, of Copernicus, of Galileo. Read the Warfare of Science with Theology.

It takes Spartan courage to hold your course unswervingly for a lifetime.

It takes the same courage to destroy all but the Best, and thereby make a new race.

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I HAVE been in the presence of Luther Burbank just once, and the presence of this absolutely honest man awed me into silence. There were many questions I had planned to ask him, many things I wanted to know about his work, plant life, breeding, selecting, hybridization, evolving.

But in the presence of this plain, simple, quiet, unpretentious man, there was such honesty and truth, such a positive power of living, of being now, that I forgot everything but the manifestation of the Divine in this man.

The most wonderful product of the genius of Luther Burbank is the man himself. The wonders of his experimental gardens at Santa Rosa and Sebastopol are lost in the joy of the Human Plant developed by his work for humanity. Mr. Burbank came out on the veranda of his simple, beautiful home and waved to us a gentle good-by.

At his feet there bloomed a great Shasta daisy, which looked to me significantly like a star dropped from heaven. "Have we ever been to the Holy Land?" Oh, yes, we made one pilgrimage there a year ago. We found it at Santa Rosa—land made holy because tilled by a man devoted to the great cause of finding fundamental truth.

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# Peace and Plenty

THOMAS BRACKETT REED once said, "No poor man can tell the truth, and liars are mostly men on half-rations."

"Tom" Reed was a joker, but mixed up in all his jokes was a goodly trace of truth.

Money is the counter in this game of life.

And while we do not longer love Money for its own sake, we realize that it is only money that can ward off want, woe, wretchedness—perhaps starvation—when earning power is gone.

And earning power, for all of us, will surely go some time—this we know.

Money is the maker of success. It also stands between you and the fear of want.

When you insure your life, you insure your peace of mind.

Also, you insure the peace of mind of those who depend upon you.

It is not want that eats out our hearts, and renders our work nil: it is the fear of want—worry, apprehension, uncertainty, doubt. Life-insurance means assurance. I believe that nothing will increase a man's earning power so much as the feeling that he is an insurable proposition, and has made all snug against stormy weather, and even mortal shipwreck itself.

Yet money in a lump sum in the hands of those not versed in finance is a burden, and sometimes a menace. It lays them open to the machinations of the tricky and dishonest, also—

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# An Advertisement

**By Elbert Hubbard**

the well-meaning men of the Colonel Sellers class who know just how to double it in a month.

Realizing these things, and to meet a great human need, the Equitable is now issuing a policy, which instead of being paid in a lump sum to the insured, gives a fixed monthly payment as long as the beneficiary shall live.

It works either way. It will protect you if you live. It will protect your wife (or other beneficiary) if you die. And if you both live, it will protect you both.

This policy may be used to provide for your own future, while protecting a son, daughter, mother, father, sister or any other dependent.

If you are interested, fill up the Coupon, and full particulars will be sent to you without delay.

The Equitable Life-Assurance Society
**Of The United States**
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**Without committing myself to any action, I should like to know what it would cost me to provide an income of $..... payable at my death to my estate.**

**My present age is..... years.**

**Name**.....

**Town or City**.....

**County**..... **State**.....

**Age of Beneficiary**.....

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# HEAD, HEART AND HAND

BY ALICE HUBBARD

PETER MAC QUEEN talked to The Roycrofters last night and showed the wonderful pictures he made while in the heart of Africa.

It was a fascinating theme, and Peter MacQueen charmed us all ❧ This great man gave us many facts, and a few fancies lent charm to the whole.

The pictures of the African women were of vital interest to me—tall, slender and very strong. He emphasized the fact that these women were without fear; would go unarmed through the jungles where were lions, leopards and tigers, as the men would not.

"How about those native African women?" I asked Mr. MacQueen after the lecture. "Are they muscularly strong?"

"Immensely so," he said; "stronger than the men. This was Nature's intention. The females of all wild-animal life are stronger and more capable than the males. A lioness will kill and eat a lion for her young, and a female leopard can and does destroy a menacing leopard. Among some cannibal tribes, when starvation threatens, the females sacrifice the males ❧ ❧

The females are the home-makers and the law-makers among most animals except man. Don't you think women ought to vote, Mrs. Hubbard?"

I affirmed.

"So do I," said Peter MacQueen.

Max Nordau says that the time was when women were stronger than men. Then men became as strong, then stronger. But the time will come when women and men will be equally strong, physically, mentally and morally. God speed the day!

❧

By general consensus of opinion, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach ranks first in the New World among women who have attained note among modern composers. Her songs have found their way into the repertory of the world's great and most fastidious singers on both continents ❧ Mrs. Beach is a native of the Granite State.

March 7th, 1910

Mr. Prescott F. Hall, Sec.,
Exec. Com. Immigration Restriction League,
Boston, Massachusetts.

Dear Sir:

In reply to yours of February Twenty-second, although I have almost no time to entertain any subject from the outside of my regular business, yet for a long time I have thought that there should be a more thorough sifting of foreign-born population which come to our shores, and that the present laws are wholly inadequate to protect our institutions from deterioration.

I go further and would say, that there is not a greater disgrace existing in the world today than that our women should not be allowed to vote, while foreigners who know nothing of our government or our institutions, who have no interest in them, and who pay no taxes, should be allowed to vote. That such a condition should exist in a civilized country is astounding beyond belief.

I am fully in sympathy with the four objects which you mention.

Faithfully yours,
LUTHER BURBANK

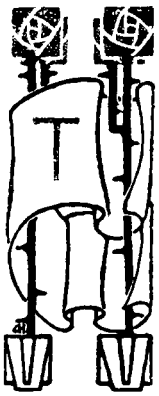
❧

M. L. MAYO is a woman of unusual ability. In the summer she manages a hotel on Long Island, called Maidstone Inn, East Hampton. Like so many other women who are succeeding in business, Miss Mayo finds it not always advisable to let it be known that "M. L. Mayo" is a woman. So much prejudice still remains in the public mind that when people hear that a hotel is owned or managed by a woman, they at once declare it anathema, so strong is the male impression (and the average female idea, too, let it be known) that it takes a man to do things right. ¶ As a matter of record, however, the great Hoffman House, in New York City, has for many years been managed by a woman; and until very recently the famous "Sherry's" was under the control of Miss Sherry.

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# The New Religion

By Charles W. Eliot



THE religion of a multitude of humane persons in the Twentieth Century may be called without inexcusable exaggeration a "New Religion"—not that a single one of its doctrines and practises is really new in essence, but only that the wider acceptance and better actual application of truths familiar in the past at many times and places, but never taken to heart by the multitude or put in force on a large scale, are new.

I shall attempt to state, without reserve and in simplest terms free from technicalities, first, what the religion of the future seems likely not to be, and second, what it may reasonably be expected to be. My point of view is that of an American layman, whose observing and thinking life has covered the extraordinary period since the "Voyage of the Beagle" was published, anesthesia and the telegraph came into use, Herbert Spencer issued his first series of papers on evolution, Kuenen, Robertson Smith and Wellhausen developed and vindicated Bible criticism, J. S. Mill's "Principles of Political Economy" appeared, and the United States, by going to war with Mexico, set in operation the forces which abolished slavery on the American continent—the period within which mechanical power came to be widely distributed through the explosive engine and the applications of electricity, and all the great fundamental industries of civilized mankind were reconstructed.

### Not Based on Authority

THE religion of the future will not be based on authority, either spiritual or temporal. The decline of the reliance upon absolute authority is one of the most significant phenomena of the modern world. This decline is to be seen everywhere—in government, in education, in the church, in business and in the family. The present generation is willing, and indeed often eager, to be led; but it is averse to being driven, and it wants to understand the grounds and sanctions of authoritative decisions. As a rule, the Christian churches, Roman, Greek and Protestant, have heretofore relied mainly upon the principle of authority, the Reformation having substituted for an authoritative church an authoritative book; but it is evident that the authority both of the most authoritative churches, and of the Bible as a verbally inspired guide, is already greatly impaired, and that the tendency toward liberty is progressive and, among educated men, irresistible.

### No Personifications

IT is hardly necessary to say that in the religion of the future there will be no personifications of the primitive forces of nature, such as light, fire, frost, wind, storm and earthquake, although primitive religions and the actual religions of barbarous or semi-civilized peoples abound in such personifications. The mountains, groves, volcanoes and oceans will no longer be inhabited by either kindly or malevolent deities; although man will still look to the hills for rest, still find in the ocean a symbol of infinity, and refreshment and delight in the forests and the streams. The love of nature mounts and spreads, while faith in fairies, imps, nymphs, demons and angels declines and fades away.

### No Fetich Worship

THERE will be in the religion of the future no worship, expressed or implied, of dead ancestors, teachers or rulers; no more tribal, racial or tutelary gods; no identification of any human being, however majestic in character, with the Eternal Deity. In these respects the religion of the future will not be essentially new, for nineteen centuries ago Jesus said, "Neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem, shall ye worship the Father. . . . . God is a Spirit and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and truth." It should be recognized, however, first, that Christianity was soon deeply affected by the surrounding paganism, and that some of these pagan intrusions have survived to this day; and second, that the Hebrew religion, the influence of which on the Christian has been, and is, very potent, was in the highest degree a racial religion, and its Holy of Holies was local. In war times, that is, in times when the brutal or savage instincts remaining in humanity become temporarily dominant, and good will is limited to people of the same nation, the survival of a tribal or national quality in institutional Christianity comes out very plainly. The aid of the Lord of Hosts is still invoked by both parties to international warfare, and each side praises

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and thanks Him for its successes. Indeed, the same spirit has often been exhibited in civil wars caused by religious differences.

It is not many years since an Archbishop of Canterbury caused thanks to be given in all Anglican churches that the Lord of Hosts had been in the English camp over against the Egyptians. Heretofore, the great religions of the world have held out hopes of direct interventions of the Deity, or some special Deity, in favor of his faithful worshipers. It was the greatest Jewish prophet who told King Hezekiah that the King of Assyria, who had approached Jerusalem with a great army, should not come into the city nor shoot an arrow there, and reported the Lord as saying, "I will defend this city to save it, for my own sake, and for my servant David's sake." "And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went forth, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand; and when men arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses." The new religion can not promise that sort of aid to either nations or individuals in peril.

### No Selfish Salvation

IN the religious life of the future the primary object will not be the personal welfare or safety of the individual, in this world or any other. That safety, that welfare or salvation, may be incidentally secured, but it will not be the prime object in view. The religious person will not think of his own welfare or security, but of service to others, and of contributions to the common good. The new religion will not teach that character is likely to be suddenly changed, either in this world or in any other—although, in any world, a sudden opportunity for improvement may present itself, and the date of that opportunity may be a precious remembrance. The new religion will not rely on either a sudden conversion in this world, or a sudden paradise in the next, from out a sensual, selfish or dishonest life. It will teach that repentance wipes out nothing in the past, and is only the first step toward reformation, and a sign of a better future.

### No Propitiation of Gods

THE religion of the future will not be propitiatory, sacrificial or expiatory. In primitive society, fear of the supernal powers, as represented in the awful forces of nature, was the root of religion. These dreadful powers must be propitiated or placated, and they must be propitiated by sacrifices in the most literal sense; and the supposed offenses of man must be expiated by sufferings, which were apt to be vicarious. Even the Hebrews offered human sacrifices for generations; and always a great part of their religious rites consisted in sacrifices of animals. The Christian church made a great step forward when it substituted the burning of incense for the burning of bullocks and doves; but to this day there survives, not only in the doctrines but in the practises of the Christian church, the principle of expiatory sacrifice. It will be an immense advantage if the Twentieth-Century Christianity can be purified from all these survivals of barbarous, or semi-barbarous, religious conceptions, because they imply such an unworthy idea of God.

### No "Personal" Creator

THE religion of the future will not perpetuate the anthropomorphic representations of God, conceptions which were carried in a large measure into institutional Christianity. It will not think of God as an enlarged and glorified man, who walks "in the garden in the cool of the day"; or as a judge deciding between human litigants; or as a king, Pharaoh or emperor, ruling arbitrarily his subjects; or as the patriarch who, in the early history of the race, ruled his family absolutely. These human functions will cease to represent adequately the attributes of God. The Nineteenth Century has made all these conceptions of deity look archaic and crude.

### Not a Religion of Asceticism

THE religion of the future will not be gloomy, ascetic or maledictory. It will not deal chiefly with sorrow and death, but with joy and life. It will not care so much to account for the evil and the ugly in the world, as to interpret the good and the beautiful. It will believe in no malignant powers: neither in Satan nor in witches; neither in the evil eye nor in the malign suggestion. When its disciple encounters a wrong or evil in the world, his impulse will be to search out its origin, source or cause, that he may attack it at its starting-point. He may not speculate on the origin of evil in general, but will surely try to discover the best way to eradicate the particular evil or wrong he has recognized.

### The New Conception of God

HAVING thus considered what the religion of the future will not be, let us now consider what its positive elements will be.

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The new thought of God will be its most characteristic element. This ideal will comprehend the Jewish Jehovah, the Christian Universal Father, the modern physicist's omnipresent and exhaustless Energy, and the biological conception of a Vital Force. The Infinite Spirit pervades the universe, just as the spirit of a man pervades his body, and acts, consciously or unconsciously, in every atom of it. The Twentieth Century will accept literally and implicitly St. Paul's statement, "In Him we live, and move and have our being," and God is that vital atmosphere, or incessant inspiration ✍ The new religion is therefore thoroughly monotheistic, its God being the one Infinite Force; but this one God is not withdrawn or removed, but indwelling, and especially dwelling in every living creature. God is so absolutely immanent in all things, animate and inanimate, that no mediation is needed between Him and the least particle of His creation. In His moral attributes, He is for every man the multiplication to infinity of all the noblest, tenderest and most potent qualities which that man has ever seen or imagined in a human being. In this sense every man makes his own picture of God. Every age, barbarous or civilized, happy or unhappy, improving or degenerating, frames its own conception of God within the limits of its own experiences and imaginings. In this sense, too, a humane religion has to wait for a humane generation. The central thought of the new religion will therefore be a humane and worthy idea of God, thoroughly consistent with the Nineteenth-Century revelations concerning man and nature, and with all the tenderest and loveliest teachings which have come down to us from the past.

### One Ever-Present God

THE scientific doctrine of one omnipresent, eternal Energy, informing and inspiring the whole creation at every instant of time and throughout the infinite spaces, is fundamentally and completely inconsistent with the dualistic conception which sets spirit over against matter, good over against evil, man's wickedness against God's righteousness, and Satan against Christ. The doctrine of God's immanence is also inconsistent with the conception that He once set the universe a-going, and then withdrew, leaving the universe to be operated under physical laws, which were His viceregents or substitutes ✍ If God is thoroughly immanent in the entire creation, there can be no "secondary causes," in either the material or the spiritual universe. The new religion rejects absolutely the conception that man is an alien in the world, or that God is alienated from the world.

It rejects also the entire conception of man as a fallen being, hopelessly wicked, and tending downward by nature; and it makes this emphatic rejection of long-accepted beliefs because it finds them all inconsistent with a humane, civilized, or worthy idea of God.

### Knowledge of God Through Self-Knowledge

IF, now, man discovers God through self-consciousness, or, in other words, if it is the human soul through which God is revealed, the race has come to the knowledge of God through knowledge of itself; and the best knowledge of God comes through knowledge of the best of the race ✍ Men have always attributed to man a spirit distinct from his body, though immanent in it. No one of us is willing to identify himself with his body; but, on the contrary, every one now believes, and all men have believed, that there is in a man an animating, ruling, characteristic essence, or spirit, which is himself. The spirit, dull or bright, looks out of the eyes, sounds in the voice, and appears in the bearing and manners of each individual. It is something just as real as the body, and more characteristic. To every influential person it gives far the greater part of his power. It is what we call the personality. This spirit, or soul, is the most effective part of every human being, and is recognized as such, and always has been ✍ It can use a fine body more effectively than it can a poor body, but it can do wonders through an inadequate body. In the crisis of a losing battle, it is a human soul that rallies the flying troops. It looks out of flashing eyes, and speaks in ringing tones, but it appeals to other souls, and not to other bodies. In the midst of terrible natural catastrophes—earthquakes, storms, conflagrations, volcanic eruptions—when men's best works are being destroyed, and thousands of lives are ceasing suddenly and horribly, it is not a few especially good human bodies which steady the survivors, maintain order, and organize the forces of rescue and relief ✍ It is a few superior souls. The leading men and women in any society, savage or civilized, are the strongest personalities—the personality being

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primarily spiritual, and only secondarily, bodily. Recognizing to the full these simple and obvious facts, the future religion will pay homage to all righteous and loving persons who in the past have exemplified and made intelligible to their contemporaries, intrinsic goodness and effluent good will. It will be an all-saints religion. It will treasure up all tales of human excellence and virtue. It will reverence the discoverers, teachers, martyrs and apostles of liberty, purity and righteousness. It will respect and honor all strong and lovely human beings —seeing in them, in infinite measure, qualities similar to those which they adore in God. Recognizing in every great and lovely human person an individual will-power which is the essence of the personality, it will naturally and inevitably attribute to God a similar individual will-power, the essence of His infinite personality

### Metaphysical Complexities

IN this simple and natural faith there will be no place for metaphysical complexities or magical rites, much less for obscure dogmas, the result of compromises in turbulent conventions. It is anthropomorphic; but what else can a human view of God's personality be? The finite can study and describe the infinite only through analogy, parallelism and simile; but that is a good way.

The new religion will animate and guide ordinary men and women who are putting into practise religious conceptions which result directly from their own observation, and precious experience of tenderness, sympathy, trust and solemn joy. It will be most welcome to the men and women who cherish and exhibit incessant, all-comprehending good will. These are the "good" people These are the only genuinely civilized persons.

### The Message to the Downtrodden

TO the wretched, sick and downtrodden of the earth, religion has in the past held out hopes of future compensation. When precious ties of affection have been broken, religion has held out prospects of immediate and eternal blessings for the departed; and has promised happy reunions in another and a better world. To a human soul, lodged in an imperfect, feeble or suffering body, some of the older religions have held out the expectation of deliverance by death, and of entrance upon a rich, competent and happy life—in short, for present human ills, however crushing, the widely accepted religions have offered either a second life, presumably immortal, under the happiest conditions, or at least peace, rest and a happy oblivion. Can the future religion promise that sort of compensation for the ills of this world, any more than it can promise miraculous aid against threatened disaster?

### A Natural Religion

A CANDID reply to this inquiry involves the statement that in the future religion there will be nothing "supernatural." This does not mean that life will be stripped of mystery or wonder, or that the range of natural law has been finally determined; but that religion, like all else, must conform to natural law so far as the range of law has been determined. In this sense the religion of the future will be a natural religion. In all its theory and all its practise it will be completely natural. It will place no reliance upon any sort of magic, or miracle, or other violation of, or exception to, the laws of nature. It will perform no magical rites, use no occult processes, count on no abnormal interventions of supernal powers, and admit no possession of supernatural gifts, whether transmitted or conferred, by any tribe, class or family of men. Its sacraments will be, not invasions of law by miracle, but the visible signs of a natural spiritual grace, or of a natural hallowed custom. It may preserve historic rites and ceremonies, which in times past have represented the expectation of magical or miraculous effects; but it will be content with natural interpretations of such rites and ceremonies. Its priests will be men especially interested in religious thought, possessing unusual gifts of speech on devotional subjects, and trained in the best methods of improving the social and industrial conditions of human life. There will always be need of such public teachers and spiritual leaders, heralds and prophets. It should be observed, however, that many happenings and processes, which were formerly regarded as supernatural, have with the increase of knowledge come to be regarded as completely natural. The line between the supposed natural and the supposed supernatural is, therefore, not fixed, but changeable.

It is obvious, therefore, that the completely natural quality of the future religion excludes from it many of the religious compensations and consolations of the past Twentieth-

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Century soldiers, going into battle, will not be able to say to each other, as Moslem soldiers did in the Tenth Century, "If we are killed today, we shall meet again tonight in Paradise." Even now, the mother who loses her babe, or the husband his wife, by a preventable disease, is seldom able to say, simply, "It is the will of God! The babe—or the woman—is better off in heaven than on earth. I resign this dear object of love and devotion, who has gone to a happier world." ❧ The ordinary consolations of institutional Christianity no longer satisfy intelligent people whose lives are broken by the sickness or premature death of those they love.

**A Remedy for Sociological Ills**

THE new religion will not attempt to reconcile men and women to present ills by promises of future blessedness, either for themselves or for others. Such promises have done infinite mischief in the world, by inducing men to be patient under sufferings or deprivations against which they should have incessantly struggled. The advent of a just freedom for the mass of mankind has been delayed for centuries by just this effect of compensatory promises issued by the churches. ¶ The religion of the future will approach the whole subject of evil from another side, that of resistance and prevention ❧ The Breton sailor, who had had his arm poisoned by a dirty fish-hook which had entered his finger, made a votive offering at the shrine of the Virgin Mary, and prayed for a cure. The workman today, who gets cut or bruised by a rough or dirty instrument, goes to a surgeon, who applies an antiseptic dressing to the wound, and prevents the poisoning. When dwellers in a slum suffer the familiar evils caused by overcrowding, impure food and cheerless labor, the modern true believers contend against the sources of such misery by providing public baths, playgrounds, wider and cleaner streets, better dwellings and more effective schools; that is, they attack the sources of physical and moral evil. The new religion can not supply the old sort of consolation; but it can diminish the need of consolation, or reduce the number of occasions for consolation.

**Is Pain a Punishment for Sin?**

A FURTHER change in religious thinking has already occurred on the subject of human pain. Pain was generally regarded as a punishment for sin, or as a means of moral training, or as an expiation, vicarious or direct. ¶ Twentieth-Century religion, gradually perfected in this respect during the last half of the Nineteenth Century, regards human pain as an evil to be relieved and prevented by the promptest means possible, and by any sort of available means, physical, mental or moral; and, thanks to the progress of biological and chemical science, there is comparatively little physical pain nowadays which can not be prevented or relieved ❧ The invention of anesthetics has brought into contempt the expiatory, or penal, view of human pain in this world. The younger generations listen with incredulous smiles to the objection made only a little more than sixty years ago by some divines of the Scottish Presbyterian church to the employment of chloroform in childbirth, namely, that the physicians were interfering with the execution of a curse pronounced by the Almighty. Dr. Weir Mitchell, a physician who has seen much of mental pain as well as of bodily, in his poem read at the fiftieth anniversary of the first public demonstration of surgical anesthesia, said of pain:

"What purpose hath it? Nay, thy quest is vain:
Earth hath no answer: If the baffled brain
Cries, 'T is to warn, to punish, Ah, refrain!
When writhes the child, beneath the surgeon's hand,
What soul shall hope that pain to understand?
Lo! Science falters o'er the hopeless task,
And Love and Faith in vain an answer ask."

**Divine Justice**

A SIMILAR change is occurring in regard to the conception of divine justice. The evils in this world have been regarded as penalties inflicted by a just God on human beings who had violated His laws; and the justice of God played a great part in His imagined dealings with the human race. A young graduate of Andover Theological Seminary once told me that when he had preached two or three times in summer in a small Congregational church on Cape Cod, one of the deacons of the church said to him at the close of the service, "What sort of sentimental mush is this that they are teaching you at Andover? You talk every Sunday about the love of God; we want to hear about His justice."

The future religion will not undertake to describe, or even to imagine, the justice of God. We are today so profoundly dissatisfied

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with human justice, although it is the result of centuries of experience of social good and ill in this world, that we may well distrust human capacity to conceive of the justice of a morally perfect, infinite being.

### The Treatment of Moral Defectives

THE civilized nations now recognize the fact that legal punishments usually fail of their objects, or cause wrongs and evils greater than those for which the punishments were inflicted; so that penology, or the science of penalties, has still to be created. It is only very lately that the most civilized communities began to learn how to deal with criminal tendencies in the young. In the eyes of God, human beings must all seem very young. Since our ideas of God's modes of thinking and acting are necessarily based on the best human attainments in similar directions, the new religion can not pretend to understand God's justice, inasmuch as there is no human experience of public justice fit to serve as the foundation for a true conception of God's. The new religion will magnify and laud God's love and compassion, and will not venture to state what the justice of God may or may not require of Himself, or of any of His finite creatures. This will be one of the great differences between the future religion and the past. ¶ Institutional Christianity, as a rule, condemned the mass of mankind to eternal torment; partly because the leaders of the churches thought they understood completely the justice of God, and partly because the exclusive possession of means of deliverance gave the churches some restraining influence over even the boldest sinners, and much over the timid. The new religion will make no such pretensions, and will teach no such horrible and perverse doctrines ❧ ❧

### Consolation for Human Ills

DO you ask what consolation for human ills the new religion will offer? I answer, the consolation which often comes to the sufferer from being more serviceable to others than he was before the loss or the suffering for which consolation is needed; the consolation of being, one's self, wiser and tenderer than before, and therefore more able to be serviceable to human kind in the best ways; the consolation through the memory, which preserves the sweet fragrance of characters and lives no longer in presence, recalls the joys and achievements of those lives while still within mortal view, and treasures up and multiplies the good influences they exerted ❧ Moreover, such a religion has no tendency to diminish the force in this world, or any other, of the best human imaginings concerning the nature of the infinite Spirit immanent in the universe. It urges its disciples to believe that, as the best and happiest man is he who best loves and serves, so the soul of the universe finds its perfect bliss and efficiency in supreme and universal love and service. It sees evidence in the moral history of the human race that a loving God rules the universe. Trust in this supreme rule is genuine consolation and support under many human trials and sufferings ❧ Nevertheless, although brave and patient endurance of evils is always admirable, and generally happier than timid or impatient conduct under suffering or wrong, it must be admitted that endurance or constancy is not consolation, and that there are many physical and mental disabilities and injuries for which there is no consolation in a literal sense. Human skill may mitigate or palliate some of them, human sympathy and kindness may make them more bearable, but neither religion nor philosophy offers any complete consolation for them, or ever has.

### Good Will Among Men

IN thus describing the consolations for human woes and evils which such a religion can offer, its chief motives have been depicted. They are just those which Jesus said summed up all the commandments: love toward God and brotherliness to man. It will teach a universal good will, under the influence of which men will do their duty and, at the same time, promote their own happiness. The devotees of a religion of service will always be asking what they can contribute to the common good; but their greatest service must always be to increase the stock of good will among men. One of the worst of chronic human evils is working for daily bread without any interest in the work, and with ill will toward the institution or person that provides the work. The work of the world must be done; and the great question is, shall it be done happily or unhappily? Much of it is today done unhappily. The new religion will contribute powerfully toward the reduction of this mass of unnecessary misery, and will do so chiefly by promoting good will among men.

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### Personal Sacrifice

PAGANIZED Hebrew-Christianity has unquestionably made much of personal sacrifice as a religious duty. The new religion will greatly qualify the supposed duty of sacrifice, and will regard all sacrifices as unnecessary and injurious, except those which love dictates and justifies. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Self-sacrifice is not a good or a merit in itself; it must be intelligent and loving to be meritorious, and the object in view must be worth its price ✍ Giving up attractive pleasures or labors in favor of some higher satisfaction, or some engrossing work, is not self-sacrifice ✍ It is renunciation of inferior or irrelevant objects in favor of one superior object; it is only the intelligent inhibition of whatever distracts from the main pursuit, or the worthier task. Here, again, the new religion will teach that happiness goes with dutifulness even in this world.

### The Worship of Ideals

ALL the religions have been, to a greater or less extent, uplifting and inspiring, in the sense that they raised men's thoughts to some power above them, to some being or beings, which had more power and more duration than the worshipers had. When kings or emperors were deified, they were idealized, and so lifted men's thoughts out of the daily round of their ordinary lives. As the object of worship became nobler, purer and kinder with the progress of civilization, the prevailing religion became more stimulating to magnanimity and righteousness. Will the future religion be as helpful to the spirit of man? Will it touch his imagination as the anthropomorphism of Judaism, polytheism, Islam and paganized Christianity have done? Can it be as moving to the human soul as the deified powers of nature, the various gods and goddesses that inhabited sky, ocean, mountains, groves and streams, or the numerous deities revered in the various Christian communions—God the Father, the Son of God, the Mother of God, the Holy Ghost and the host of tutelary saints? All these objects of worship have greatly moved the human soul, and have inspired men to thoughts and deeds of beauty, love and duty. Will the new religion do as much? It is reasonable to expect that it *will*. The sentiments of awe and reverence, and the love of beauty and goodness will remain, and will increase in strength and influence. All the natural human affections will remain in full force. The new religion will foster powerfully a virtue which is comparatively new in the world—the love of truth and the passion for seeking it; and the truth will progressively make men free; so that the coming generations will be freer, and therefore more productive and stronger than the preceding. The new religionists will not worship their ancestors; but they will have a stronger sense of the descent of the present from the past than men have ever had before, and each generation will feel more strongly than ever before its indebtedness to the preceding ✍ ✍

### Love and Hope

THE two sentiments which most inspire men to good deeds are love and hope. Religion should give freer and more rational play to these two sentiments than the world has heretofore witnessed; and the love and hope will be thoroughly grounded in and on efficient, serviceable, visible, actual and concrete deeds and conduct. The future religion will prove, has proved, as effective as any of the older ones in inspiring men to love and serve their fellow beings—and that is the true object and end of all philosophies and all religions; for that is the way to make men better and happier, alike the servants and the served.

### A Religion of Growth

THE future religion will have the attributes of universality, and of adaptability to the rapidly increasing stores of knowledge and power over nature acquired by the human race. As the religion of a child is inevitably very different from that of an adult, and must grow up with the child, so the religion of a race whose capacities are rapidly enlarging must be capable of a corresponding development ✍ The religion of any single individual ought to grow up with him all the way from infancy to age; and the same is true of the religion of a race. It is bad for any people to stand still in their governmental conceptions and practises, or in the organization of their industries, or in any of their arts or trades, even in the oldest; but it is much worse for a people to stand still in their religious conceptions and practises. Now, the new religion affords an indefinite scope, or range, for progress and development.

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It rejects all the limitations of family, tribal or national religion. It is not bound to any dogma, creed, book or institution. It has the whole world for the field of the loving labors of its disciples; and its fundamental precept of serviceableness admits an infinite variety and range in both time and space. It is very simple, and therefore possesses an important element of durability. It is the complicated things that get out of order. Its symbols will not relate to sacrifice or dogma; but it will doubtless have symbols, which will represent its love of liberty, truth and beauty. It will also have social rites and reverent observances; for it will wish to commemorate the good thoughts and deeds which have come down from former generations. It will have its saints; but its canonizations will be based upon grounds somewhat new. It will have its heroes; but they must have shown a loving, disinterested or protective courage. It will have its communions with the Great Spirit, with the spirits of the departed, and with living fellow men of like minds. Working together will be one of its fundamental ideas—of men with God, of men with prophets, leaders and teachers, of men with one another, of men's intelligence with the forces of nature. It will teach only such uses of authority as are necessary to secure the co-operation of several or many people to one end; and the discipline it will advocate will be training in the development of co-operative good will.

### A Religion of Progress

WILL such a religion as this make progress in the Twentieth-Century world? You have heard much about the conflict between materialism and religious idealism, the revolt against long-accepted dogmas, the frequent occurrence of waves of reform, sweeping through and sometimes over the churches, the effect of modern philosophy, ethical theories, social hopes and democratic principles on the established churches, and the abandonment of churches altogether by a large proportion of the population in countries mainly Protestant. You know, too, how other social organizations have, in some considerable measure, taken the place of churches. Millions of Americans find in Masonic organizations, lodges of Odd Fellows, benevolent and fraternal societies, granges and trades-unions, at once their practical religion and the satisfaction of their social needs. So far as these multifarious organizations carry men and women out of their individual selves and teach them mutual regard and social and industrial co-operation, they approach the field and functions of the religion of the future. The Spiritualists, Christian Scientists and mental healers of all sorts manifest a good deal of ability to draw people away from the traditional churches and to discredit traditional dogmas and formal creeds. Nevertheless, the great mass of people remain attached to the traditional churches, and are likely to remain so—partly because of their tender associations with churches in the grave crises of life, and partly because their actual mental condition still permits them to accept the beliefs they have inherited, or been taught while young. The new religion will therefore make but slow progress, so far as outward organization goes. It will, however, progressively modify the creeds and religious practises of all the existing churches and change their symbolism and their teachings concerning the conduct of life. Since its chief doctrine is the doctrine of a sublime unity of substance, force and spirit, and its chief precept is, "Be serviceable," it will exert a strong, united influence among men.

### The Unification of Creeds

CHRISTIAN unity has always been longed for by devout believers, but has been sought in impossible ways. Authoritative churches have tried to force everybody within their range to hold the same opinions and unite in the same observances, but they have won only temporary and local successes. As freedom has increased in the world, it has become more and more difficult to enforce even outward conformity; and in countries where church and state have been separated, a great diversity of religious opinions and practises has been expressed in different religious organizations, each of which commands the effective devotion of a fraction of the population. Since it is certain that men are steadily gaining more and more freedom in thought, speech and action, civilized society might as well assume that it will be quite impossible to unite all religiously-minded people through any dogma, creed, ceremony, observance or ritual. All these are divisive, not uniting, wherever a reasonable freedom exists. The new religion proposes as a basis of unity, first, its doctrines of an immanent and loving God, and second, its precept, "Be serviceable to

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fellow men." Already there are many signs in the free countries of the world that different religious denominations can unite in good work to promote human welfare. The support of hospitals, dispensaries and asylums by persons connected with all sorts of religious denominations in carrying on Associated Charities in large cities, the success of the Young Men's Christian Associations, and the numerous efforts to form federations of kindred churches for practical purposes, all testify to the feasibility of extensive co-operation in good works. Again, the new religion can not create any caste, ecclesiastical class or exclusive sect founded on a rite. On these grounds it is not unreasonable to imagine that the new religion will prove a unifying influence, and a strong reinforcement of democracy.

**As a Deterrent to Wrong-Doing**

WHETHER it will prove as efficient to deter men from doing wrong and to encourage them to do right as the prevailing religions have been, is a question which only experience can answer. In these two respects, neither the threats nor the promises of the older religions have been remarkably successful in society at large. The fear of Hell has not proved effective to deter men from wrong-doing, and Heaven has never yet been described in terms very attractive to the average man or woman. Both are indeed unimaginable. The great geniuses, like Dante and Swedenborg, have produced only fantastic and incredible pictures of either state ✍ The modern man would hardly feel any appreciable loss of motive power toward good, or away from evil, if Heaven were burned and Hell quenched. The prevailing Christian conceptions of Heaven and Hell have hardly any more influence with educated people in these days than Olympus and Hades have. The modern mind craves an immediate motive or leading, good for today on this earth. The new religion builds on the actual experience of men and women, and of human society as a whole. The motive powers it relies upon have been, and are, at work in innumerable human lives; and its beatific visions and its hopes are better grounded than those of traditional religion, and finer—because free from all selfishness, and from the imagery of governments, courts, social distinctions and war ✍ ✍

*Finally*, this Twentieth-Century religion is not only to be in harmony with the great secular movements of modern society—democracy, individualism, social idealism, the zeal for education, the spirit of research, the modern tendency to welcome the new, the fresh powers of preventive medicine, and the recent advances in business and industrial ethics—but also in essential agreement with the direct, personal teachings of Jesus, as they are reported in the Gospels. The revelation He gave to mankind thus becomes more wonderful than ever.

✍

The question still remains whether discipline is not a matter of gratification to the person in power, rather than a sincere desire and honest attempt to benefit the person disciplined.

✍

## Capital Punishment

By Griffith W. Griffith



"ONE must live," cried a poor wretch, pleading before M. de Talleyrand. "I do not see the necessity," was the cold reply. Masked in courtly phrases, such as, "Law and order must be maintained," or "The dignity of the State must be vindicated," the attitude of the old school of criminology has been that of Talleyrand. It recognizes only one fact: that the law has been broken. Why it was broken; what the causes may be that produce a class of habitual law-breakers—all this lies beyond the scope of its inquiry.

There can be no philosophy of criminology so long as the investigation of the problem is confined arbitrarily to a single factor: the mere incident that a crime has been committed and the rules of social order violated. Investigation is brought immediately to a halt, and there remains only the question of the punishment to be inflicted. And this is how the matter stands even today, save for certain modifications that the new school of criminology has been sufficiently powerful to force into acceptance. Up to quite a recent date the sole question asked by those who administered the law has been, "How much shall we punish?" and that is still the main question. The other query, "Why should we punish?" belongs to a future that is yet unborn.

Punishment itself unquestionably has passed

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through three stages, the first of which was revenge; the "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" of the Mosaic and a prior dispensation. This is the primitive idea; Othello howling, "Blood, Iago! Blood!" The family, the survivors of the clan, obtain no compensation through the death of the offender, but their lust for vengeance is appeased and their honor retrieved ❧ This primitive type is not yet extinct. It flourishes under the form of capital punishment, whether administered with due legal formalities by the State, or informally by the mob. One still catches its echo in such expressions as "Justice must be avenged." The second stage is deterrence, terrorism, the attempt to stamp out criminality by fear ❧ Judges who resort to exceptionally severe sentences in the hope of stemming waves of crime show themselves still under the influence of this philosophy.

The third and last stage is that of reformation, marking a public conscience that, having become more civilized, has grown uneasy. Influenced by the reminder from the modern and scientific school that not only the commission of the crime but also the conditions that made the criminal must be considered, society asserts that while inflicting punishment it wishes by so doing to reform the offender.

**Execution Once a Common Punishment**

GOING back barely a hundred years we find execution one of the commonest forms of punishment. The lower the civilization the less the value placed on individual life ❧ The best method of dealing with an offender is to kill him; it is the quickest and cheapest way out of the difficulty.

England stood in the front rank of civilization, and, since the outlines of English history are very generally known, we go to her for illustrations ❧ Whatever barbarities her authorities committed were more than matched in Europe, many of whose countries still tolerate, as do certain sections of the United States, the application of torture, which England long ago abandoned.

When, under Henry the Eighth of Great Britain, the monasteries, which had been largely almshouses for the needy, were abolished; when the towns' guilds, which also had been to a great extent charitable institutions, were broken up, and when lands that had been used as "commons" from time immemorial were distributed in huge quantities among the King's favorites, the peace of the country found itself violently disturbed by the beggars who swarmed upon the highways. It was with desperate energy that his successor, Elizabeth, essayed to suppress the evil by the notorious Vagabondage Acts, under which frightful penalties in the shape of hangings, brandings, floggings and other forms of torture were inflicted on the unfortunate who found himself or herself under the necessity of living. Modern historians, with the wisdom that comes so readily after the event, point out that these attempts were, by the very law of life, predestined to the failure which they actually met, but the impulse once generated continued almost unabated until about a century ago, at which date the English code contained two hundred twenty-three offenses punishable with death. Executions had become, as bull-fighting is today in Spain and Mexico, a national amusement, and it was noted that pickpockets found their richest harvest in the crowds gathered to see members of their own craft put to death.

**Pandering to Brutish Instincts**

JOHN HOWARD'S voice was the first to make itself heard, in the latter part of the Eighteenth Century, in protest against the general indifference to this reign of blood, and the movement he started continued under the leadership of such men as Romilly, Brougham and Wilberforce until a clean sweep was made of the whole brutal business that, by its failure to check crime and by its demoralization of the public, had proved worse than useless ❧ ❧

How great that demoralization must have been may be shown perhaps with some propriety here by a transcript of the sentence passed on Algernon Sidney, who was convicted in Sixteen Hundred Eighty-three of the crime of high treason. The form of the sentence was the one in universal use and runs as follows: "That you be carried hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence you shall be drawn upon an hurdle to the place of execution, where you shall be hanged by the neck, and being alive, cut down; your privy members shall be cut off and burned before your face, your head severed from your body and your body divided into four quarters, and they to be disposed at the pleasure of the King. And the God of Infinite Mercy have mercy on your soul." An attribute was generously

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ascribed to the Deity which certainly neither the English authorities nor those who gloated over their sentences possessed.

It is an immutable law of life that like begets like and that violence upon the part of the authorities generates violence among the masses, as proved irrefutably by statistics covering various sections of the United States. It seems, however, convenient at this point to enlarge on the demoralization that follows in the wake of capital punishment, since all thinking persons will agree that whatever tends to excite passion and cruelty tends to lower the general level of morality and makes for crime. Sowing the wind we reap the whirlwind. Here then is an account by an American writer of an execution fiesta in Pennsylvania during the last century, which met, however, with unexpected interruption:

"All eyes in the living mass that surrounded the gibbet were fixed on the victim's countenance, and they waited with strong desire the expected signal for launching him into eternity. When it was at last announced that a reprieve had left them no hope of witnessing his agonies, their fury knew no bounds, and the poor maniac—for it was discovered that he was insane—was with difficulty snatched by the officers of justice from the fate which the most violent among them seemed determined to inflict."

### The Abandonment of Public Executions

SO admittedly injurious to good morals were such spectacles that publicity was finally abandoned and for many years past all legal executions, both in this country and in England, have taken place within the prison-walls, officials and reporters being usually the only persons allowed to be present. This change was in itself a recognition of the fact that the possibly deterrent effect of inflicting the death penalty before the eyes of the populace was more than outweighed by the brutality engendered. But surely, if the effect on the public is bad, that upon the prison officials themselves can not be wholesome, and this consideration is one of great importance, since this is the very class that has the lives and reformation of countless prisoners absolutely at its mercy. A well-known writer, James T. Griffes, has left an account of how he reported, in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-two, for the San Francisco "Call," an execution in San Quentin, and he tells us that during the strain of the lengthy preparations, apparently prolonged with the greatest deliberation, he all but fainted. Bethinking himself, however, of the injury to his reputation as a reporter that would follow, he pulled himself together, "marched with the rest of them, drank in every detail of the black thing, and, as the drop fell, gloated with the others and would gladly have seen it all over again." His account of the banquet in the warden's room that followed, with the criticisms passed on the dead man's behavior and reminiscences of other executions participated in by those present, would make too unpleasant reading.

### The Parent of Lynching

DR. LYDSTON condemns capital punishment as being the parent of lynching, and points out that the original conception of social revenge is kept constantly alive by what he calls this "legal barbarity," adding that "it is one of the chief factors that keep the tiger in humanity's breast from being effectually lulled to sleep by social progress." And it is here that the student of history will find the most overwhelming condemnation of capital punishment, inasmuch as the State by resorting to the extremest form of violence teaches her uneducated and thoughtless millions that the solution of social questions is to be found not in the use of intelligence, but in falling back on force. Who can doubt that the Reign of Terror, which marred and largely nullified the good the French Revolution had accomplished, sprang directly from the lessons taught the masses by an autocracy that ruled solely by the sword? Who can doubt that the blood with which the soil of Russia has been wet these many years has the same origin, and who does not know that immense changes are inevitable in this country, and that the one serious danger is that they will be accompanied by bloodshed? In short, no more pernicious teaching is conceivable than that which bids the masses look not to the use of their intelligence but to the exercise of force for the solution of their troubles, for so long as they place their reliance on the baser weapon of brutality there will be no search for that actual knowledge which alone can set men free. And when we condemn the wild utterances of the individual apostle of violence, we should remember that they are but dust in the balance as compared with the all-pervasive example set to the people by their State.

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¶ The abolition of capital punishment is urged, therefore, for reasons far weightier than concern for the fate of the individual victim, since, when we consider the conditions that prevail in many of our prisons, it may well be doubted whether death is not often the preferable lot. It is urged because civilization depends on a high appreciation of the value of individual life, and because the death penalty must be done away with if the public is to be educated into relying on intelligence instead of physical force ✍ The more this argument is pondered the more clearly will its strength be seen.

**Sanguinary Apostles of Peace**

A SPECIAL report was made to Congress in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-six on capital punishment, and the committee gave a list of four hundred eighteen works it had consulted on the subject. It stated that three hundred ninety-one of these favored the abolition of the death penalty, as against only twenty-seven that stood for its retention. It is not a little remarkable that twelve of these twenty-seven had been written by Ministers of the Gospel or had appeared in Clerical Magazines. And although one could without difficulty produce clippings from many papers that, under the pressure of some local excitement, have called for blood, it is not a little disheartening to find such an organ as the "Presbyterian Standard" (Charlotte, North Carolina) rejoicing at the restoration of the guillotine in France, and declaring that "apart from the gospel nothing would work more for the salvation of the country than a goodly number of well-conducted, well-considered and well-timed hangings."

This attitude of a certain portion of the clergy is brought into more conspicuous notice by a recent letter from Tolstoy, in which he severely criticizes A. Stolypine, brother of the Russian prime minister, for defending capital punishment on the ground that it is sanctioned by the New Testament. The great Russian writer says: "Stolypine's article is in itself absurd and insignificant. Nevertheless it represents a very definite mockery of all which was, is and will be sacred to those who understand the true significance of Christ's teachings. This article, published in a paper which has hundreds of thousands of readers, says that Christ not only did not forbid murder, not only recognized the need for capital punishment, but even upbraided the people for abolishing it. This, mind you, is said of Christ, who is the manifestation of God's love, of that God who is love Himself."

Russia formally abolished capital punishment as long ago as Seventeen Hundred Fifty-three, save in connection with political crimes, but this latter has proved the most elastic of terms, the enormous number of executions that has taken place there within recent years being one of the scandals of the age.

According to the congressional report referred to above, Holland, Portugal and Italy are well satisfied that they abolished the death penalty, and it is stated that in Norway, since Eighteen Hundred Seventy-four, there has been a growing disposition to substitute imprisonment as the punishment for murder ✍ Fifteen Swiss cantons are reported as having abolished capital punishment, while seven retain it. France, on the other hand, as noted in a previous paragraph, recently set up the guillotine once more, and reports say that crowds flocked eagerly to witness it in operation. That there will be a corresponding demoralization is inevitable, but the most civilized countries have their reactionary spells.

**States Without Death Penalty**

IN the United States, Michigan, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Kansas and Maine have got along without capital punishment, the four first named for more than two generations, and the last since Eighteen Hundred Eighty-seven, at which date it finally decided against the death penalty, after having reverted to it for a term of four years. The contrast presented by the figures from the Southern States, in whose convict-camps the murder of prisoners by guards has been a far too frequent feature, can not fail to impress the thoughtful reader. ¶ In the District of Columbia a bill for the abolition of the death penalty was introduced by Representative Scott of Kansas, March Twenty-eighth, Nineteen Hundred Eight, and it now seems probable that Illinois will do away with executions at an early date, a bill to that effect having passed the lower branch of the general assembly in June, Nineteen Hundred Nine, by a vote of eighty-one to forty-two. The measure was defeated in the Senate, but those who have been working for the change express themselves as confident of success within the next two years. Throughout the debate much emphasis was laid on

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the celebrated and recent Billik case, in which the prisoner was saved at the last moment by the confession of the main witness for the prosecution, who acknowledged that he had perjured himself. It is needless to say that similar mistakes have been discovered repeatedly only when it was too late to rectify them, but this is such a common count in the indictment against capital punishment that we think it useless to elaborate the point. It was the discovery that an innocent man had been hanged which caused Rhode Island to take action in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-two, and Maine finally did away with the death penalty when it was proved that Stain and Cromwell were guiltless of the crime for which they had been sentenced to the gallows.

In Iowa a convicted murderer is sent to the gallows only when the jury so recommends, and for more than twelve years no execution has taken place. In New Hampshire no one has been executed since Eighteen Hundred Ninety-three. In Massachusetts the feeling against capital punishment is reported as strong, and a vigorous fight for its abolition is being waged.

The South still clings religiously to old ideas. Thus the Congressional Report of Eighteen Hundred Ninety-six shows that Georgia had at that time ten crimes punishable with death, while Louisiana and Maryland each had seven. In Alabama also the jury could impose the death penalty for any one of seven different crimes. In a special appendix to the report General N. M. Curtis, the New York representative, took occasion to say: "A comparison of the criminal laws of foreign countries with those of the United States shows that we undoubtedly have the bloodiest code in the world, and it is confidently stated that we have also the greatest number of homicidal crimes in proportion to population."

### The Economic Argument Answered

WE have reserved to the last the economic argument advanced by those who favor the retention of capital punishment, namely, that the community should not be asked to support for the remainder of their natural lives those guilty of heinous crime, many of whom are impervious to reforming influences. As a matter of fact it is a commonplace among those familiar with prison life that "Murderers' Row" often contains the most decent men in the establishment, and it is obvious that a man who, with an otherwise blameless record, has taken life in a gust of sudden passion, offers far more promising material than the habitual degenerate whose career has been one continuous series of petty crimes. But apart from this patent consideration the argument begs the question, for there is no intrinsic reason why such prisoners should not be kept at labor that will more than defray the scanty cost of their maintenance.

I have indeed no intention of intruding my political prejudices on any reader, but a passage from "Life in Sing Sing," by Number Fifteen Hundred, founder and for many years editor of the well-known prison paper, the "Star of Hope," puts in a nutshell one of the main reasons why capital punishment is still retained on our statute-books. The author is speaking of Mrs. Place, who was electrocuted in Sing Sing and continued to the end, as he declares, "brave and steady even to a degree that few men have been able to achieve." He says: "I saw her nearly every day, sitting at her grated door, leading the conversation on all sorts of subjects. She was more vivacious by far than the matrons of forbidding aspect and reserved manner who sat watching her outside of her bars. There was little of the graceful quality of femininity in the appearance of Mrs. Place, but she had all the womanly alertness and interest over small matters and the flattering attention to others' trifling complaints. The quick sympathies that sprang to her lips without effort enlisted the liking of those with whom she came in contact. The influence thus exerted extended soon to her keepers, who, as the day of her execution drew near, frequently broke forth weeping and mourning her fate. At such times this superior murderess would comfort them with her cheerfulness of manner, although from almost the first reports of the attitude of Governor Roosevelt on her application for a stay or a commutation in the terms of her sentence, she continued to say: 'That soldier-man likes killing things and he is going to kill me.'"

Perhaps she did our former President an injustice, but she voiced truly the motive that influences many of those who still uphold capital punishment. They like to kill. It is the barbaric instinct for revenge that has not yet worked out of the blood.

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# LIVE WIRES

NOTES ALONG THE WAY BY FRA ELBERTUS

THEODORE N. VAIL, the head of the combined American Telegraph and Telephone Company and the Western Union Telegraph Company, is one of the biggest-brained men in the world. He is a living example of that energy and enterprise which have made America synonymous with Opportunity. While holding the plow-handles on an Iowa farm, for his board and clothes, he had the prophetic insight or gumption to see in Alexander Bell's invention what no one else could or would, so that now, at the early age of sixty-four, he is head of what is probably, next to The Standard Oil Company, the greatest industrial corporation on earth.

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SECRETARY HOOT, of the Bowery Branch of the Y. M. C. A., says that one-fourth of the men who apply to him for help are college-bred. Since not more than one man in ten in New York is college-bred, it appears that our "institutions of learning" are producing more than their share of human derelicts. All of which goes to show that a college degree is no proof that the holder produces more than he consumes, or that he adds to the wealth and happiness of the world.

---

"DADDY" LINDSEY, as the Denver street boys call him, alias the Honorable Benjamin B. Lindsey, Judge of the Probate Court and Magistrate of the Juvenile Court, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds in the shade—just a trifle under one-third of what President Taft weighs. I should n't wonder if Ben's usefulness was in inverse ratio to his avoirdupois.

---

King C. Gillette made the Gillette Safety-Razor. Incidentally, he "made" a lot of other Safety-Razors, who have grabbed onto Gillette's Idea like unto a germ to a trailing petticoat. But Gillette can afford to furnish Inspiration for a lot of Little Fellows, because, as I understand it, he is building a new factory every other week, to keep up with the Gillette Demand.

THOMAS JEFFERSON FOSTER'S name is writ high among the Nation's greatest benefactors, compared with whom John D., Jr., with his philanthropies is "as moonlight unto sunlight or as water unto wine." As head of the I. C. S., "T. J." is conducting an enterprise that is doing more to raise struggling young men and women to places of permanent independence than all the colleges in the country piled in a heap. The I. C. S. stands for a bread-and-butter training, mind you—the kind that makes for a full dinner-pail, and then some—not the education with the social appendage, pedagogic frill and academic flummery.

---

PIERPONT MORGAN'S maneuvering for the control of the Nation's money continues to interest the financial world. He has consolidated three New York Trust Companies with the control of Two Hundred Million Dollars. This he was enabled to do, it is supposed, through his recently acquired control of the money of the big insurance companies. The dispatches say the latest coup places him "in a practically impregnable position," with even the Government at his mercy. So says William Marion Reedy. How much does Bill know about finance? Goodness!

---

ARTHUR FREDERICK SHELDON has been a mighty factor in ushering out the age of barter and the customs of booth and bazar, and has revealed to us that business is worthy of the highest talent that can be brought to bear upon it. Sheldonism makes a man proud of his business; in fact, rightly understood and practised, it gives a man a business to be proud of.

---

Andrew Carnegie was on board a ferryboat at Norfolk on the day the President visited that port. Something went wrong with the compass. The captain appealed to the mate. The mate examined the compass, and said: "I guess it must be attracted by that steel magnate over there."

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# I HAVE paid my good money for this space because I have something to tell you about that

will profit you to buy and me to sell. Years ago I invented a Speed-Indicator for Automobiles, based on the Magnetic Principle. There are no cams or levers in it, no mechanical contrivances of any kind. There are only two parts: a revolving ring-magnet and a dial. There is no connection between them except Magnetism, none whatever. I called my invention the Auto-Meter and have built up a splendid business, because I made the Auto-Meter as good as money and brains could make it, and sold it at a fair profit. I might build it cheaper and sell it cheaper, but then it would not be so good. So much depends on the Auto-Meter that it must be good. The mileage of the tires, the amount of gasoline and lubricant the auto requires, the efficiency of the batteries, the very life of the car, are to be measured. The Auto-Meter must keep tabs on the engine and save repair-bills. It must keep you from being late and tell you when there is no need to hurry. It guides you around corners and guards you from the over-zealous policeman ☞ So it *must* be good, and it *is* good. ¶ It will save you money and give you pleasure, and you will profit both ways. Better buy one. Better do it now. Better address me personally. It will be better all 'round.

A P Warner

**Warner Instrument Company** **Beloit, Wisconsin, U. S. A.**

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Nun hiermit geben wir ein Bildniss der

# Frau Elberta

getreu nach photographischer Aufnahme wieder. Frau Elberta wohnt in Stuttgart, Deutschland, woselbst sie kürzlich einen "Roycroft Verein" von vierzig Midgliedern gegründet hat

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THE VAUDEVILLE NUMBER

# THE FRA

NOT·FOR·MUMMIES

A·JOURNAL·OF·AFFIRMATION

Vol. V JUNE, 1910 No. 3



PUBLISHED·MONTHLY·BY·ELBERT·HUBBARD
EAST·AURORA·ERIE·COUNTY·N.Y.
25·CENTS·A·COPY·2·DOLLARS·A·YEAR

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## The Country's Future is Written in the Faces of the Young Men

THEY are clean-shaven faces. In the store, the counting-room, the classroom, the office—in work and sport out-of-doors—the men who do things shave for the day just as they dress for the day.

The use of the Gillette Safety-Razor is almost a universal habit with men of affairs. It is not solely a question of economy—though it means a great saving. It's a matter of comfort, of cleanliness, of time.

The Gillette is a builder of self-respect. The man who does n't care how he looks does not care much how he acts. The Gillette is a builder of regular habits.

Own a Gillette—be a master of your time—shave in three minutes. No stropping, no honing.

You don't have to take a correspondence course to learn how to use it. Just buy it and shave.

Thirty thousand dealers sell the Gillette. If there is no one in your neighborhood send us $5 and we 'll send the razor and twelve double-edged blades by return mail.

Write and we will send you a pamphlet—Dept. A.

*King C. Gillette*

40 West Second Street, Boston, Massachusetts

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# THE FRA

A JOVRNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. 5 JUNE No. 3

Education is an Achievement, Not a Gift

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign Postage: 75 Cents Extra

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, EAST AURORA, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER
ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT POST-OFFICE DEPT., CANADA


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# THE OPEN ROAD

## AFOOT WITH THE FRA

### A Venture in Vaudeville



RECENTLY, at the Majestic Theater, Chicago, I made a venture in art, via Vaudeville.

I did two turns each day, of twenty minutes each, and one day three, making in all fifteen appearances.

Why did I do this?

Softly, Clarice, one reason was, because I could.

And anyway, your question, girlie, is not unique or peculiar. It has been asked me orally, by mail and by telegraph—in all, nine hundred and fifty-seven times—but never once by a person who had the ability to take the Vaudeville stage and hold it down.

Go call up Samson and ask him why he carried off the gates of Gaza; let the terrapin interrogate the bird as to why it flies; have the mollusk pooh-pooh the moose because it runs, or let Mustapha the monk write in scorn of love—we will none of these.

This looks, I know, as if I had fatty enlargement of the ego; but the fact is, Vaudeville demands the very life's blood of the performer. If one could only do it commonplace! But that is impossible. You might as well shoot off a cannon easy.

Happiness lies in self-forgetfulness.

Art supplies you this complete abandonment—this exquisite solace—this divine nepenthe.

¶ Life without absorbing employment is hell: joy consists in forgetting yourself.

The art of the actor is the most intense form of art that exists ✍ It must be done on the


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instant—it is now or never. No erasures are allowed; a false move is inexcusable; one bad intonation and your cake is dough; a cough or a sneeze, and it is you for a flounder in the mulligatawny.

The difference between the Lecture Platform and the Vaudeville Stage is this: On the Lecture Platform the lecturer comes out and says, "I am here!"

On the Vaudeville Stage when the performer walks out of the wings the audience says, "Here we are!"

### An Interlude

ON a certain Amateur Night at an East Side theater the manager appeared before the curtain and announced, "Miss Wiolet Cummings will now do us an original sketch of her own, by herself."

Out upon the stage lightly pranced Miss Violet Cummings, aged, say, forty-seven, tall, spare, smiling, smirking, with spit curls and such. ¶ She started to sing with a raucous tone when from the gallery came a foghorn voice, "This is n't Miss Cummings; this is Miss Goings! Back to the garden, Wiolet, back to the garden!"

### An Experiment

I GREATLY enjoyed my experiment. Fra Martinbeck, Impressario Extraordinary, Fra Edkohl the Proprietor, and Fra Glover the Manager are splendid gentlemen. Always I was treated with great courtesy. Everything was given me that I asked for, and more. "Abe," the stage-manager, helped me with various, valuable, professional suggestions.

My competitors, the performers, were all lavish in words of encouragement ✍ The audiences were most responsive. Not a single unpleasant thing of any kind or shape occurred to mar the unforgetable memory of the week. Bill Reedy's suggestion that the high price of eggs was prohibitive, is only obvious persiflage by a man who means well.

But the Vaudeville pace is terrific. To meet that great audience twice a day with smiling abandon—to play upon their emotions, to weld them into a whole, wiping the talented performers who have preceded you off the cosmic slate—this is a tremendous undertaking.

There are two big things to do in Vaudeville—interest and amuse the audience and keep yourself in shape to do it again tomorrow ✍ Don't talk to me about the immoralities of the stage! The player booked to go on at eight forty-seven is an absolutely moral man if there is one alive. His work absorbs him: he can think of nothing else, even if he would.

### The Majestic Theater

THE Majestic Theater is run like a battleship. It has the discipline of the German Army. It combines order, system, regularity, cleanliness and effectiveness in rare degree. Nothing is ever slighted or overlooked. There are no loafers behind the scenes nor in the offices ✍ ✍

The beauty of the place seems to react on the audience, so it's hats off, and be a gentleman! from the moment you enter the lobby.

Never a match is struck on the stage or behind the scenes unless it is a part of the play—and then an eagle-eyed fireman watches that match. There is no smoking nor chewing tobacco in dressing-rooms or elsewhere.

The halls and aisles are either carpeted with rubber matting or deep velvet, so you never hear a footfall, save it is a dancer before the footlights ✍ ✍

The seats are on ball bearings and rubber-tired, so it is possible for the whole audience to leave—a thing which fortunately did not happen to me—and yet the performance would not be disturbed. The sanitation and accommodation for public, performers and stage-hands reveal a world of loving care. Courtesy and consideration are for all; but behind the scenes the discipline is that of Admiral Evans. Things go by clockwork and on the instant. Apologies and excuses would have no more place there than if you were charging up San Juan Hill in the face of the enemy. ¶ Silence, sobriety, sincerity are supreme ✍

### A Learned Talkissimus

I HAVE been a public speaker for twenty-five years. I have spieled at schoolhouses; lectured at colleges, universities, chautauquas, banquets; preached in churches and camp-meetings; made addresses in opera-houses; reeled off arguments at court; tore a passion to tatters in a play; barked on the street-corners; sawed the winds in the woods—literally on the stump; lambasted the ether from the platform of a rear coach; and spell-binded the proletariat—but never until last week did I ever experience anything like the intense pressure of Vaudeville. The sophisticated, cosmopolitan audiences; the blinding lights; the competition—coming before and after your work—of actors of rare skill, talent

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and long experience, form a combination that might quell, and does, many a man of iron nerves

### Them Literary Fellers

IN talking with Fra Martinbeck of the Orpheum Circuit, I discovered that the Literary Feller was in bad repute with Vaudeville

The authors, writers and wits who have been passed up, include about all who have ever tried standing in the glare of the spotlight

And the reason they failed was not because they were not interesting, but simply because they were not consecutive. They could do it once—usually braced by booze and bromide; but to do two turns a day for a week was beyond their power. When the Jersey lightning died in the man's epidermis he was shaky as an aspen and a has-been.

This does not mean that all writers are boozers, but the fact is, the rule has been that no writer has tackled Vaudeville until he was on the bink, and he then made the move as a hazard to retrieve lost fortunes.

The man who fortifies with anything stronger than Hyson is already a dead one Let him stick to his stylus. If he tries to go on the Vaudeville circuit, he will probably flat, falter, forget his lines and sneak for the wings. In which case, the orchestra picks up the tattered thread where he left it, and in two minutes the portieres part on the next act.

The audience does n't much mind, but your Poet is now a member of the Down-and-Out Club

Usually, though, he does one fairly good stunt, then his nerve fails him and the watchman at the stage-door sees him no more, forever

This for the management is a calamity. The attraction has been widely billed, the programs printed, and if a number is dropped out that is the very one the people want to see—and hell is to pay.

In advertising an attraction the house makes a contract with the public, and not to produce the goods is to jiujit its reputation.

I am sorry to say it, but the literary fraternity boys are not apt to prize fresh air, sound sleep, exercise and cold water. Your writer works when the mood is on, and if he works himself to a frazzle, no one cares. All the public sees is the poem.

But the actor writes his poem in the presence of the passengaire. A man may have wheezy bellows, weak eyes, a flabby mouth and a wobbly chin, and yet write great stuff. But the actor must have glowing health, a vibrant voice, an easy step, a calm eye and good teeth, because teeth mean tone.

### The Drama

THE drama reached its height in Greece in the time of Pericles. Also, sculpture reached perfection then, if ever. Let the further fact be noted that the arts of the drama and sculpture both sprang out of the love of the human form. Had Greece not gloried in contemplation of the human body, her art would have been a minus quantity and died a-borning.

All genuine art had its rise in love, laughter, joy and exuberant health. The art that is sick is unspeakable. Vaudeville is vital only as it has the spontaneity which springs from health. ¶ A goodly dash of the Spartan spirit was necessary to the Dorian soul of the drama. That glowing health—the processions of naked youths—the singing of songs as they went into battle, all these found favor in peaceful days in the Greek Chorus and in the measured, stately plays of Æschylus.

When by the division of labor you separate literature from life, you get a weak and degenerate thing—a thing of cigarettes, patchouli, absinthe, dyspepsia and nerves that lead adown the ways to dusty death.

No man who does not breathe deeply and well and eat moderately can hope for recognition on the stage.

Literature does not make this physical exaction of her candidate; and so you see why the man of letters on the stage does not spell his name "Cummings," but "Goings." For him it is not Banzai, but a-bas!

### The Play-Actors

NO people on earth are so true to their art as the actors.

The stage is to life what sparkling wine is to water

When I lecture I always do a lot of writing during the day. But when I play, aber nicht, mox nix, nottings diddings.

The stage says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Every living person does the thing he can do—the thing that is in his nature to do. And strangely enough, the things a man can not do, he does n't. ¶ And often the thing he is not up on, he is down on.

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Life is expression. He lives most who expresses most. Not to express is not to live ❧ Every person expresses as he can, each in his own way. Some carry small voltage, others more. The way to replenish your dynamo is to pay out your voltage, and Vaudeville is one way of turning the current of your life through ten thousand other lives.

A man is a storage-battery of divine energy. ¶ Vaudeville is a form of entertainment, incidentally of instruction ❧ As such, it is as legitimate as letters, or the art of the painter, illustrator or sculptor.

For instance, I am writing this article on Vaudeville, and you are reading it. Had I not played in Vaudeville I would not have written on the subject. Literature is a confession—he knows most who has seen most, and experienced most. ❧ My knowledge of Vaudeville, and busting broncos, was not gained through a correspondence course ❧ Vaudeville is a system or plan for vividly presenting art to the people. All art is liable to misuse and abuse.

Ask Fra Antonius Comstock, he knows—or thinks he does!

The written word is not always sweetly innocent of shame; often in the past it has carried a color that borders on gamboge, and a flavor that is Neuchatel. Pictorial art is not always chaste as the Ice Trust—pure as snow.

To the poor all things are poor. Let it go at that.

### The Personal Equation

MODESTY being only egotism turned wrong side out, let me here say that I am an orator. It does not have to be proven before the University of Copenhagen—I acknowledge it myself. What I lack in shape I make up in nerve.

I am an orator.

I have health, gesture, imagination, voice, vocabulary, taste, ideas ❧ These combined, vitalized by ambition and in right proportion, give us oratory.

Do they?

Not exactly! Oratory requires an audience. Of course, this is not quite all of oratory—there is ever the undissolved residuum. The whole fabric is shot through by the actinic ray of pulsing personality—that thing which forever eludes the analyst.

Now, oratory is a collaboration between the speaker and the auditor, just as music is collaboration between the listener and the performer ❧ ❧

Delsarte refers to the orator as the masculine or active agent; the audience is the feminine or passive principle, and these two harmonizing generate the art of oratory.

About the best time for an orator to orate is when he has an audience. For only then do we get three needful things—the time, the place, the listener. These three spell opportunity. "Master of human destinies am I." Fate in a Mother Hubbard wrapper is at the door.

On reading the newspapers I see I was paid from one thousand to five thousand dollars for that week's work, so take your choice. But I say to you this, money is a secondary feature—it is simply a result, an incident, and no man who puts money first can ever win a place in Vaudeville, or anything else. ¶ The vital thing in Vaudeville is the play—the play's the thing.

I had two audiences a day, of an average of over two thousand people each. And every time a new audience—for people seldom go to a Vaudeville show more than once a week. ¶ The matinee gathering was a totally different audience from the evening. It took me several days to comprehend this fact and key the warm stuff accordingly. An afternoon audience is made up of children, idlers, convalescents, elderly people—folks who do not venture out o' nights.

You hold them on your lap—poetically—and it is a ponderous weight, with gravitation plus and levitation minus. They sqush, squash and smother you, until you gauge the range and know enough to pass them out mush interspersed with your shrapnel.

In the evening it was different. In the audience was always a goodly number of business men—acute, bright, alert, rapid. These lifted the whole atmosphere, and the lassies with their laddies forgot their gum-chewing as the gladsome giggles gurgled gleefully under their lee scuppers, and they rolled in the wash of forgetfulness.

To show you our quality, let me explain that one night I saw Judge Peter S. Grosscup, Sam Alschuler, Max Pam and Col. Foreman, with a dozen other legal lights filling three of the boxes. The next night we had fifty or more men from a convention of railroad managers ❧ ❧

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Later came a delegation of Equitable Life boys, who had met here from all over the West. ¶ Here were men coming in a body from life's forum of fight to a finish, the hair-splitting of law or the scuffle of business, to gain an hour's relaxation. To interest them, and not lose the laddies and the lassies, and the boys in the balcony, was the problem. Things must not be keyed too high, nor too low ✍ ✍

Your stories must not be too long, nor too broad. But into them all must go the jolly, joyous jamake.

Above all, heroics will not go in Vaudeville—you must not pose as a candidate for Carnegie medals. If you tell a good story on some one else, you must tell, also, as good a one on yourself. You build up a house of cards—and then by a breath blow it to the four corners. The laugh turned on yourself is always a good stroke—and you had better do it yourself, or the audience may do it for you.

The earnest word is all right, but it can not be dragged in by the scruff. Always I managed to get in three or four body blows against shams and superstitions—serious, sober words, and always, even at the matinees, I got a "hand."

### Scylla and Charybdis

DID I know a month ago what I now know about Vaudeville, I would never have ventured my argosies between the Scylla and Charybdis of professional Vaudeville, but having made the voyage, and in degree charted the channel, I see I must go back—in another incarnation.

The siren song of the stage has a wondrous lure. To stand in the glare, unarmed save for your wit and gesture, before two thousand indifferent people, to play upon them, to sound their stops, to appeal to that great common heart-throb of humanity, which ebbs and flows through us all, to get their response—that breathless silence, followed by a roar and rumble of prolonged applause—to bow yourself off the stage and be called back, and yet again called back, until the orchestra with a bang and a smash and a biff and a bing chops off the tumult—this is a gratification—a wild, weird intoxication—which once tasted is never forgotten ✍ ✍

I hear the call of the wild!

And if at the Last Great Day, Gabriel wants a response from me, let him lay aside his B Flat horn, and use the stage-manager's call-bell, and I'll pull myself together, though all hell yawns, and as the heavenly orchestra blares at it, with boom of the big drum and crash of cymbals, through my veins will again run the ruby wine of life, and I will shout under my breath, "Coming up! Aha, aha! Let'er go, flash those lights—let the curtains part, here we are again!"

### The Psychology of It

BE at the Majestic Theater at nine-thirty Monday morning," the order said. I turned the corner of State Street at nine twenty-five, and was a bit shocked to see my name spelled out, ten feet across, with the electric lights.

In the lobby were three gigantic pictures of myself—one in the center and one on each side. I stood in the throng, but no one knew or noticed me.

I started to enter and a giant colored man told me it was the stage-door for me ✍ I mosied up the alley, entered at an iron door that swung out, and upon which was the single word in big white letters—STAGE! ✍ At the bottom of the stairway, I saw an iron-grated door, and behind this sat a watchman. He asked me my name, examined a list he had, and said "All right!" as he opened the wicket of angle iron.

It looks easy to get on the stage. The fact is, it is n't. You require an artistic jimmy. That watchman was armed, and his business was to repel boarders. I found out later that there is a fine of a hundred dollars for any employee or performer who allows an unauthorized person to enter the theater.

The watchman took a key from a keyboard and led the way to my dressing-room.

"Have your trunks arrived?" he asked.

"I have neither trunks nor tights," I answered.

¶ The joke did n't go, and soon I perceived that joking was tabu.

"No baggage?" asked the man in surprise.

"None, positively none!"

"Why, I thought you did an aerial," he said.

¶ I went up on the stage.

Everything was in a bustle of confusion ✍ The scene-shifters were bringing up "props" and getting them together in groups.

A little man in shirt-sleeves and straw hat, with a big card in his hand, was in charge. He was checking off a list of the stunts. He

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nodded to me in a businesslike way, and said, "I'll see you in five minutes."

It was Abe, the Omnipresent.

A woman in street clothes stood on the stage, singing and leading the orchestra. "Try that again," she said.

The orchestra was endeavoring to meet her wishes. "Once more!" she called.

"That is Lillian Herlein," said Abe. "When she is through, the leader of the orchestra will look at your music scores."

"But I have no music."

"None?"

"No, only chin music," I ventured.

Abe did not smile—stage-managers never do—that is the business of the audience.

I could scarcely believe that this fine, modestly-dressed, demure and motherly woman leading the orchestra was the smashing, dashing opera bouffe, "Miss Manhattan."

That afternoon I saw her again and she was transformed—nerved to meet the ordeal—and clothed like Cleopatra when she went out to meet Mark Antony.

"Can you play flush?" Abe asked.

"Sure," I said, "sure—I have, but perhaps you'd better explain."

"Can you play against a flush curtain?" And he let down a great, dark-green velvet drapery.

¶ It was just what I wanted, and with a Roycroft chair, a table, a dozen Roycroft books and a copy of THE FRA, I was satisfied.

"I wish everybody was as easy to please as you," said Abe.

He gave me a card marked with the time I was to go on—three forty-seven and eight fifty-three. "But you must always be here fifteen minutes before. See you this afternoon!"

¶ And he turned to Zethro and his wonderful collection of educated dogs.

I made my way out into the alley with the time three forty-seven seared into my thinkery.

¶ It was ten o'clock, and I figured it out that it would be five hours and forty-seven minutes before I would seek to rival the canines.

Would the time ever pass?

## The Ordeal

THE time passed, even in spite of the Hepburn Bill.

At three-thirty I was again before the iron bars. "You will play to capacity!" said the watchman in a friendly, encouraging way as I entered.

"Beg pardon!"

"The house is sold out—has n't happened before at a Monday matinee since Marshall Wilder was here."

"Indeed!" I said; "that rogue who makes two grins grow where there was only a grouch before!"

"We all love him here," said the man.

"Of course you know the reason today for the big audience," I ventured.

"Yes; those trained dogs are very good."

I went on through to my dressing-room. It was the "Star's Room." There were mirrors on every side, transportable electric lights, hot and cold water, a lounge, a table and five chairs.

On the table was a half-bushel of American Beauty roses, some one had sent me.

On the wall I saw an electric bell and beneath it a card printed in bold black-face—WHEN THIS BELL RINGS, REPORT TO THE STAGE-MANAGER IN FIVE MINUTES.

It was a grim and awful sign. Suppose I did n't hear the bell! And what if I should beat it for the street now and let the bell ring and be damned!

I sat down and again read the sign. And as I did so that bell broke loose. It buzzed, banged, surged, echoed and vibrated through the room like the crack of doom.

Then it ceased, and left an awful hole of silence.

¶ I could hear the orchestra, and the sound of dancing feet over my head. Now and then there was a prolonged rumble of applause.

¶ I made my way upstairs over the deep, soft carpet, holding one hand on the brass rail. "What if I'd fall downstairs and sprain my ankle!" I thought.

Abe was at the top of the stairs, serious and a bit anxious. The reputation of the house was at stake. He looked me over from shoes to bald spot. He said nothing, but seemed satisfied. He led me around to the left entrance.

¶ "When the curtain goes down on this sketch, the music starts, and when they stop that is your cue—see!" he said in a stage whisper.

¶ He left me and ran around and climbed up in a little balcony in the right wing, out of sight of the audience, but where he could see everything on the stage.

I looked across and saw him staring intently at me over the void of light.

Up went the curtain—the orchestra stopped with a bang.

I walked out on the stage as if I were going

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to The Roycroft Farm on a Sunday morning in June. To my great surprise my voice came easy, true and vibrant from the first word. The footlights were intense and in the gallery was a spotlight that followed me, wherever I went

I could not distinguish individuals in the audience, but I knew that they were there. ¶ They were just men and women after all. They listened and then they responded.

They applauded and they laughed.

I talked of the folly of enjoying poor health; the excellence of getting our happiness out of our work; the wisdom of a little play-spell like going to the Majestic Theater; the joy of a laugh in which there was no bitterness, and I told just four stories. Simply the good old lecture stuff, filed down and sandpapered Roycroftie

I bowed myself off, amid a thunder of applause, acknowledged the appreciation three times, the curtain dropped, the orchestra was at it, and out of the wings came Dan Burke, and his dancing girls, to wipe out all memories of me. ¶ As I made my way downstairs, Ray Royce who was to follow Dan was coming up. "I heard you, old man," he said; "I heard you, and you are making it awful hard for the rest of us."

"Am I?—I'm sorry, but how—what shall I do?" I did not get the drift of his compliment. ¶ "Do nothing," he said, "but what you have done—that's the business of a performer in Vaudeville—to set a pace!"

Ray sets a pace, himself—he is a man of brains, and his words were balm.

At my dressing-room stood Fra Glover, the Manager. He held out his hand.

"I hope you liked your audience," he said. ¶ The only thing that I had thought of was "Will the audience like me?" And here was a new view.

"I never spoke to a finer, more appreciative and intelligent body of people," I answered, the glow of success in staying the limit still upon me.

### The Crawling Week

AND so it went, twice each day at three forty-seven and eight fifty-three.

The week crawled slowly but surely away On Friday there was the Actors' Annual Benefit at the Auditorium, and the house sold at two dollars a seat.

Every theater in Chicago sent representatives to take part. The Majestic sent me. It was Vaudeville as was It began at one-thirty and ran until six. John Drew, Louis Mann, Tommy Ross, Frank Daniels, Grace George, Frances Starr, Elsie Ferguson, Grace Van Studdiford, Sam Bernard and fifty other good ones took part. Behind the scenes, they paced like caged lions, chewing gum for God's sake! I was delighted to see that these old stagers were scared stiff—scared fully as badly as I —and this gave me courage.

One actor of more than national reputation said to me in a husky, shaky, just-going-on voice, "I'm dam glad I'm not in your place!" ¶ "Why?" I asked.

"You have to make a speech, while all we have to do is to play our parts."

When I went on, these old war-horses crowded the wings each in his own peculiar make-up and watched me with awe and things. To walk out to the center of the stage and make a speech for ten minutes to five thousand people they considered a tremendous stunt. It's all a point of view And courage is simply a matter of having done the thing before.

### Over the Rhine

A MAN in Cincinnati once called on me at the theater, just before I was to "go on." He was a nice man with chin-whiskers and a bias for Socialism.

He addressed me as "Comrade."

But I failed to respond as I should. He found me cold, absent-minded, preoccupied. I did not gush over his presence, and he went away muttering. He did n't know, and does n't yet, that I was carrying a hundred and fifty pounds pressure to the inch on my psychic boiler, and was in no mood for friendships.

He went away and proclaimed me an overgrown this and that.

Poor man! Also, poor me! I lost his friendship through his failure to understand a bit of simple psychology which every man knows who has stood before an audience.

Do not try to visit with a party who is up against gooseflesh.

The greenroom of the olden time must have been prolific in an awful lot of bad acting. If Sir Harry Vane lived now, he would have the run of the alley, but never would he get past the guard at the stage-door. He could only see Peg Woffington on the stage by walking up to the box-office and laying down the good coin

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At one of the Douglas debates a friend found Mr. Lincoln all of a tremble just before the speechifying began.

"Is it possible, Mr. Lincoln, that you—a practised speaker, a lawyer—are nervous about this coming speech?"

"Look here, young man," said Lincoln, "I have spoken well."

It is n't the audience you are afraid of—it is yourself. Will your voice come clear, full and vibrant, or will you begin with a squeak and a squawk?

The man with a record for good work labors at an awful disadvantage. The better he has done in the past, the more the audience expects. The work of a big lawyer grows more difficult after every success. And if he is really big enough he gets only the cases that others have discarded.

The reward for good work is not rest and rust: it is more work and harder work ❧

I have noticed that racehorses on the day they are to be raced are often all a-tremble with excitement. They refuse to eat—appetite is gone—the coming struggle is upon them. How do they know it is coming? Ask the horse—I only know that he knows. Perhaps he catches the idea from the hostlers, for I have noticed that a horse is seldom scared until his master is.

If I had a spiel on hand, I would n't go across the street even to see Teddy Da Roose, unless he was on this side of the street.

Nothing tastes—nothing interests—your work takes possession and consumes you.

### The Play-World

THE absolute absorption of the actor in his act is apt to give us a man who is very innocent of a vast number of things which the pragmatist knows. That is, the actor is a specialist, and as such must pay the price.

"Did you write your own monologue?" asked a fine young acrobat of me.

And a stage-hand seated near came to my rescue by saying, "Why, he just makes it up as he goes along. He don't commit the lines—see! He can give a fresh monologue right off the reel every night."

And the young tumbler said, "I wish you would write me one; I want to do a swell single like you, instead of just being a flip-flopper."

And surely he could have done my part easier than I could have done his. ¶ The lecturer meets his audience as individuals after his effort, but the actor labors at the great disadvantage of never exchanging ideas with his auditors, and receiving their personal congratulation and thanks ❧ They go their way, and he his. He is apt to mix only with those of his profession, and in time life to him is simply a stunt; all things in the world are only props, and all the men and women merely players.

"He acts, I believe," said a woman to Whistler of a certain man.

"Madam," said Jimmy, "he does nothing else."

¶ The hunger of the actor for a word of praise is almost pathetic. I made it a point to see the whole show, and see it from every part of the house, and to tell every one of our company that he was good stuff, as they all certainly were ❧ ❧

All were intense workers, and straining every nerve to make it better. They invited criticism, and were eager to profit by it.

Altogether, they were a superior lot of people, these actors. Never a smell of strong drink did I detect, and what is more, I know, and they knew, that to play well your part you have to have perfect nerves and a good digestion ❧ ❧

### Old Dan Burke

THERE was good old Dan Burke, whom every night I saw out of the tail of my eye as I did my stunt, there in the wings. As he moved about I could hear the merry music of his dancing-shoes.

"It's the only life—my boy," he used to say to me, "the only life—and the thing most folks call life is but a cheap and tawdry imitation of the stage!"

Dan was with Harrigan and Hart for ten years in the old days. He is a sort of rudimentary survival of a former age ❧ The stage demands youth, but here is a man who has carried with him the perfume of the morning, and the lavish heart of youth. His body is lean, lithe, graceful. He is as fine physically as Muldoon. Only by eternal vigilance could he have preserved this bounding enthusiasm, this matchless agility, this effervescent fun and frolic. He plays the part of an old dancing-master, and his six beautiful Wonder Girls are his pupils.

This is the play and also the fact ❧ They rehearse in the morning and play afternoon

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and evening. Their work is done with an abandon that is absolute. Do you think they have any time to be "bad"?

### The Third Appearance

IT was on my third appearance that Abe came to my dressing-room door. He wore his coat as if making a party call, and his hat was in his hand. He coughed, apologized and said, "Er—ah—Mr. Glover wants to know if you would n't just as leave stick to that electricity story and the one about the horse-shoes? You see they are sure-shot, and when you have made a knockout you'd better not experiment—see!"

I held out my hand and assured him that what he and Mr. Glover said was holy writ.

The next day at the same hour Abe again appeared. His face was white and anxious.

"Well, Abe, what is it this time!"

"Say, you must excuse me—but is it true that you have a new suit of clothes? The watchman said you had!"

"Yes—Hart, Schafner & Marx—see! Are n't they all right!"

"Of course, they are all right—for the street, but for God's sake, man, don't wear that suit on the stage! Stick to the long, black Prince Albert. In it you are such a perfect gent. You will not change—please, tell me, you will not!"

¶ And I assured him.

Then Abe explained technique. "Vaudeville works in weekly stunts. The people who come expect the same bill, done in exactly the same way. They go away and describe the acts. The new people who come expect to see things of which their neighbors have told them. To change an act is a dead admission that it was n't right. So when you've got 'em on the run—change nothing—not even your sox—or your mind—see!"

Thus we behold how Vaudeville is standardized by men who study the public as a microscopist studies the amœba.

Behind this Orpheum Circuit is a capital of ten millions or more. It is the art of amusing the people reduced and refined by the statistics of the actuary ☙ Chance and accident are eliminated—the public get their money's worth, and the performers get their pay ☙

### The Merry Laugh

ACTING is a most exacting business, and the man who gets the big money must give an undivided service.

Such men as Fra Martinbeck, Fra Edkohl and Lyman Glover are constantly planning to give the public a little better show—a little more phosphorus in their fun. But they know better than to get beyond the public and be martyred for their pains.

"A merry laugh doeth good like a medicine," said Solomon a thousand years before Christ. And today if we laughed more we would need medicine less. Aye, if we mixed laughter, love and work in right proportion, medicine would be but a dream of things that once were.

Vaudeville is today setting the church a pace. And the church will meet the competition by putting in Vaudeville attractions, as it is now doing—and some of them very bad.

Also, Vaudeville is trying to make itself attractive to church people.

Henry Ward Beecher once said that laughter would yet become a legitimate feature in religion. Why not?

No one ever saw a church where the auditors were more orderly, decent, well behaved, better dressed and revealed a higher average of intelligence than at the Majestic Theater.

No one ever saw a church more beautiful, hygienic, safe and sanitary than the Majestic Theater. The whole place stands for human service. The commodity offered is amusement, with instruction on the side, all presented on a business basis, the basis of a complete organization, and a vigilant service to the public.

¶ The theater and church have been in competition since the days when Theodora danced her way into the heart of Justinian. History has been written by clerics, and this has given the church its chance to defame the stage—an opportunity which has not gone unimproved.

¶ Sing-Sing has thirty-seven preachers and forty bankers, but not one theater-manager, and only five actors—bad actors.

Had history been written by actors, we might have gotten a few facts about the church and churchmen which Clio has overlooked.

Both the stage and the church cater to the public. One has its offertory, and the other its box-office. In East Aurora we "pass the hat" and soak the deacon with plugged dimes and brass buttons.

But it will hardly do to call a "collection" a freewill offering, when a proffer of an endless life of ease and bliss is held out for believing and paying, and a threat of hell is yours if you don't.

Let it be said to the credit of the stage that

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it has never promised perdition to those who failed to file up to the box-office and secure reserved seats.

The stage has lived on its merits.

In Vaudeville there is no voodooism ❧ In catering to a depraved public, the stage has, occasionally, come tardy off, but the fact is, it has usually been a little better than the public it has served. And always, virtue, loyalty and honesty are applauded. Shakespeare was incomparably beyond his time; and as actor, manager and playwright has added to the wealth of literature more than any other name we can conjure forth. No cleric is in his class. ¶ When the church can not meet the logic of the situation, all is not lost, she can still call vile names.

Actresses have been defamed by priests and preachers from the golden days of Greece to the time of Gypsy Smith and Torrey the Tricky. The muftis rip the reputations of players up the back and revile and defame the stage whenever there comes a rumble in their mental tumbos.

No one who has witnessed the gyrations of the modern evangelist can doubt for a moment why he hates the stage.

The Vaudeville of Fra Martinbeck is a refined, pleasing, innocent and effective form of recreation, with which the preacher finds it hard to compete ❧ ❧

But gradually the Fates move towards their destined end. Evolution is the law of nature. The church and the stage will yet clasp hands in Vaudeville.

Indeed, what is the "service" of the fashionable Protestant church now, but a series of pleasing stunts by the organist, preacher, soprano, bass, violinist and cornetist!

Many churches use stereopticons and moving pictures; and Billy Sunday calling strikes on sinners from a trapeze would complete the program ❧ That most gentle and charming gentleman, David Belasco, Archbishop of all histrions, wears a semi-evangelic garb, and when William Morris begins to button his collar behind, Orpheus and St. Peter will join hands, the Muses will dance with the Saints, and the merger will be a fact.

### Grim Exactitude

THOSE awful specific times and places—three forty-seven and eight fifty-three—sort of get on one's nerves, and you wonder if you can last the week.

A single omission would spell disgrace—the bills are out, the programs are printed and the theater has an actual contract with the public ❧ ❧

Suppose sciatica would compel you to limp out on the stage! And how about a nice cold in the head, or stomach on a strike!

But twice a day you mark off the spiels, and finally Sunday comes, and there are only two more. As I walked up the alley towards the stage-door for the last performance, the old soldier selling chewing-gum called out, "Good boy, Fra; this is your last, and we are all with you!"

I turned back and gave him a dollar bill. "Keep the change," I said; but he insisted on emptying his whole box into my overcoat pockets.

To finish strong—better than ever—is now your ambition.

To my surprise all my fellow players seemed filled with the same desire ❧ Naturally, one might suppose that at the last performance there would be a sort of tendency to slur things, walk through your parts, get your money and hike ❧ ❧

Not so. Dan Burke and his girls finished the week in a burst of Terpsichorean glory; Zertho and his dogs were funnier than ever; Lillian Herlein sang with an abandon that put Nordica to the bad, and Little Billy was more little than ever before.

As fast as we had played our parts we began to pack up, and say good-by. We shook hands, exchanged photographs, gave out autographs and promised to write often.

I distributed my roses—they had been arriving all the week—among the girls, and I gave gum to everybody. I shook hands with Abe, all the stage-hands, the scrub-women, and down at the foot of the stairs stood the Housekeeper, a grim woman with whitened hair, intelligent, kindly and helpful to everybody—mother to all the Majestic girls who played, sang and danced ❧ ❧

I gave her a package of gum and a big rose. She looked at me in silence; a half-stare of surprise came to her face, and then she held out her hand—a big, red, calloused, honest hand. I took the hand and pressed it to my lips. ¶ For the moment she was Queen Elizabeth and I was Sir Philip Sidney.

Two big tears were chasing each other down her cheeks. Stage tears, you say. Well, have your way, but they were sincere and honest

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tears. "God bless you—we all, all—love you—next year you will be back!" she stammered.

¶ I went up the iron stairway and out into the alley.

The week had passed and not a hitch had occurred. Not a player had missed his part, not a cog had slipped. Personally, I had faced the glare fifteen times, and on a vegetable diet, without a drop of stimulants.

I felt fresh and strong, light of heart and clear of brain. The task was behind.

It was a week of new, curious and intense experiences. Thirty thousand people had heard my voice. A few will remember me.

Many experiences come and go, and are lost in the dust-bin of forgetfulness. This one will never pass. I made new friendships and for a week I was one with a strange world, separate and divorced from the world of trade—the world of mimicry and mimes; of players to whom "The play's the thing!"—loving, tender, intense, innocent, loyal to their art, living in dreams, grips, boarding-houses, steamer-trunks and emotions, the Children of the Stage! After life's fitful play may they sleep well—God bless them all!

Life and prize-fighting have this in common: It does n't matter how many times you get knocked down—it 's only staying down that can defeat you.

## Commerce and Commonsense

THE civilized world is just now experiencing a great mental and spiritual awakening. It is an awakening similar to that of Greece in the time of Pericles; of Rome in the time of Augustus; of Italy in the time of Michelangelo—say, in the year Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two, when Columbus set sail and the invention of printing gave learning to the people.

We are living in the greatest time the world has ever seen—in a time that will live in history as The Great American Renaissance. Some will call it "The Age of Electricity." Others will call it "The Age of Concrete."

Beginning with a shower of inventions and discoveries about Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, this awakening has extended to every domain of human thought and endeavor. The vast changes, for example, in the matter of transportation, only symbol the changes that have occurred in our ideals of right and wrong.

¶ Within thirty years' time we have evolved:

A new science of Education.

A new science of Medicine.

A new science of Theology.

A new science of Penology.

A new science of Business.

### What is Commerce?

EMERSON defines commerce as the taking of things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed.

Business is that field of endeavor which undertakes to supply the materials to humanity that life demands.

Until recently we spoke of Theology, Law and Medicine as "The Three Learned Professions." If we use the phrase now, it is only in a Pickwickian sense—for we realize that there are fifty-seven varieties of learned men.

Of all professions the greatest and most important is that of commerce or business. Medicine and law have their specialties—a dozen each—but business has ten thousand specialties or divisions.

The best lawyers now are business men, and their work is to keep the commercial craft in a safe channel, where it will not split on the rocks of litigation, nor founder in the shallows of misunderstanding.

Every good lawyer will tell you this: "To make money you must satisfy your customers."

### The One-Price System

THE greatest change in business came with the One-Price System. This has all been brought about since the Civil War. The old idea was for the seller to get as much as he possibly could for everything he sold. Short weight, short count and inferiority in quality were considered quite right and proper. When you bought a dressed turkey from a farmer, if you did not discover the stone inside the turkey when you weighed it and paid for it, there was no redress. The laugh was on you. And moreover a legal maxim, caveat emptor—"let the buyer beware!"—made larceny legally safe.

Dealers in clothing guaranteed neither fit nor quality, and everything you accepted, once wrapped up and in your hands, was yours beyond recall—"Let the buyer beware!"

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### The Evolution of the Business Man

A FEW hundred years ago business was transacted mostly through fairs, ships and by peddlers. Your merchant at that time was a peripatetic rogue, who reduced prevarication to a system.

The booth gradually evolved into a store, with the methods and customs of the irresponsible keeper intact; the merchants cheated their neighbors and chuckled in glee until their neighbors cheated them, which of course they did. Then they cursed each other, began again and did it all over. John Quincy Adams tells of a certain deacon, who kept a store near Boston, who always added in the year 1775 at the top of the column, as seventeen dollars and seventy-five cents.

The amount of misery, grief, disappointment, shame, distress, woe, suspicion and hate caused by a system which wrapped up one thing when the buyer expected another, and took advantage of his innocence and ignorance as to quality and value, can not be computed in figures. Suffice it to say, that duplicity in trade has had to go. The self-preservation of the race demanded honesty, square dealing, one price to all. The change only came after a struggle.

¶ But we have gotten thus far, that the man who cheats in trade is tabu. Honesty as a business asset is fully recognized. If you would succeed in business you can not afford to sell a man something he does not want; neither can you afford to disappoint him in quality any more than in count.

### Friends in Business

OTHER things being equal, the merchant who has the most friends will make the most money ❧ We make money out of our friends, for our enemies will not deal with us. To make a sale and acquire an enemy is poor policy. To a peddler or a man who ran a booth at a bazar or fair, it was "get your money now or never." Buyer and seller were at war. One transaction, and they never met again. The air was full of hate and suspicion, and the customs of the road were refined to a point where hypocrisy and untruth took the place of violence.

The buyer was as bad as the seller—if he could buy below cost he boasted of it ❧ To catch a merchant who had to have money was glorious—we smote him hip and thigh. Later, we discovered that being strangers he took us in ❧ ❧

### A Public Necessity

THE One-Price System has come as a necessity, since it reduces the friction of life and protects the child or simple person in the selection of things needed, just the same as if the buyer were an expert in values and a person who could strike back if imposed upon. Safety, peace and decency demanded the One-Price System.

When we reach the point where we see that all men are brothers, we have absolute honesty and one price.

And so behold we find the Government making favoritism in trade a crime and enforcing the One-Price System by law. And just remember this: Law is the crystallization of public opinion, and no law that is not backed up by the will of the people can be enforced.

As we grow better we have better laws.

In Kansas City the other week three men were fined forty thousand dollars each for cutting prices. They were railroad men, and railroad men have only one thing to sell, and that is transportation. To cut the price on it and sell to some at a less figure than to others is now considered not only immoral, but actually criminal ❧ ❧

The world moves. And this change in the methods of business and in our mental attitude toward trade has all grown out of a dimly perceived but deeply felt belief in the Brotherhood of Man, or the Solidarity of the Race.

¶ Also, in the further belief that life in all its manifestations is divine.

### For a Better World

THEREFORE, he who ministers to the happiness and well-being of the life of another is a priest and is doing God's work. Men must be fed, they must be clothed, they must be housed ❧ It is quite as necessary that you should eat good food, as that you should read good books, hear good music, hear good sermons, or look upon beautiful pictures ❧ ❧

The necessary is the sacred. There are no menial tasks. "He that is the greatest among you shall be your servant." The physical reacts upon the spiritual and the spiritual on the physical, and rightly understood, are one and the same thing.

We change men by changing their environments, that is, the conditions under which they live.

Commerce changes the environment and gives

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us a better society. To supply good water, better sanitary appliances, better heating apparatus, better food, served in a more dainty way —these are all tasks worthy of the highest intelligence and devotion that can be brought to bear upon them, and every Christian preacher in the world today so recognizes, believes and preaches.

We are ceasing to separate the secular from the sacred.

That is sacred which serves.

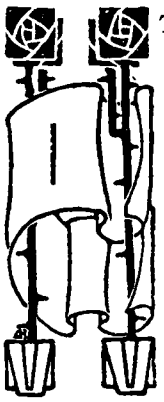
Once, a business man was a person who not only thrived by taking advantage of the necessities of people, but who banked on their ignorance of values. But all wise men know now that the way to help yourself is to help humanity.

We benefit ourselves only as we benefit others. And the recognition of these truths is what has today placed the business man at the forefront of the learned professions—he ministers to the necessities of humanity.

My opinion is, that the great business houses of the country are influencing civilization for good to an extent that only the children of the coming generation will realize—and realizing, will thank us.

It is a fine thing to have ability, but the ability to discover ability in others is the true test.

## War and Peace



IT is perfectly safe to say that ninety-nine men out of a hundred, in civilized countries, are opposed to war.

Savages like to go to war: we do not.

We are farmers, mechanics, merchants, manufacturers and teachers, and all we ask is the privilege of attending to our own business We own our homes, love our friends, are devoted to our families, and do not interfere with our neighbors any more than is necessary.

We have work to do, and wish to work while it is called the day. We recognize that life is short, and the night cometh.

Leave us alone!

But they will not—these demagogues, politicians and rogues intent on the strenuous life. We wish to be peaceable and want to be kind, but they say this life is warfare and we must fight.

Of course we would fight to protect our homes; but our homes are not threatened, nor our liberties, either, save by the men who chew the ubiquitous clove and insist on the strenuous life

Leave us alone!

We wish to pay off the mortgages on our houses, to educate our children, to work, to read, to meditate, to prepare for old age and quick-coming, cool, all-enfolding death.

But they will not leave us alone—these men who insist on governing us and living off our labor. They tax us, eat our substance, conscript us when they wish, draft our boys into their wars to fight farmers whose chief offenses are that they wear trousers that bag at the knee and cultivate an objectionable style of whisker.

¶ They call themselves the superior class. They live off the labor of our hands. They essay the task of governing us for a consideration. They deceive us—this superior class—they hoodwink us; they betray us; they bulldoze us by the plea of patriotism.

They deceive us, and oh, the infamy and the shame of it! they deceive us in the name of the bleeding Christ—the gentle Christ whose love embraced a world, and whose pitying eyes look down upon us from a cross—the Christ who distinctly taught that war was wrong, and that the only rule of life should be to do unto others as we would be done by.

### The Nation's Bugbear

FEW people, comparatively, think for themselves, and so this deception, being backed up by many alleged educated people, acts as a hypnosis on the many, and being peaceably disposed, they accept it.

And now this superior class, intent on taxing us, may declare war and maintain standing armies. And so we find Canada lusting for a navy. All the myriads of men who live off the government, depend upon the government to tax the many, and in order to tax successfully, standing armies are maintained.

The plea that the army is needed for the protection of the country is fraud and pretense.

¶ The French Government affrights the people by telling them that the Germans are ready and anxious to fall upon them; the Russians fear the British; the British fear everybody; and

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now in America, we are told we must increase our navy and add to our army because Europe may at any moment combine with Japan and wipe us off the Rand & McNally map.

This is fraud and untruth. The plain people in France, Germany, England and America are opposed to war. We only wish to be let alone. Men with wives, children, sweethearts, homes, aged parents, horses, cattle, crops and flowers, do not want to go off and fight some one. We are peaceable and wish to be kind. We fear war: we hate it.

We would like to obey the Golden Rule.

But the superior class will not have it so—they pass conscription laws over in Europe and use the army thus conscripted to conscript other men.

### The Strenuous Life

WAR is the sure result of the existence of armed men. That country which maintains a large standing army will sooner or later have a war on hand. The man who prides himself on fisticuffs is going, some day, to meet a man who considers himself the better man, and they will test the issue.

Germany and England have no issue save a desire to see who is the better man. They have fought once—more than that, several times—and they will fight again. Not that the people want to fight, but the superior class fan fright into fury and make men think they must fight to protect their homes.

So the people who wish to follow the teachings of Christ are not allowed to do so, but are taxed, outraged, deceived by "kinks"—by the superior class who demand that we shall lead the strenuous life, when all we ask is the privilege of doing our work.

Christ taught humility, meekness, the forgiveness of one's enemies, and that to kill was wrong. The Bible teaches men not to swear, but the superior class swear us on the Bible which they do not believe.

### What Can We Do?

THE question is, How are we to relieve ourselves of these cormorants who toil not, but who are clothed in broadcloth and blue, with brass buttons and many costly accouterments; who feed upon our substance, and for whom we delve and dig?

Shall we fight them?

No, we do not believe in bloodshed; and besides that they have the guns and the money, and they would use these guns bought by money we have earned—taxed out of us—they would use these guns and use their army to kill us off speedily.

They have the money and the guns and can hold out longer than we.

But who composes this army that they would order to fire upon us?

Why, our neighbors and brothers—deceived into the idea that they are doing God's service by protecting their country from its enemies. ¶ Thus do they siphon our resources and turn our true brothers upon us to subdue and humiliate us. You can not send a telegram to your wife, nor an express package to your friend, nor draw a check for your grocer, in time of war, until you first pay the tax to maintain armed men who can quickly be used to kill you; and who surely will imprison you if you do not pay.

An army is a menace.

The only relief lies in education. Educate men not to fight, and that it is wrong to kill. Teach them the Golden Rule, and yet again teach them the Golden Rule. Silently defy this fuss, feathers and fury idea by refusing to bow down to the fetich of bullets. Cease supporting the Hobsons who cry for war, and spout patriotism for a consideration. Let them go to work as we do.

### Sanguinary Apelings

AMERICA can never become the Ideal Republic—the home and refuge of all that is best in art and science, the fulfilment of the dreams of seers and prophets—unless we cease modeling our political policy after the rotting monarchies of Europe.

Force expends itself and dies. Every army is marching to its death; nothing but a skull and a skeleton fill helmet and cuirass; the aggressor is overcome by the poison of his pride; victory is only another name for defeat, but the spirit of gentleness and love is eternal. Only by building on that can we hope as a nation to live.

Leave us alone!

We wish to do our work. We wish to beautify our homes, to educate our children, to love our neighbors ✍ ✍

Leave us alone!

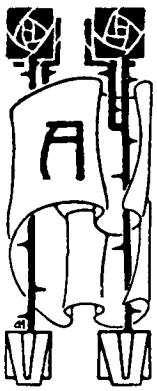
Your false cry of danger and "Wolf! Wolf!" shall not alarm us. We pay your war taxes of a million dollars a day, only because we have to, and we will pay no more and no longer than we have to.

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We will educate men. ¶ And all the time our silent influence will be going out. We will educate men into the thought that the life of peace and good will is better than the strenuous life of strife, bloodshed and red war. "Peace on Earth!"—it can only come when men do away with armies, and are willing to do unto other men as they would be done by. ¶ Leave us alone!

Every cloud has a silver lining—but it is n't the cloud that we want.

## Time-Service



AT Milwaukee, the other day, I visited the plant of the Allis-Chalmers Company — capital, thirty millions; inventory, forty millions. It employs five thousand men, and is a model of system, order, cleanliness and economy It is industrialism lifted to the plane of science and art, and spells human betterment

"Do you get out a catalog?" I asked my friend Tupper, Ambassador of Advertising and Plenipotentiary of Publicity

"No, Fra, we do not get out a catalog. We are moving so fast that a catalog would be obsolete by the time it was printed."

And he showed me a turbine steam-engine, one-half the size and of three times the power of the regulation engine built a year or so ago. ¶ As we walked through the yards I saw pig iron being unloaded from a car by the use of a magnet.

The magnet was simply a bar of steel at the end of a chain. This chain was attached to a swinging crane By pressing buttons and moving a few little levers, a young fellow comfortably seated in a bird-cage dropped that magnet down on the pig iron, and the pig iron clung to the magnet with the clutch of a soul-kiss

The young fellow swung the pig iron wherever he wanted it, and by simply pressing a button, the current was cut off, and down dropped your pig iron in quick response to the law invented by the late Sir Isaac Newton.

"I wish I had a magnet like that for securing advertising for THE FRA," I said to Tupper. And Tupper said, "You have one, already, as near as I can judge."

But that is merely Tupperian philosophy, and should be taken strictly cum grabem Syracuse. ¶ All of which is simply leading up to this: As we passed out of the main office to go to the Clubhouse across the way, for lunch, President Whiteside stopped and rung out on the time-clock.

"Do you have to do that?"

He smiled, and answered, "Well, it is n't so much what I have to do as what I should do!" ¶ He was inclined to regard the matter as trivial, and to discuss thermal units. When we were seated at the table I said, "You get fifty thousand a year?"

"Something like that."

"And you are the head of this great institution?"

"Yes, I'm supposed to be."

"And yet you ring up when you come, and ring out when you go, exactly as your office-boys do?"

"Certainly! You see that old man down there shoveling ashes into a wheelbarrow! Well, I am just as much the servant of the Allis-Chalmers Company as he is. We each do the thing we can do best, and I think that no one should ask immunity from discipline simply because he has a little more talent in certain directions than has some one else. Carried one step farther is the man who thinks he is exempt from the moral code, or the laws of nature, just because he is more or less gifted by the gods. This way dissolution lies. The strong men around this plant are not looking for exemptions—they are looking for work."

It was a Gatling-gun, philosophic disquisition, fired between the soup and the fish, without a trace of pedantic priggishness, and ended in a laugh—the laugh of a healthy man who carries big burdens, but so adjusted to his back that he walks jauntily, sees the bluejays and watches for the first robins in the spring.

Suppose you Fletcherize on that, you pee-wee peascod artists, you voluptuaries of labor, with your noses in the air, talking patronizingly of "tradespeople" and "commercialism," chaffing at discipline! A-bas, you bum!

I am a great friend to public amusements, for they keep the people from vice.—Samuel Johnson

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# Lunacy and Lucidity



T is a great thing to be protected against your own indiscretion, for even the best men are locoed logically half an hour every day, says Ali Baba, the Sage. Wisdom consists in not exceeding the time-limit, just as good executives are men who decide quickly and are sometimes right. Few men are big enough never to get mad when the other fellow does.

However, sensible men never do business in their woozy, boozy, bughouse period of the day.

But did you ever stake your all on an election, and prophesy to your friends that the other party was really out of the game, you know—and then find the next morning that you were snowed under by forty thousand majority?

Did you ever go into a lawsuit as plaintiff, and when the jury filed out, whisper to your counsel, "The enemy have n't a leg to stand on"? And

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# An Advertisement

**Written by Elbert Hubbard**

when the jury came back, hear the foreman solemnly say, "We, the jury, find for defendants"?

¶ Did you ever go into a land deal expecting to clean up a hundred thousand in two years, and instead find yourself saddled with a deficiency judgment?

These are the things that try men's souls and pocketbooks.

The moral is, while you are in possession of health, sanity and cool judgment you should decide to put a little money away for a certain wise, loving and beautiful purpose, and put it where you can't get at it in one of those feverish intervals, when your imagination is astride of a wild, bucking bronco of biz.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

"Strongest in The World"

The Company which pays its death-claims on the day it receives them.
PAUL MORTON, President. 120 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend some good man—or woman—to us, to represent us there? Great opportunities today in Life-Insurance work for the EQUITABLE


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## Maxim Gorky



GORKY'S writings are the cry of Power from beneath a gag. What a world he conjures up in his stories!—tramps vestured in the purple of great dreams; Mary Magdalens with battered jaws and contused scalps; bakers who, while kneading dough, meditate on the Thing in Itself; giant Anarchs who have not where to lay their heads; drunken diabolists whose curses sound like prayers and whose prayers sound like curses; Overmen of the slime who are neither shod nor shaven; empty-eyed women whose souls have been drained of joy before they are thirty; pirates thinly disguised as merchants; thieves who toss their swag to their understudies in crime from esthetic motives—for the sake of the gesture.

His characters merely fumble with life and totter to their doom. Here we have regal souls numbed by the commonplace, and commonplace souls vestured in the purple of power; cynics who are sentimentalists, and sentimentalists who play the dirty game of life on 'Change or in Church.

### His Early Life

SOME souls skulk through life; others walk firmly on the crackling bones of the weak. Gorky wriggled out of the social straitjacket and became a tramp. He soaked himself in rum and sunsets; lay on his back at night and played with Aldebaran and Cassiopeia; drew the plans for his earthly Utopia on the scroll of the heavens and effaced them with cigarette-smoke, and in the names of Fate and Bakounin held up the traveler and appropriated his valuables. These human storm-petrels are curious spawn. Some are troubled with Weltschmerz and jaundice; others are anemics and renunciants out of work. They all tolerate the idea of God and hope for the worst. Pardon is the word to all—except their enemies. To them society is a crazy-quilt—streaked with yellow.

Gorky's gospel is something like this: We are riveted to the rotten, and the chief end of life is to know how to gild the nailheads. We are battered beatitudes and gyved gods. Our weaknesses are called virtues; our cringings, tact. Caliban is thrust into the coal-bin, while Ariel with scented breath, reeking in an atmosphere of mephitic boudoir odors, strums the "Rock of Ages" on the parlor piano. A pusillanimous and purblind pietism—with a copy of Rabelais secreted under its belt—sits in the saddle. Milk-and-water is called ether. We live on pound-cake, dress in pinafores and wear bibs. Faugh! Also, baugh! ¶ Well, life is worth living if only to watch the death of things. Our yawns are a judgment, and we can listen to the soul of man ricochetting through the Void. Or, when we grow tired of that, we can take up metaphysics, and wonder how Hegel turned Something into Nothing.

### The Throw of the Dice

THE beings that stream forth in lockstep procession from Gorky's pages are straws caught in a whirlpool, particles hurried hither and thither by the passions and impulses that dominate the soul. They are swathed and shod in old customs and hustled and harried by the dead. Certain folds in my brain fall thus, and I shall be an imbecile; or, certain folds do not fall thus, and I shall be a genius. My habits reside in my spinal cord, and my philosophy depends on my liver. Every human being is fated to do this or that, and this or that is the necessary product of—that or this. And life is a strenuous pause between two Facts.

Why does the soul continue this ignoble liaison with Circumstance, cries Gorky. We seek a logic in events, we grope for a pre-established harmony that shall tally with a mystical instinct. At bottom we detest the fixed order in which events move, because it is not our fixed order. The instinctive love of the novel is the unconscious groping for this new order. We arise every day in the belief that a miracle must occur to shatter the mold of law that encloses us. Each day the world ends, but we believe it will be re-created tomorrow, and in another series. But life lays on the flail, and we are threshed and thrashed. You think that these time-bitten creatures who stalk across the pages of "Foma Gordyeef," "Chelkash," "Orloff and His Wife," and the shorter stories are responsible beings? Nay, says Gorky; these lusts, these crimes, these demons of the dust, are the leavings of the past, the descendants of those who participated in the orgies of the slimy underworld of prehistoric time. They are great so long as they do not duck or become panel-skulkers.

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### Heredity

CIRCUMSTANCE is the incubator that keeps the devil in us alive. The human mind at birth is a palimpsest. The brain-cell is a thesaurus of race experience. It contains unnamable sins, godlike aspirations, degradations unthought of. The child is not a soul, but souls—a bundle of possibilities. Birth is but recomposition. Foma was destined to be Foma from all time. On the skeleton of his innate disposition there were hung the flesh and blood of habit. Heredity sketched the plan; environment filled it in.

No doubt, Orloff and his wife started their married life bravely. They lacked, like most of us, a complete vision of things. Vulgarly, they could not see beyond their noses. The thieving moments stole upon them and wove the shroud of habit, and each habit contracted hooped in the soul with another limitation. But they will begin anew tomorrow! Today, like the lotus-eaters, they will recline on flowery beds, where the poppy hangs in sleep. ¶ This illusion that the will is free damns us all. We count habit something superficial, an outer coat that can be thrown off at pleasure. ¶ One may as well attempt to step out of his skin as to seek to rid himself of stratified willing. Habit is the man; and personality itself is but the beads of habit strung on endless desire

Orloff was a prenatal drunkard. His early respectability was a disguise. The sleeping demon was waiting for the psychologic moment. It came, and the decent, industrious Orloff sloughed off, and the ancestral Orloff stepped out. Double or triple personality is not freakish. We are all multiple. Each man is some other man in a different environment. We are all Orloffs and possess his possibilities. The soul is beleaguered with spirits crying for birth. And many of them are drunkards and lechers.

### An Enigma

THE individual is so much data. He is a character in a cipher-code that nobody can read. In this play of life we neither select our roles, order the climaxes, nor time our exits. The bell is rung, the curtain goes up, and we are dumfounded to find ourselves on the stage, saying strange things to strange beings. An utterly illogical climax ensues; there is applause or groans, the curtain falls with a thump, and——

The universe is only provisionally rational—a chaos slowly and painfully evolving. From the mouth of Demiurge, stream endless currents of life, and the outermost tip of the farthest current is but the last-recorded syllable of the word that still struggles for utterance in the monster's throat. How many eons has it taken to make this moment? How many eons will it take to unmake it? This great world, with all its activities, existent in an infinitesimal present that is ever vanishing, is but residuum of an infinite past time. This eternal and illusive willing of the individual is but the play of gigantic forces, to which we give names in the manner of their affection. Only one thing is certain, asserts Gorky—the lust for Power.

### Fate

THE world at any given moment is a brain-sketch. To say that the individual is master of his destiny is to say that the part is greater than the whole, that the passing moment outweighs in importance all that has been done in the past, when, indeed, it is but the past come to birth and the fathering of the future. Gorky has stood still for a few minutes to report a few facts.

The word "Fate," to most people, conjures up horrible things. It is thought of as an intangible Something standing just back of us; a Presence, shadowy but dominating, like those nameless, formless figures that nightmare brings to the bedside. But Fate is no such thing. Fate is compounded of the trivial; it is constructed of the nothings of the day. The destiny of each soul is present each moment, is whole and undivided each moment; it is the kernel of each act Given such an ancestry, such a nature, such an environment, and I must shake hands in just the fashion that I do. Occupation, avocation, is Fate. The petty lie I just told is Fate. The noble deed I just did is Fate.

The trivial is peddled out to us, and we weep or laugh as our disposition may be. A beautiful action is nothing in itself; it is merely Nature's plan for neutralizing her villainies. The world flees before our touch, and the good we have not done, Nature would not have us do. Conscience is but her piece de resistance.

### The Fetters of Environment

IT is Gorky's thesis that we never triumph over environment; we may triumph over an environment, but another instantly closes

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in on us. The soul of the race creates a prison-house, and the individual is locked in for life. Each generalization we make is but another limitation. Sometimes life encloses itself in an incident, and we say we are undone; but the inner self rallies and the obstacle is overcome. We imagine ourselves free, but the soul's activities are but limitations acting from the other side. Molds and masks—such are Gorky's failures

### The Thing Worth While

THE crimson domino of Time covers a witless Eternity. Time is a thing of shreds and patches—and we are the shreds and patches. Things are not made or unmade. They are. Everything is cut-and-dried in that noiseless workshop—the Unconscious. And Michael Henchard, Nana, Chelkash, Becky Sharp, Vautrin, Rastignac, Tess, Liza, Bazaroff, Anna Karenina, Arthur Dimmesdale, Orloff, were but the baubles of destiny. They slumped in the making; they were misfits; they were out of tune.

And which of us is not out of tune? Indeed, are we jigging to any tune? Is life nothing but a ghost-dance, and are what we call laws the tom-toms? And Maxim the Bitter says, "Yes." But the tocsin sounded and Maxim gave himself the lie. He had found a thing worth while—Battle!

Our quarrel with the world is only our quarrel with ourselves. When we are at peace with self, we are at peace with God.

## Man Proposes



BEYOND the Alps lies Italy! Man proposes but is not always accepted.

And here I had arranged to spend the year in Europe!

But The Roycroft Fraternity Juntas got agoing The idea seemed to take. Thousands of people are acquiring the Encyclopedia Habit on a FRA basis. ¶ Little groups are forming, here and there, all over the world to study THE FRA Magazine and look up its references and allusions. These need encouragement, organization and a certain guidance

It is the psychologic moment.

Opportunity in a Mother Hubbard wrapper is at the door.

The whole Junta idea is in line with a human want. It is easy, cheap, practical, pleasant and profitable.

We have been taught that education is a costly and complex thing and only to be acquired by quitting work and living in the vicinity of the so-called learned and great. We now discover that this suggestion was put forth by the alleged learned and the so-called great, and none other.

We see that the plan of having one set of men do all the work, and giving another set all the education was spiritual, mental and physical chaos for both.

We want bodily and mental health, and we perceive that mental exercise is necessary to bodily health, and that physical work is absolutely necessary to sanity.

A Roycroft Junta is a convenient form of mental massage. It means getting an education at your work, for your work and out of your work.

The Zeitgeist takes it up, and I am thankful that this big burden of glorious drudgery kept me from taking life easy and made me focus on this great betterment, The Roycroft Fraternity Junta.

### Show Me!

NO man ever accomplished a great success, in any field of human endeavor, save as he worked in line with human needs.

We succeed by giving people what they want. In Missouri the ostrich plan of disposing of intellectual difficulties does not prevail; and now all good men, eke women, are becoming universal citizens of Missouri. Across the sky in letters of light is writ in colossal format the words, SHOW ME! And on the breeze is borne the same token.

That is what THE FRA and "The Philistine" are trying to do. "The Philistine" knocks—in love, of course—THE FRA boosts. Both are necessary

So here I am, right on the job.

Of course, I'm going to Europe—the trip is only postponed until September or so And anyway, I had the fun of dreaming about it.

But out of the dust and the mist and the fog of worry and work now looms this Big Idea of The Roycroft Junta, the distinguishing feature of which is its antiquity—an education

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at your work, out of your work, for your work—head, hand and heart in motion.

**Meet Me at the Junta!**

THIS will be the central idea of the Annual Roycroft Convention, which is to begin July First and continue for ten days. Health, happiness and hope founded on truth, and how to obtain them!

You'd better come and take part. Wear your old shoes, for we will ramble through woods and fields and over the hills and drink deep at the Pierian Spring, down by the dam site, and smile to think we ever had a care.

It is a beautiful old world, filled with charming, gentle and kindly folks—with just a few rogues for background. And surely there is a Supreme Something that guides us on our way, transforming every grief into gain, pain into power, loss into strength. Blessed be drudgery!

Every man measures others by himself—he has only one standard. When a man ridicules certain traits in other men, he ridicules himself. How would he know other men were contemptible, did he not look into his own heart and there see the hateful thing?

## Government as a Business



NO man can jump off the political spring-board into a government office and be of much value to the service, save as a figurehead. ¶ To know a business thoroughly and well takes more than four years. The man only begins to know a little about it, when out he goes and a greenhorn comes in. The moral is, put the Post-Office on a business basis. ¶ When a deficit occurs in business there are two ways of guarding against its repetition.

One way is to raise your rates, and the other is to revise costs.

If your business is a monopoly, it is easy to raise the rates, but to reduce expenses requires an intimate knowledge of details. ¶ The average office-holder is beautifully ignorant of details. This of necessity, because it takes years to know a big business from cellar to cupola.

President Taft has proved to the country that he does not know the Post-Office Department. He is a business novice—a lawyer and a judge—he has no nose for commerce. His suggestion of raising postal rates to wipe out a deficit is the obvious decision of the attorney mind

That is to say, the lawyer knows of only one way to make money. And that is, to get yours. ¶ Senator Bourne's plea that government be placed on a business basis is now up for discussion for the first time in history. And it will not down.

Parson Tipple borrowed the Big Stick all right, but when he brought it back there was a Number Ten lump on his own head Big Sticks are good things to leave alone.

## Destiny



LIFE is a voyage, and we are all sailing under sealed orders. ¶ We plan, plot, scheme and arrange, and some fine day Fate steps in and our dreams are tossed into the yeasty deep. ¶ We grin and bear it—anyway we bear it: it is the only thing to do.

We swallow our disappointment, and the years pass, as the years do, for that is a way things have. "And," says Dr. Draper, "over the evening of our dreams there steals the thought that we have been used by an Unknown Power for an Unseen End." ¶ Gabriel is always out of the particular thing we want most, but he gives us something else just as good—and the strange part is, it is just as good. We never ask for loss, disappointment and grief, but these are the packages often handed us.

"Merciful Christ! Is this for me?" you cry. ¶ And Fate with shrouded head murmurs, "Yes, for you," and turns away and you are alone with your bitterness.

The years go by and there comes the earnest suspicion that all is good—even the wormwood and the gall.

You can live forty days without food, but you can not possibly live four minutes without air. These things being true, is it wise to stuff ourselves with food and starve ourselves for the want of air?

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# LIVE WIRES

NOTES ALONG THE WAY

## After All!

By Earle R. Hines

Well, here we are again—
After all!
And we did n't get the ten—
After all!
With imagination vast,
For a little raise we asked,
But it 's "just the same as last"—
After all!
Tottie Fewclothes will not star—
After all!
She will have no special car—
After all!
Her backer "made a sneak"
With a dime-museum freak—
Tottie 's jobbing by the week,
After all!
Johnnie Jumpup is at large,
After all!
One night—a quick discharge,
After all!
The ambitious embryos
Can pack away their clothes,
They won't get a chance to pose,
After all!
Moving pictures flourish still,
After all!
With their ever-changing bill—
After all!
Spite of newspaper comments,
At ten and twenty cents,
They can pay their little rents,
After all!

WANTED—Wild-Cat Agent. One who can keep his feet off the hotel radiators and his hands off the dining-room girls. Leigh Hodges need not apply.

"Why Girls Go Wrong" Co., care FRA.

Nancy Walker has written a book which she calls "The Log of a Vaudevillist." Nancy is a woman with brains, and when that book is out I want a dozen copies. Nancy is my kind.

Rose Stahl says that the most difficult thing in life is to live up to your lithographs.

Walt Hill says that Gypsey Smith will not go on at The Majestic Theater. Ed Kohl declines to stand for it.

Richard Carle declares men are apt to lose their illusions and their hair at the same time.

"Is that couple married?" "Yes," said Tommy Ross, "but not to each other."

A Knocker is a thing that hangs on the outside of the door.—Hugh Chalmers.

May Irwin says that every married lady should love her husband—if she can.

Preston Kendall is a cowboy and ranchman. His home is at Lamar, Colorado, when he is not waiting for his entrance music Preston recently made a tour of England, Scotland and Ireland and the thousand pounds the management paid him he invested in Hereford bulls. These, with a few that he managed to pick up in Ireland, made quite a stir when he got back to Lamar.

MAY MC KENZIE claims that the Fra was wrong when he remarked that if you want a thing bad enough you will get it. May says, "Once in Chicago when I needed a warm undershirt, I got a bunch of American Beauty roses Some guys think Michigan Boulevard is the Garden of Eden."

NED WAYBURN, stage director, is notorious for his modesty. While rehearsing one of the LaSalle musical comedies he got into an argument with Florence Holbrook—who has some ideas of her own Wayburn threw his eyes and hands heavenward: "My Gawd, why have n't you given this woman some of the brains you so plentifully bestowed upon me?"

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# HEAD, HEART AND HAND

BY ALICE HUBBARD

IN a graveyard, Miss Inez Milholland, Vassar graduate, suffragette, friend of the working girl, amateur actress and champion female shot-putter, executed her first and one of her cleverest strokes in her campaign of "Votes for Women."

It was during her days at Vassar College. Miss Milholland, on behalf of a band of enthusiastic suffragettes enrolled from the students, had invited several prominent leaders of the cause to address a mass meeting on the college campus. The news of the approaching event reached the ears of the faculty, and President Taylor issued a stringent edict forbidding the gathering. Miss Milholland was not daunted, however. A short distance from the college grounds was a graveyard. Collecting her forces, she moved into the cemetery, and the speeches were delivered among the tombstones.

Miss Milholland is the daughter of the Honorable John E. Milholland, who is one of the chief officials of the American and European mail-tube system and who for many years was editor of the New York "Tribune."

Miss Milholland spends days at the Children's Court, on the East Side, and has often served as probation officer.

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RECENTLY, Mrs. Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont, a member of one of the richest and most aristocratic families in America, and a leading woman suffragist, made a retort that would have made ex-District Attorney Jerome turn green.

Mrs. Belmont was making a very able and interesting speech on her favorite theme when a diminutive and insignificant specimen of the genus homo in the rear of the hall piped out: "Don't you wish you were a man?"

Like a shot was Mrs. Belmont's retort: "Don't you?"

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No one who ever heard Dr. Anna Shaw, said "Oh, Pshaw!" She is noble in thought, voice and gesture. She is a great, honest woman working for primitive rights.

SIR CHARLES McLERAN is championing in the English Commons a series of bills to reorganize the marriage service with a view to making it honest. The High Church service enjoins: "Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands as unto the Lord," which, Sir Charles says, the ladies never have any intention of doing, and which, Sir Charles' wife says, involves an arrogation to the men of a godlike quality which she regards as a characteristic bit of masculine buncombe. Further on, the service contains the man's vow: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," which Sir Charles and Mrs. Sir Charles declare is just a plain lie. He never means it for fifteen minutes after the knot is tied.

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NOT long ago, Miss Crystal Eastman read a paper at a Rochester, New York, conference on the Employers' Liability Act. ¶ Miss Eastman is the secretary of the New York Commission on Employers' Liability and Causes of Industrial Accidents. She has just completed a book on the subject, which is to be published within a short time by the Russell Sage Foundation. She is the daughter of the Reverend Anna F. Eastman, the woman minister who, at the death of the Reverend Thomas K. Beecher, succeeded to his pastorate of the Park Church, Elmira, New York.

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THE wife of James J. Hill was a waitress at the Merchants' Hotel at St. Paul, where Mr. Hill boarded. A little donation was suggested for this most efficient waitress by the boarders at her table. When the list was handed to Mr. Hill, instead of putting down fifty cents or a dollar, he paralyzed the table by writing in a bold hand, "James J. Hill—One Hundred Dollars."

The next day Hill and the waitress were married. And the boarders made accusations!

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Mrs. Harriman knows how to keep her money; also how to give it away. Her husband made no mistake in confiding in her.

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## A Ballad of Vaudeville

From Chicago "Inter-Ocean"

WHERE be the men that yesteryear
Ran notably to talk and hair,
Who filled the listening public ear
With frequent blasts of heated air?
Who furnished with the utmost care
Eccentric columns—value nil—
To such as had the change to spare?
You'll find them all in vaudeville!

Where be the worthies, scorning fear,
Who triumphed in the "circle square,"
And got the pile of gold and gear
Which valor claims for rightful share?
The baseball heroes, prithee where
Are these, whose doings largely fill
The sporting-page with stories rare?
You'll find them all in vaudeville!

Where be the statesmen great that cheer
Chautauqua meetings—make 'em stare
With fervid speeches good to hear
When nothing else is doing there?
And divers ladies passing fair
With spicy scandals flavored still?
Some day—be patient—don't despair!—
You'll find them all in vaudeville!

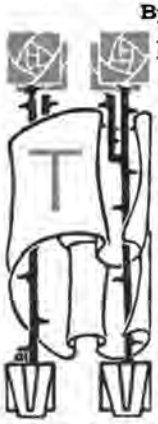
ENVOY

Prince, straight into the footlight's glare
They're chasing daily, fit to kill.
If you would meet them, there repair—
You'll find them all in vaudeville!

Weep not peeling other people's onions.

## The Cost of Armed Peace

By Hon. J. A. Tawney



THE modern national State is a vastly different political organization from the ancient and medieval empire. Part of this difference is of great significance in the discussion of international peace. As late as the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, when the modern State arose from the ruins of the Old Roman Empire, it was commonly believed by the world's political leaders that there could be but one great nation at a given time, and that any nation to become great must conquer the wealth and enslave the people of other nations. From this conception of the relations of nations to each other it followed that no nation could hope to remain long dominant in world politics, and that every full bloom of national splendor and power must be followed by a period of decline and decay. Coalitions of foreign foes, want of patriotism, and the loss of individual manhood, which luxury and overcivilization always bring to a people supported by slaves, were ever present to threaten and destroy the dominant nation.

Even the Bourbon kings of France, as late as the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, believed themselves to be, each in his time, the viceroys of God on earth. Not only did they believe themselves to be rulers by divine right, but they likewise believed it to be their duty as the viceroys of God to surpass all other kings in the splendor of their courts, to intimidate and subjugate abroad and at home, to imitate the glory of God in the splendor of their palaces, in the sumptuousness of their tables, and in the costliness of their costumes and retinues. To this end they carried on perpetual warfare with other kings, and to this end they taxed their own people until revolution became a necessity and the only means of escape from the war burdens that were crushing the people to earth.

### A Nation's True Greatness

IN the world march of civilization all this has changed, until today we hold that the greatness of a nation rests not upon conquered wealth and the bent backs of slaves, but upon its natural resources and upon the industry, the intelligence and the patriotism of the individual citizen. Today we realize that there must be as many nations coexistent on the earth as geographical, racial and historical conditions make necessary. We regard wars carried on merely for territorial acquisition or national aggrandizement as national robberies. The character of a nation is judged today by the same standards as the character of the individual man.

### National Specialization

IT is clear to all intelligent people at this time and age that there is no law growing out of the necessary relations of nations to each other which makes it inevitable that every great nation must, sooner or later, decline and ultimately fall. There is no

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inherent reason why nations should not exist and grow side by side as long as geographical and climatic conditions remain approximately unchanged. Indeed, there are abundant reasons today why no nation can attain to the full measure of its greatness except through relations of mutual helpfulness with every other nation

We have entered upon an era of national specialization where all nations are more or less interdependent, where each nation relies upon other nations for some of the necessities of its life, where no nation lives to itself alone, and where none can perish without loss to the world. International commerce, international trade, international language, art and literature, international political influence and example, all demand that permanent peace be maintained among all nations.

The question for the world to determine is, Shall this be an armed peace, or will the nations of the world recognize the authority and acquiesce in the decisions of a world-wide federation, thereby insuring international peace without the cost incident to the preparation for war? Such a federation or international state would be but a slight step forward in comparison with the substitution of the authority of the national States in the settlement of conflicts between warring clans and tribes, or with the substitution of publicly administered justice for the regime of private warfare and individual retaliation.

But because of the inherent selfishness and mutual distrust of nations it is said by the advocates of an armed peace that the creation of an international state through the federation of the civilized nations of the world is impossible, and that this splendid achievement can be attained only through the instrumentality of powerful armies and navies which will make reasonably certain the defeat of any nation that might initiate and carry on war against another nation. If this be so, then international peace means an armed peace, and that kind of peace can not endure between nations relatively longer than between individuals. It will inevitably hasten the event for which the nations are now preparing

### The Menace to Peace

THE possession of irresponsible power is always a direct temptation to its irresponsible use Individual citizens are not allowed in times of peace to go armed among their fellow citizens, because of the temptation to use arms for slight cause in such moments of excitement as every man is liable to in the course of daily experience. Just so there is a danger that nations, upon slight provocation, will declare war when each knows itself to be dangerously armed and fully prepared for war. Great armaments, therefore, instead of being a guaranty of peace, are a continued menace to peace.

Whether or not the advocates of an armed peace are sincere in contending that peace can be insured only by the aid of great armaments permanently maintained, in the light of all the facts I believe it to be indisputably true that they are more concerned over the question of whether or not their respective nations can successfully compete in the international race now on between the principal nations of the world for supremacy in the size of battleships and in the number of the largest-sized battleships the world has ever seen than they are concerned over the question of how best to insure permanent international peace. This mad international race for supremacy in war preparation is all the more astounding because it is taking place at a time when there is no cloud on the international horizon to threaten the existing peaceful relations between all the nations of the world, unless it is occasioned by the senseless rivalry among the nations to excel in martial preparation. To my mind this extensive preparation constitutes a most serious menace to the peace of the world, for it tends naturally in the direction of war even though its alleged purpose is the prevention of war.

I am not alone in contending that national ambition, not the fear of war or the desire for peace, is the prime motive prompting the principal nations of the world to the expenditure of larger sums for war purposes, including battleships, than the world has ever before witnessed. Mr. Asquith, the Premier of England, when discussing the English naval budget a year ago, pronounced a solemn condemnation of the English policy of constructing battleships of the "Dreadnought" type, a policy initiated three years before, when the keel of the first great "Dreadnought" was laid. He said:

"We do not wish to take a lead, but we want to do everything in our power to prevent a new spurt in competitive shipbuilding between the great naval powers." "Competitive ship-

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building," not competitive peace-building, is the prime cause for the enormous war-tax burdens placed upon the people.

### The Financial Burden

THE annual expenditures of the United States, England, Germany and France, on account of preparation for war, or, as it is said, that war may be prevented, are today greater than the annual expenditures of any one of these nations during any foreign war in which it has ever engaged ✍ In fact, these expenditures have become so great as to excite alarm in each of these principal nations of the world, causing enormous deficits in their current revenues, and necessitating new sources of taxation to meet the demands of a national ambition to excel in the construction of great armaments.

The total expenditures of the United States, England, Germany and France during the fiscal year ending June Thirtieth, Nineteen Hundred Eight, on account of their armies and navies, approximated, in round numbers, a billion, or ten hundred million, dollars. Add to this the sums expended for the same purpose by other nations of the world and you will have a grand total cost of armed peace so large that the human mind can scarcely comprehend it. ¶ While this cost is so enormous as to be almost beyond the comprehension of man, yet an approximate idea of such cost may be gathered from the annual expenditures which we as a nation are making for this purpose and the rapidity with which these expenditures have increased in recent years. Our total expenditures for the army, navy and fortifications, in the fiscal year Nineteen Hundred Eight, aggregated $204,122,855.57, or 36.5 per cent of our total revenue, exclusive of postal receipts, which are not included for the purpose of comparison, as the postal revenues and expenditures are a balanced account. Our expenditures during the same year on account of wars past, including all objects for which appropriations are made on that account, were $180,678,204, or thirty-one per cent of our total revenues ✍ ✍

According to the daily statement of the Treasury Department at Washington, on April Thirtieth, Nineteen Hundred Ten, we have thus far during this fiscal year collected from all sources, except postal receipts, $493,027,989.69. Up to that date we had expended on account of the army $110,107,924.96; on account of the navy, $96,376,012.41, a total of $206,483,937.37 ✍ Therefore, we have expended this fiscal year on account of preparation for war forty-one per cent of all our revenues, and on account of wars past thirty-one per cent of all our revenues, or a total expenditure of seventy-two per cent of all the revenues thus far collected during the current fiscal year on account of wars it is said we are preparing to avoid and wars which we have had in the past.

### Increasing Expenditures

BUT this startling statement does not indicate that we have yet reached the maximum cost of armed peace. The expenditures for this purpose in the coming fiscal year will be greater than they are this year. They have been increasing rapidly and enormously year by year, not only with us, but with all the principal nations of the world. None of the advocates of armed peace are willing to suggest a limit beyond which this increase shall not go.

The average annual appropriations for our army have leaped from less than $24,000,000 for each of the eight years immediately preceding the Spanish war to more than $83,000,000 for each of the eight years ending with the appropriations made at the last session of Congress for the fiscal year Nineteen Hundred Ten ✍ During the same period the average annual appropriations for our navy have increased from a little more than $27,500,000 to more than $102,400,000. In other words, the increase in appropriations for the army for the periods named exceeded $472,000,000, a sum sufficient to cover the whole cost of constructing the Panama Canal, with nearly $150,000,000 to spare ✍ The increase in the sums appropriated for the navy for these same periods is approximately $600,000,000, a sum largely in excess of the total appropriations for the support of our entire Government for any fiscal year prior to that of Eighteen Hundred Ninety-eight.

The combined increase in the appropriations for the army and the navy for the eight-year periods named, amounts to $1,072,000,000, a sum exceeding by more than $158,000,000 the total interest-bearing debt of the United States. So great has been the increase in this cost of armed peace these last eight years over the eight years ending scarcely ten years ago that the sum total of the increase is even larger

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than the stupendous sum appropriated for all governmental purposes for the fiscal year Nineteen Hundred Ten.

The fact that we are expending, during this fiscal year, 72 per cent of our aggregate revenue in preparing for war and on account of past wars, leaving only 28 per cent of our revenue available to meet all other governmental expenditures, including internal improvements, the erection of public buildings, the improvement of rivers and harbors, and the conservation of our natural resources, is to my mind appalling. It should arrest the attention of the American people and not only cause them to demand a decrease in these unnecessary war expenditures, but also prompt them to aid in every way possible in the creation of a public sentiment that would favor the organization of an international federation whose decisions and action in the peaceful settlement of controversies between nations would be recognized and accepted as the final determination thereof. If this were done it would not necessarily mean the entire abandonment of armies and navies, but it would so far remove the possibility of international wars as to make unnecessary the expenditure of the stupendous sums which are now being collected from the people in the form of taxes and expended for the purpose of maintaining armed peace.

The money expended for this purpose is not the only measure of the cost of armed peace. Think for a moment of what the American people have lost during the past eight years in consequence of the increased expenditure of more than a billion dollars during that time for the purpose of preparing for war in order that war may be prevented.

### The Prospect

THE most enthusiastic advocates of river and harbor improvements do not estimate that the cost of these improvements would exceed $500,000,000, only half the amount which we have collected in taxes from the people and expended in war preparation during the last eight years in excess of the amount expended for the same purpose during the eight years preceding Eighteen Hundred Ninety-eight. The other half of this enormous increase might well have been expended in other directions which would have contributed to the permanent advancement of the vast and varied interests of 90,000,000 of people.

In conclusion, permit me to say that while I thoroughly believe in the wisdom and practicability of an international federated state for the exercise of delegated power in the authoritative determination of international disputes, I am not one of those peace enthusiasts who think the time is near at hand when the world will witness the disarmament of nations. But I do maintain that the time is now here when the people of the principal naval powers of the world, and especially the people of the United States, must come to the support of those who are contending against the advocates of armed peace and who are striving to check the extravagant and wasteful expenditure of public money in competitive construction of needless and useless armaments. If they do not, the burdens of unnecessary taxation will continue to increase until they ultimately impoverish the people and exhaust the resources of their nations.

Mediocre men can endure failure, for as Robert Louis, the beloved, has pointed out, failure is natural, but worldly success is an abnormal condition.

## The Parcels Post

By Nathan B. Williams



DOES Twenty Million Dollars mean anything to you? When you read of increasing postal deficits, year after year (it was sixteen million dollars last year, and will be twenty million dollars this year), do you take complacently the announcement that the deficit in postal revenues for this year was the greatest in the history of this most useful and important branch of your government?

Do you ever wonder where this drain is to stop? This is your money, and if it is being wasted you are entitled to know why, and as a good citizen you should endeavor to put a stop to it. The postman is your most frequent and regular caller. He is your most convenient and dependable public servant. He comes to you to serve you. You may set your watch by his arrival. You have to "hunt up" other officials, but this one is ever calling on you to bring the message of cheer, the tidings of a far-distant loved one, the word of business

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or the merchandise package for your needs ordered from the near-by town or more distant market.

The average weight of the merchandise parcel carried by mail is a little over one-quarter of a pound. When you read of postal deficits, do you accept the specious excuse that this is caused by the extension of rural mail service? The excuse is not good. But is there another people on the face of the earth who would have forty thousand rural mail-wagons going out every day to serve the millions of patrons on their routes, who want to use this service to carry their small and large parcels to and from the markets, and which neglects to provide the law necessary to use these public carriers? There is not. The private express service is chiefly confined to traffic between cities. To be successful, a business requiring express service must be located in a large city, where the different express companies have their offices; otherwise, their parcels will be often subjected to two or three express-charges before they reach their destination ✍ The express companies' present system of making rates, based upon volume of business and the value of the service rendered, is deadly to the small place and the small dealer.

### A Door-to-Door Service

UNDER the growing differentiation of industry there is a steadily growing demand for a door-to-door express service of parcels ordered by telephone, telegram or by mail. The business can not be done by private express companies to the public satisfaction. Their machinery does not reach the rural districts. An extended postal service is the only public choice. Such would enable the dealer in a small place perfectly to satisfy the wants of the patrons of rural routes running out from his town ✍ The express system of discriminating in favor of large towns against small towns, of large dealers against small dealers, and of exorbitant taxation of the general public, is clearly set forth in the opinion of the Interstate Commerce Commission in the case of Boise Commercial Club vs. Adams Express Company, et al., recently decided. Write the Commission at Washington, D. C., for a copy of this decision, and write your Congressman for a copy of the speech of Congressman Bennett, made August Fifth, Nineteen Hundred Nine. You will find these good reading, and you may wake Congress up to a realization of the importance of this subject.

The express rate on eight-pound parcels from New York City to Boise, Idaho, is two dollars and twenty cents, and the mail rate from Berlin, Vienna, Rome, London and other capitals of European countries to Boise, Idaho, and other points in the United States is but from sixty-five cents to eighty-five cents upon an eight-pound parcel. Is it not about time that we quit giving the foreigner a better rate than we give our own people? If, for example, you live on a rural route, you may order ten pounds of coffee from the City of Mexico at twenty-five cents per pound, and it will be sent and delivered at your door by your postman free of postage; but if you wanted coffee from your near-by town grocer, he could send you but four pounds, and the postage on that would be sixty-four cents, more than the Mexican grocer pays for ten pounds sent to you. Why? Ask your Congressman and Senators and the express companies.

### Competition

NO other government permits competition in the carriage of mailable matter by private expresses but this enlightened "land of the free and home of the brave." It was not ever thus in this country. Express companies had hardly been organized when they began to compete with the mails over the most profitable routes ✍ This became of such importance, and they were making such inroads into the revenues of the postal department, that the attention of Congress was directed to the necessity of remedial legislation, and the Committee of the House on Post-offices and Post-roads looked into the subject and reported to Congress under date of February Twenty-eighth, Eighteen Hundred Forty-four.

Here are a few sentences from this report to show its tenor: "The committee is unanimously of the opinion that the power granted by the Constitution to establish post-offices and post-roads, and the laws passed in pursuance of it, are both fraudulently evaded and wantonly violated and defied; and that the government ought, without hesitation, to interpose its strong arm to arrest and forever suppress such lawless conduct * * *. Further legislation is necessary to protect the public service, and presents a question no less momentous than this: Whether the Constitu-

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tion and laws of the country or a lawless combination of refractory individuals shall triumph?"

A law was passed in Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight which made it unlawful for any private express to carry for hire over any post-road or from any city, town or place to any other city, town or place between which the mail is regularly carried, "any letter or packet," and this law was intended to prevent competition with the post-office in the carriage of mail matter ❧ This law yet exists. It was enforced for a number of years and we had no postal deficits. Gradually its enforcement was neglected, until now the Post-office Department does not claim a monopoly in the carriage of mail matter except as to letters.

The word "packet" might as well have been left out of the law, even though a court of the United States has said that "letter and packet" is simply old-fashioned for "mail matter." The enforcement of the law has grown to be an "old-fashioned" virtue, long since abandoned, and so we have big postal deficits which you and I pay, while at the same time we pay the express companies such rates as enable them to cut twenty-four-million-dollar-dividend "melons" in a single year ❧ The profitable short-haul package business is all handled by the express companies, and the long haul is left for the post-office to handle at a loss; and there you are! What are you going to do about it?

❧

COURAGE IS OFTEN ONLY IGNORANCE.

❧

## Prison Song

By John Carter

(Granted a pardon by the Governor of Minnesota, April 20, 1910)

WHEN I am free,
The jangling chords that mar the melody
Shall die to silence, and the music surge
Onward, till in the song of Life it merge.

When I walk straight,
They that have bowed in sorrow desolate
Shall greet the sunrise of fulfilled desire,
And in her eyes shall shine a new-born fire.

Whilst I am here,
Though lonely year must follow lonely year,
I know the time's at hand when this shall seem
The passing shadow of an evil dream.

## The Call of the Footlights

By Earle Remington Hines

YOU may leave the stage, and hide away
On a farm, to inhale the new-mown hay,
And tread on violets every day;
But go some time and see a play.
If you tell the truth, you 're bound to say,
As you sit "in front," your weary brain
Sees the dressing-room, with walls so plain,
The rows of hanging costumes vain,
And you 'll hate the peace of the country lane.
The footlights call, and the love you 've slain,
Will whisper, "Dear, come home again!"

❧

The best way to get even is to forget.

❧

## The Slang We Did n't Coin

By Preston Kendall



IN the Spring of Nineteen Hundred Nine, when Miss Stahl appeared there at the Strand, in Vaudeville, those of the American colony who dropped in to get a reviving whiff of the breeze that eddies around "Main Street, U. S. A." were not a little amused, on opening their sixpenny programs, to find enclosed an exhaustive glossary of the Americanisms used in the play ❧ ❧

During the performance, I was uncousinly enough to find great joy in watching a British matron as she would suddenly cock one eyebrow in a most reckless "My word! How typically American!" expression and, with a haste almost indecent, run down the glossary page till the linguistic buccaneer was nailed. ¶ After judiciously eyeing the offender and vainly trying to trace a respectable etymologic ancestry for the culprit, she would semi-audibly turn the prisoner over to her escort to be held as evidence in this war of invasion. Having conscientiously performed her nautical police duty, losing only the plot and two big scenes in the interim, she would return complacently to the play, until another black flag should appear on the sea of English pure and undefiled.

Milord seldom deigned to glance at the glossary, thus refusing official cognizance of the fact that crime was being committed. The placid

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there-ain't-no-such-animal attitude has much to commend it, both for strategy and comfort. ¶ Our male Briton is valiant, but he is no scout

### American Pride Humbled

THE scene, duplicated all over the house—in stalls, circle and pit—must have been somewhat disconcerting to the Chorus Lady and her company, who thus found themselves mentally short-circuited with one-half of their audience every time they tried to "slip one over." But to the onlooker it was sulphitic in thought

If memory serves, it was the expression, "beat it," used locomotorly, or some such pseudo-modern coinage, that precipitated the climax. Instantly, every libretto (really, it was quite like grand opera) was consulted. In a flash, the sickening truth came home to me. ¶ My American pride was stripped of one of its best-nurtured husks. I realized it is the Britons who have progressed—discarding and forgetting the language of yesterday—and we, the Americans—with all our pride of invention and modernity—are, in our manner of speech, but servile worshipers of a long-dead past.

The thought grew on me till I left the theater, dazed. My way was to the West; but I hesitated—I would meet my fellows in shame there—red-blooded Americans, who still believe our slang is new-minted and current and may never know they are speaking a vernacular that was archaic in the days when tepees stood on the Metropole corner and there was no Rostand chicken-farm at Plymouth Rock.

I turned to the left.

### The Finishing Touch

AT Aldwych Circle, the Gayety was emptying its throng. In the crush, I collided with a most gorgeously gowned lady I grabbed off my Gibus and muttered the customary, "Sorry." Our eyes met and she smiled. The lady's manner was somewhat lacking in that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere: she was intoxicated—full, soused, soaked. Her reply was irrelevant, but as stereotyped as had been my lone word of apology. What she said was, "My word, if I catch you bending!" There—that 's it! That is the epitome of my new-found sorrow—that is the keystone whose loosening has tumbled my whole temple of national pride about my ears—that is the thing of which we boast and the thing we do not possess—slang that can trace no Elizabethan ancestry! An expression so sublimely idiotic and inscrutably non-committal; and yet, no American would have used it—it has n't a grandfather!

Circling St. Clement-a-Dane's again, my hat came off—this time in salutation to an old familiar friend, Joe Miller, of anecdotal memory. Poor old Joe! Larry Hutton says you sleep in the churchyard of the Danes. Your body may lie moldering in the grave, Joe, but every time one of our monologists at home hears his entrance music played, your soul goes marching on.

Truth still battled with a pride that was born of two hundred years of American ancestry, but in this instance truth spelled treason. I have never been what one would term a fervid worshiper of truth, and I tried to flee from it into the night-desert of the City. Even there, in the marts of men, where it dare not walk by day, in the stillness of a London night, the villain still pursued me and drove me to confession.

### The Spirit of "Will"

I CROSSED to the Borough side. At St. Savior's, I ducked down the twisted steps, across the deserted market, through a dark alley of warehouses that line the Bankside, and brought up at the dead wall of a brewery

A theater used to stand on this site—just a little, round, board shell: we would call it an airdome, nowadays. But it was a very good little show-shop in its day, and lots of people who have made big reputations since used to play there regularly—like Tony Pastor's. All the latest songs and "cross-fire talk" were put over, hot off the bat. Their stuff was written by an actor named Shakespeare. No, he is n't working now—but his stuff is!

I knew a lot of us fellows had been using his material and, being a good White Rat, I felt that I ought to put him wise. Of course, it was a fool notion, hunting around the backdoor of a brewery for the ghost of an actor who has been dead three hundred years—even a live one would n't be there, not at the backdoor in any event—but I 'm strong for that fraternal obligation thing.

### An Alarming Turn

THE watchman's cranial architecture was not sufficiently altitudinous to invite confidences, so I compromised on a mental soliloquy, as I stared at the commemorative tablet lately unveiled by Mr. Forbes-Robertson,

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et al. My apostrophe would probably translate after this fashion:

"William, your home folks have trun you. I don't know why it is—mebbe it goes over their heads, mebbe they duck—but, actually, they have to carry slips of paper with translations on 'em before they can get Hep to your sure-fire gags—like you were talking Wap to them—or Iowaese. They've clean forgot your language, these home folks; but thank Heaven, you can still meld and take a few tricks: in the land of John D. and the home of the Hun, the Slav and the Osteopath, we still have some artists who keep your words circulating. Yes, William, you may be only a phonograph record to Mr. Waller and Mr. Tree (lese majeste denied—this was before they did it to him), but you are a never-failing source of inspiration to George Ade, Jimmie Forbes and Bert Leslie. ¶ Do you remember the time—you were playing parts at the theater back of where the printing-office now stands, in Blackfriars—when George Peel flopped to the independents? As a stop-gap, you revamped the old farce, 'The Comedy of Errors,' and how the crowd laughed at the line you gave Luciana, in the First Scene of the Second Act, 'Fie, beat it hence!' That was in Fifteen Hundred Eighty-nine, was it not, Will? Well, the line was still good for a laugh on the Orpheum Circuit in Nineteen Hundred Nine. About the same time, you pulled, 'Look, how you butt yourself in.'[1] It is not yet obsolete."

Even at the risk of becoming pedantic, in quoting hereafter, I shall give section, township and range—pardon me, how these Patchogue idioms do cling to one—I mean to say, I shall embellish each citation with the number of act, scene and verse.

"In the same play, you record an incivility offered to Hector—he was handed 'a lemon.'[2] The Hectors have multiplied since your day, but the citrus appellative still bridges one of our linguistic hiatuses. And in your day, as in ours, every gale that swept from the North, brought to your ears the sound of the Anvil Chorus; or else, why ''T were good you knocked him!'[3] and 'What am I, sir, that I should knock you?'" Sometimes we have ventured as near originality as a paraphrase—for instance, your 'you may be jogging whiles your boots are green'[5] reaches the push at Katze's Auditorium, Lynn, in the guise of 'beat it while your shoes are good'; and a difference in our currency has increased your mildly insinuating 'hast thou not fifteen pence?'[6] to our baldly accusative 'not worth thirty cents'—the intrinsic value of the person addressed remaining at par. Speaking of 'the push,' we still are fain to 'put the matter to the present push'[7] and at the wee, small hours express the hope, 'this push will cheer me ever'[8]—ofttimes, I fear, with the vain boast, 'I have yet room for six Scotches more!'[9]

"The first year you left the Blackfriars and brought your company over here to the marshes of the Bankside for summer stock, you tried out a play you had written for Adelaide Neilson—I know, she did n't get to play it for nearly three hundred years; that was owing to dilatory ancestors—you wrote it for her just the same. It was a simple enough story: just the clinic of a young girl's heart. You called it 'Romeo and Juliet.' You brought the Nurse down from Warwick with you. In her luggage, she carried the word 'chink,' which at home meant 'money.' The word seems to have lain dormant for many, many years, until about the time Miss Neilson awoke Juliet to life, when it, too, had its little day upon the stage and, like her, passed on. Another good old Warwick colloquialism has led a more eventful life. 'Hick,'[10] on Welcombe Commons, meant 'to leap.' At a very early day it emigrated to America, in the company of a band of performers

The populace, hearing the repeated 'hick! hick!' confounded the action with the performer and every acrobat became a 'hick.' Our true mountebank loves the joke that is at his own expense, and the word was bandied about until a 'hick' became—well, just a 'hick'! You know what I mean—the chaps who say Percy Williams 'shall hear it; it is a riot!'[11]—the sort who use your gag, 'To the mines!'[12] and think they are wildly original. What need to ask, 'Are you wise?'[13]

"Those were halcyon days at the old Globe, those summer days at the century's wane. The takings were good, the players did less violence to the author's lines than is often done, and performances were as complete as the crude machinery of the time would permit. Only once, in all those years, did the shadows come—an August night when, out in Warwick, the Angel of Death passed upward with the soul of your boy in his arms. Life was n't just the same for a time. The day's work was done with the same

1 Love's Labor's Lost, Act V, Sc 2, l 851
2 Love's Labor's Lost, Act V, Sc 2, l 651
3 Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, Sc 4, l 7
4 Taming of the Shrew, Act I, Sc 2, l 10
5 Taming of the Shrew, Act III, Sc 2, l 215
6 Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II, Sc 2, l 14
7 Hamlet, Act V, Sc 1, l 318
8 Macbeth, Act V, Sc 3, l 20
9 Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV, Sc 7, l 9
10 Merry Wives of Windsor, Act IV, Sc 2, l 68
11 Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I, Sc 1, l 55
12 Henry V, Act III, Sc 2, l 61
13 Othello, Act IV, Sc 1, l 245

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firm master stroke, but the gall and the wormwood crept into the ink. Good friends were about you then—home folks: Nick Tooley and Tom Greene and Dick Burbage—and in time the sun shone once more ☙ But the world was never after quite so green and always the laugh was a bit subdued, as if it feared to awaken a sorrow that slept but lightly. The laugh was there, but the probe sank deeper into life, searching out the eternal question, sorrow and the why. More and more was the arbitrary division of characters forgot. The comedian had not all the laughs nor the tragedian all the tears.

"I have sometimes wondered if Will Kempe's sudden leave-taking did not occur during the first rehearsals of 'Hamlet,' when he found Dick Burbage's part was to cop all the big laughs. Rather shabby trick—Kempe's leaving for Italy—but, of course, it was only the maliciously inclined who could trace a personal reference in 'some jay in Italy.'[1] Besides, Will was not a 'jay' but a 'bully'[2] comedian. ¶ According to Henslowe's box-office accounts, he was rather strong on that 'touch' thing—managers know what I mean—'they are not a pipe,'[3] but, as Timon's servant says, 'they have all been touched.'[4]

"Will Kempe was probably in the deal when Joe Taylor slipped (we have recently restored your old meaning to that word) over that 'local' for mine host of the Elephant. The company were at Newington Butts—no relation to Alfred—none whatsoever—nor to the famous boy detective—although at present in his bailiwick. Well, Joe moved from his 'digs' on the Middlesex side to the Elephant and Castle, around the corner; he was yet stopping there when 'Twelfth Night' went on at the Globe. Mine host was pressing him rather hard, and Joe, in order to square the tally, slipped in the 'local,'

'In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge.'[5]

The fool stenographer got it into the pirated 'script and, do you know, it has escaped the notice of the high-brows to this day? When known, I am sure the disgrace will be felt keenly by both Alexander Byers and the Cambridge editors. Thus, to quote the advert you wrote for the infant's-food people, 'We are advertised by our loving friends.'[6]

"If the choosers would confine themselves to your slang, alone, it would n't be so bad, but they sometimes use a whole story from your material and give you no credit on the programs. We once had a fighting chap out in the States, and he used—no, not 'the wars for my money!'[7]—he was too much the high-brow for that. He was what you would have called a good fighter but 'a naughty orator.'[8] This chap made quite a reputation with a story about 'hell and Texas' which was cribbed bodily from 'Much Ado.'[9] Of course, he may have thought that it was public property, as it had been used, years ago, by a monologist over on the Continent. The monologist's name was Erasmus—sounds like a blackface act, but is n't—he worked the Lyceum Courses, over on the Continent, two or three hundred years ago. Doc Steiner can probably give you a line on him.

"And you remember the college-yell thing you fixed up for the finish of the Second Act of 'The Tempest':

'Ban! Ban! Ca-Cal-iban!
Has a new master: get a new man!'[10]

Well, the thing under different guises is still in use from Bowdoin to Berkeley—and the dickens of it is, so many of 'em look the part! Another instance: I was once on the bill, at the Family, Butte, Montana, with a wise 'geck'[11] who refered to his partner's whiskers as 'lace-curtains'—charming comedy! but it reminded me of the time when old Bishop Fletcher's boy, Larry, wore that palpably false beard, in 'Hamlet,' and Dick Burbage kidded him with 'thy face is valanced since I saw thee.'[12] Funny how the 'old 'stuff 'goes—but 'we will fall for it!'"[13]

A step sounded on the cobblestones; silhouetted against the arch of South'ark bridge, I saw, in the moonlight, a man wearing a helmet. I expected to hear, "Thou art pinch'd for it now!"[14] Nothing so medieval assai'ed my ears; instead of this archaic form, familiar to Long Acre Square, I was told, in Edward VII idiom, to "'op it!" I should have 'opped had I not recognized, beneath the helmet, the yellow moustaches of Andy Lucas, of the Metropolitan District Police.

Explanations never explain and Andy, being a London bobby, was not impertinently curious. ¶ As we walked down the Clink, his only comment on my nocturnal prowl was:

"My word, but you Americans are original!"

Of course, I said the obvious thing—but I had my fingers crossed.

1 Cymbeline, Act III, Sc 4, l 51
2 Henry V, Act IV, Sc 1, l 48
3 Hamlet, Act III, Sc 2, l 75
4 Timon of Athens, Act III, Sc 5, l 6
5 Twelfth Night, Act III, Sc 3, l 39
6 Henry VI, Act V, Sc 3, l 18
7 Coriolanus, Act IV, Sc 5, l 248
8 All 's Well That Ends Well, Act V, Sc 3, l 253
9 Much Ado About Nothing, Act II, Sc 1, l 265
10 Tempest, Act II, Sc 2, l 188
11 Cymbeline, Act V, Sc 4, l 67
12 Hamlet, Act II, Sc 2, l 442
13 Julius Cæsar, Act II, Sc 1, l 128
14 Tempest, Act V, Sc 1, l 74

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"SALESMANSHIP," In This Issue

# THE FRA

NOT·FOR·MUMMIES

A·JOURNAL·OF AFFIRMATION

VOL. V. JULY, 1910 No. 4



PUBLISHED·MONTHLY·BY·ELBERT·HUBBARD
EAST·AURORA·ERIE·COUNTY·N.Y.
25·CENTS·A·COPY·2·DOLLARS·A·YEAR

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# INDESTRUCTO
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The man who invented Indestructo Trunks was a traveler. He gave his lifetime to the study of travel requirements—he knew the trunk business thoroughly—he studied construction—he saw the fault of the ordinary type of box trunks.

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He watched the trunks loaded and unloaded from cars—watched them drop off trucks piled high with baggage—watched them go jolting along platforms and through baggagerooms—and saw the error of the square-corner trunks jointed at the edges.

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# THE FRA

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. 5 JULY No. 4

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING IS WORTH THE PRICE—AND NO MORE

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign Postage: 75 Cents Extra

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, EAST AURORA, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER
ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT POST-OFFICE DEPT., CANADA


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# THE OPEN ROAD

## AFOOT WITH THE FRA

### The Book of Job

THE Book of Job, in point of literary merit, disputes first place in the Bible with Ecclesiastes. In some ways it is more valuable than Ecclesiastes, being written by an individual in whom the love of life still held firm place. ¶ His experience had not been as wide and he knew not the world as did the Preacher, but his wit and insight are saving virtues that only the strong possess ❧ Job is the oldest book of the Bible and also the oldest of all books that we of the Western world possess ❧ It is very probable that the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Assyrians and Ancient Greeks had a literature as complete in poetry and philosophy as our own. In fact, we have fragments of the works of various poets that have been passed down only by word of mouth, stored up in memory, and then quoted by later writers—Sappho, for instance. But how many more have been lost from off the face of earth we can only guess. ¶ And all this through just one impulse that has ever been strong in the heart of barbaric man: the desire of the conqueror to eradicate all trace of the conquered. The defeated must be made to forget the past. Records on rocks, on monoliths, in caves; and the somber story of buried cities turned to dust, alone give us a pieced-out history of our brothers who once lived. Man's chief efforts have ever been to destroy. His highest talent until yesterday has been in the line of obliteration ❧ The hero medals have been given to those who killed


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and destroyed, not to those who succored and saved.

### Moses, the Author

MOSES wrote the Book of Job on the plains of Arabia, in exile. He had plenty of time to think—no one to harass—no one to fear—no one to flatter—no one to please. He called up these puppets of his brain and asked them questions, and they talked like talkative witnesses who have no real evidence to give.

There is no purpose in the work, no wish to prove this, that or the other. And just here you get the secret of its power; there is in it no violence of direction. It belongs to the Ways that go to Nowhere and the Steps that lead to Nothing.

It is Suggestive Art, and its merit lies in the fact that it makes you think. Genesis and Exodus were written for a purpose. They are children's books—written down to the level of people who had the child-understanding. For the growth of the child mirrors the growth of the race. "How did the world begin—who was the first man—why do we have to work?" asked those foolish people fresh from slavery, all in a mouthful.

"I'll tell you," said Moses with a weary smile. And then he wrote the Book of Genesis.

### The Leading Character

THE Prologue to the Book of Job gives us a hint of the facts on which the drama is based.

Job is a rich grazer in a sparsely settled country; this country, however, is traversed by the caravan-trail that connects Egypt with Assyria and Greece, and so the life of our chieftain is touched with a little of the finery of the cities. Job has servants and books and costly robes and many fine trappings.

He is a judge and a prince, and in times past has been a warrior and with strong arm repelled the invader.

In New Mexico and Southern California you could find just such rich men yesterday: men who meted out life and death to whomsoe'er they listed. They lived in a sort of barbaric splendor, having everything of a material sort that is supposed to make life complete.

In the book are allusions to courts of judicature, written indictments, regular forms of procedure; and an interest is also shown in the arts and sciences. There are various references to astronomical observations, to the movements of the wind, the coming of rain, the drought, and the influence of sun and moon. We also read hints of great buildings and mining operations, of ruined sepulchers, showing that the world was then old; and throughout there are many references to the arts and industries of Egypt.

And so lived Job: rich in material things; happy in taking a lively interest in all that pertained to the advancement of the race. His wife seems to have been good-natured, well-upholstered, and his sons and daughters, grown to man's estate, were happy and prosperous. They give feasts, inviting one another; and pious old Job attends these feasts and blesses all present.

Now, why could not Fate have left this strong, benevolent and happy old man alone? Why badger him, and provoke him, and smite him? That's the question—why does Fate badger and perplex me? And so the prologue ends and a premonitory ting-a-ling-a-ling tells us that the curtain is about to roll up on the world's first play—a miracle-play.

### Jehovah and Satan

WITH Scene One the curtain reveals two characters. They come upon the stage, Jehovah from one side and Satan from the other.

Satan is just the same Mephisto that we see in Faust: a man no longer young and yet not old; fine, strong features, a glint in his bright eye, and a half-smile showing his white teeth and jaunty good nature. He is powerful, surely, nearly as powerful as God. He is a joker. God is first to break the silence: "Whence comest thou?"

Satan looks up, affects surprise, smiles and replies, "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it!"

We do not have God's reply to this saucy evasion; but He seems to assume that Satan's walking up and down in the land was simply to make mischief; and to show Satan that there is still one good man loyal to Himself, He proudly says, "Hast thou considered My servant Job? There is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, fearing God, and avoiding evil."

Satan gives a toss of his head that shakes the single, red feather in his cap, and musing, slowly asks this very pointed question: "Doth Job fear God for naught?"

In other words, "Is he sincere?"

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We hear the question asked every day about people. Why is he good? Oh; he's good so he can secure this, that and the other—he's on the lookout for Number One.

God did n't like the suggestive answer of the man in the red cloak, and sharply challenges him to undo Job if he can: "Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only against himself stretch not forth thy hand."

Satan slyly winks one eye at the audience and walks slowly off the stage, as the curtain falls.

### A Scene of Horrors

IN Scene Two there is a feast at the house of Job's eldest son. It is a gay party of strong men and handsome women: the wine goes 'round, and song and laughter fill the tent. Job, beloved by all, sits somewhat apart in the seat of honor.

In the midst of the revelry a messenger enters in hot haste. For an instant he can not speak. Silence falls upon the company. The messenger manages to gasp: "The oxen were plowing, and the she-asses were feeding beside them; and the Sabeans fell upon them, and took them away; and the young men they have smitten with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped to tell thee!"

Job stands erect, casts off his cloak and reaches for his spear. There is a look of fine defiance in his flushed face. He has met these Sabeans before in open fight and whipped them, and now they have sought revenge by this stealthy attack on his unarmed servants and herdsmen. ¶ The young men understand—there are quick preparations for pursuit, which are interrupted by another messenger, even more flurried than the first.

"Well?" says Job impatiently.

And the messenger finding his tongue exclaims: "The lightnings fell from heaven and burned up the sheep and the young men—and I only am escaped to tell thee!"

For an instant Job forgets his purpose to pursue the Sabeans. He stands irresolute, but it is only for a second. He motions the messenger to be gone and calls on his sons and servants to follow him.

But ere they can take three strides a third messenger dashes in, exclaiming: "The Chaldeans have rushed upon the camels and carried them away; and the young men they have smitten with the edge of the sword—and I only am escaped to tell thee!"

Job puts his hands to his head in a bewildered way, but ere he can shape his course, a fourth messenger arrives and cries: "Thy sons and daughters were eating and drinking; and behold a vehement wind came across the desert and smote the four corners of the house and it fell upon the young people and they are dead—and I only am escaped to tell thee!"

The Sabeans are forgotten—the marauding Chaldeans are as naught—the lesser troubles are all swallowed up in the greater. Job thinks only of his sons and daughters that are lying dead, their young lives crushed out by the falling house ✍ He rends his clothing, and falling to his knees says in a voice that struggles hard to be calm: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away! Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

The company stand about horror-stricken. Several of the women embrace each other in frenzied grief; the men are dumb with doubt and fear; Job is still on his knees, his eyes raised to heaven, and as the curtain rolls slowly down, back in the shadow from between the folds of the tent we detect a leering face, above it a single, tall feather, and catch the glimmer of a red cloak.

### The Challenge

THE stage in Scene Three has the same setting as Scene One. As the curtain rolls up God enters from one side and Satan saunters in from the other. God speaks first: "Whence comest thou?" ¶ Satan affects surprise, and answers: "From going to and fro in the land and walking up and down in it!"

God has a mingled fear and contempt for this character to whom He is talking, and ill conceals it when He asks abruptly: "Hast thou considered My servant Job? For there is none like him on the earth, a perfect and upright man, fearing God and avoiding evil; and still holdeth he fast his integrity, although thou didst move Me against him to destroy him without cause." Satan gives a shrug and replies: "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life!"

As much as to say, "Why, so long as a man has life and health, what difference is it! Can't a strong man like Job retrieve his fortune? And as for his children—bless me! he can raise more. Leave a man strength and health and of course he stands firm. But stretch forth Thy hand now, and touch his bone and flesh, he will then indeed renounce Thee to Thy face!"

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And the Lord replies with the significant challenge: "He is in thy power—only spare his life!"

### In the Depths

IN Scene Four the stage-setting is very dismal. Darkness seems to obscure the equatorial sun; the heat is stifling; through the dim light we perceive Job sitting on a pile of dirt and ashes in the rear of his house—a muck-pile where all the refuse was heaped. What a complete reversal of the glowing light and splendor in which we saw him at the feast! ¶ He wears no purple robe now, no vestments of shotted silver and 'broidered gold, no jewel-hilted dagger in his belt, on his brow no fillet of honor.

As our eyes become accustomed to the smoky light we perceive that the man is nearly naked and his body is covered with horrible sores. He has purposely gone out of the house to prevent pollution of the place—his presence is intolerable to others. To stay the frightful itching of the ulcers on his body he scrapes himself, as he crouches there, with a potsherd.

### "Curse God and Die"

WE turn our heads in pity, unable longer to endure the sickening sight—but hearing a woman's voice we again look. Yes, there is a woman—stout, matronly and practical. She stands at a distance, in the door of the tent, and calls to the stricken man. This is what she says: "Dost thou still retain thy integrity? Curse God and die!"

And Job answers back with a touch of petulance that is pardonable: "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speak. What! Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and not receive evil?"

The woman bites her lip, for the dignity and the manliness of this old derelict of Fate have not yet departed. She wishes it were otherwise—why can he not die? As it is, he is a curse to himself and to others, and yet—and yet. She stammers and tries to formulate a reply. But ere her words reach us three strangers appear—prosperous, intelligent merchants ✍ They have come from a distance by appointment to visit their old friend and comfort him in his affliction.

Before they can enter the house to inquire for the sick man they see this hideous apparition on the dung-heap. They stop aghast and look at each other in perplexity. The lazy summer breeze bears to them a sickening smell and they step back and stare and stare again. It is some moments before it comes to them that this putrid remains of a man is all there is left of their dear old neighbor, Job.

They cry aloud in anguish—they thought he was merely ill and that they could sit by his bedside, holding his hand, and console him. They dare not approach; and rending their garments they fall to the ground and weep. Their grief is very great. Woman's tears can move men: but the grief of woman is as naught to the grief that causes strong men to shake with emotion. The calamity that has come to Job is too great for words—imagination can not conjure forth a condition more awful. It is worse than death, far worse ✍ The three visitors, Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar, sit on the ground in dumb silence. Job has watched their movements, and now begins to speak in a half-soliloquizing chant.

### Job's Confession

HE curses the day he was born, not in wrath but in sorrow. And the stateliness of his words and the orderly procession of his thoughts inspire admiration. He compares life with death—the tumult of existence with the Nirvana of rest. Surely life of itself is not desirable! Within the grave there is peace: "There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master."

And then Job makes the bitter confession—the one thing that prosperous men generally conceal—that even in his best days he was far from being at peace: "I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came ✍ The thing I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me."

Do we bring upon ourselves the things we fear? Job's body is sore beset with pain, but his head is all right. He is wiser now than when he was every whit whole. Sickness sometimes is the calling a halt that gives a man time to think ✍ ✍

### The Punishment Fits the Crime

AFTER a long pause the silence is broken by Eliphaz. Eliphaz is fat, has a good digestion and is delightfully complacent. He is a gentleman and begins his speech with a cough and an apology, following with praise of Job's various achievements.

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Gifted rhetoricians who intend to smite hard always make this gentle show of giving due credit. A pretense of considering all the mitigating circumstances is very fine, and a man who thus plays his part and plays it well must command our respect. Eliphaz dances an elocutionary minuet and finally reaches the real issue by asking: "Remember, I pray, whoever perished being innocent?"

Of course he does not expect an answer; he has asked the question in order to answer it, and he does. His language is beautiful; grace dwells on his lips and his words drop honey. But all the argument he has to present is that the punishment always fits the crime; and that as Job is now being very sorely punished, surely his sin must have been very great. He reasons a priori and hints at woful misdemeanors and crimes unnamable, and cautions Job to repent and accept with contrite spirit the chastisement he has brought upon himself. ¶ This is a fascinating doctrine for comfortable men—they clutch it in glee. And it contains a goodly glimmer of truth. The fallacy lies in the fact that a man does not necessarily reap as he has sown. We reap as other men have sown—our parents and grandparents and great-grandparents

Our bare and bleeding feet tread the thistles planted by those long dead. ¶ We are heirs to the past—both its good and its ill.

### Job's Reply to Eliphaz

JOB knew this and flings it back at Eliphaz, declaring that he himself has never sinned to merit this awful misery. He calls attention to the fact that Eliphaz has a theory and forces everything to jibe with it. The assumption that Job has committed great crimes is shown only by the fact that he now suffers. ¶ And Job says, "On the helpless ye would fall, and by your logic dig a pit for your friend." ¶ He discourses further on the brevity of life, the weakness of man, the mystery of existence, and ends with a prayer for pardon and peace: "For soon shall I sleep in the dust; in the morning thou shalt seek me, and I shall be no more."

The words bear a striking likeness to those of Omar Khayyam: "Open thou the door; you know how little time we have to stay."

### Bildad's Platitudes

THEN Bildad makes a few remarks, although he has no message. But he feels that some one should occupy the time. He is another Polonius, and voices in a pompous way the things he has memorized. Bildad is no gentleman. He breaks forth on Job thus: "How long wilt thou utter such things! The words of thy mouth be a great tempest. If thou wert pure and upright, even now God would arouse Himself for thee."

Surely Bildad is a type. He rubs salt into the wounds of his friend, and says, "I told you so." Of course he never did—he has hindsight and bad memory and always fetches up the irrelevant and the disjointed. He is one of the men who cough and say loudly in company, "Next to the Bible, Shakespeare is the greatest book ever written"—having read neither. Nobody disputes a man like that, excepting possibly Polonius himself.

### Job's Petition

JOB makes no reply to Bildad, but begins again to chant of the greatness of God and the marvels of the Universe. It sounds like the sweet singing of a half-delirium—the senses stirred to a poetic sublimity by fever and pain At a hospital not long ago I saw a woman being given an anesthetic and she sang snatches of a lullaby to a babe that had long been dead. So sings Job. He sings as Ophelia sang, but in his words there is both pathos and reason. He says to God: "Do not condemn me; show me wherefore Thou contendest with me. Is it a pleasure for Thee to oppress?"

### The Malice of Zophar

AND finally Zophar feels that he should say something—otherwise, he might as well have stayed at home.

And Zophar is no gentleman, either. He is coarse, bigoted and brutal in his piety. He has gotten things down fine, and is perfectly satisfied with his theology. That Job does not think as he does causes him to blurt out: "Shall not this multiplying of words be answered? or shall a vain babbler be justified? Shall thy vaunting make men silent?"

Zophar must have his say. He has no pity, no sympathy; he is cruel as the North wind, yet very religious. No new thought has come to him for forty years; he has no doubts. He accuses Job of being a "false man," of being hollow-hearted, and declares him "the colt of a wild ass."

### Job's Rejoinder

BILDAD was only an innocent babbler, but this man is malicious, and Job losing his temper replies with this choice bit

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of wit: "No doubt but ye are the people and wisdom will die with you."

And then Job continues to speak in his fever and delirium. And what splendid, suggestive words they are! They show the heart of a philosopher and a poet; a man who has done his best and yet been defeated; but in his defeat he is not cast down—there is defeat and defeat. He accepts his fate and bows before the will of God. He does not know how or where or when, but out of all the mist he believes will yet come light and healing.

Eliphaz now speaks again, and because Job will not confess his guilt, grows angry and shouts: "Should a wise man answer with arguments of wind?"

He accuses Job of irreverence and profanity. And so we scratch Eliphaz and find that down underneath he is the same type as Bildad and Zophar, the only difference being that on the surface he shows a little polish: he has been to college. But no wonder that Job exclaims: "I have heard many such things as these—miserable comforters are ye all!"

Had Job been in health instead of being sore stricken with bodily ills, his language would have paralleled that of Ernest Renan, who says, "For my part, I imagine that if the Eternal, in His severity, should send me to Hell, I would succeed in escaping from it; for I would send up to my Creator a supplication that would make Him smile. The course of reasoning by which I could prove to Him His own fault that I was damned would be so subtle He would have difficulty in replying to it."

### Sickroom Consolation

I OFTEN go with my good neighbor, the Doctor, to see his patients. He takes me along for consultation. A few months ago we visited a man sick unto death with a sore combination of ills. The report having been given out that the man could not survive, kinsmen came for many miles to offer their services in this time of need. Some of them admonished the man, and praying with him told him to repent and prepare for death. We found a kitchenful of these sympathetic neighbors, all conversing in whispers and tiptoeing through the house in squeaky shoes. Recent orders had been given by the Doctor that no one should talk to the patient, but occasionally some one, more bold than the rest, would come, and, standing in the doorway of the chamber, gaze long with solemn lackluster eye on the face of the stricken man. And meantime coming from the kitchen was the continued buzz of conversation, discussing the chances of recovery and the man's fitness for the great change. As I sat down by the bedside the patient made a feeble motion as if trying to speak. I put my head down close to catch the last message. In a weak, hesitating whisper he asked: "Who—who are all those damn fools in the kitchen?" The man got well.

¶ I only throw in this incident here because it seems to give a glimpse of a condition that is four thousand years old. It is a combination of events that is classic.

And still the three visitors overwhelmed Job with words. They insist and insist again that calamity comes not without a cause. They themselves are healthy, happy and prosperous: they have kept the law. Job has n't. All his protests of innocence go for nothing—they will not have it so. They are like bulldogs that have not sense enough to let go; they have started in with a certain theory, and they will cling to it and kill Job if they can not convert him.

### George Eliot's Doctor Cumming

IN George Eliot's essay on Doctor Cumming, the author tells of how this celebrated evangelist was once visited by a man who sought the Great Peace. Doctor Cumming prayed with him, the congregation prayed for him; the man went forward to the mourners' bench every night for a month. When the invitation to go forward was given he always went, and when sinners were asked to stand he always stood. Still the promised peace never came. At last Doctor Cumming took the man by the elbow and looking him squarely in the face said, "Sir, you are now, and have been, indulging in some awful secret sin—until you confess all, God will never pardon you!"

The man was shocked; he protested and swore his innocence. Doctor Cumming stood firm and stoutly maintained that such unrest was the sure sign of guilt—it was the punishment of God.

And the man still protesting was thrust down and out. He was never converted, and the Great Peace was not his portion.

But the three visitors speak with a better speech than did Doctor Cumming. They speak with the words that the author of the drama put into their mouths. And like the shepherds and soldiers and servants in Shakespeare's

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plays, there is in their talk both wit and wisdom—the spirit of the author acts through them. The author of Job has wit to spare, and it leaks through. So in the conversation of all there is a similarity.

The entire drama is but a framework on which to hang these questions, dreams, imaginings and reveries.

### Elihu's Zeal

AND to give still another view, a new character is introduced—a youth by the name of Elihu. This young man has come in late and only heard the latter portion of Job's last speech. Job has been stung into self-vindication—a thing no man should ever attempt. If men do not comprehend the trend of your life by your actions they will never know it better by your making a personal explanation. Your life may be right, but your reasons never.

Life, like love, is its own excuse for being. ¶ Now Job has talked too much, and as a consequence has gotten himself wofully misunderstood. He has just said: "I was eyes to the blind and feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor. The stranger did not lodge in the street; my door I opened to the traveler. Behold my vindication! May the Almighty answer me!" Now this, to Elihu who did not know what had gone before, was rank heresy. It sounded like self-exaltation; and the calling upon God to say otherwise if He dared was blasphemy

Young men, ardent and full of zeal, are always coming to the rescue of God. They defend Him heroically. Does any one speak disrespectfully of the Almighty, they rush in as champions protecting His good name and vindicate Him if possible by humiliating the offender. When Jesus forgot Himself so far as to drive the money-changers from the temple by force, He made the mistake of impeaching His own philosophy

The money-changers were all back in the afternoon—doing business at the same old stand. Elihu's spirit boiled to think that any one should question God; with hot words he rebukes Job and whitewashes the actions of the Almighty in orotund, varied with falsetto. ¶ Yet the fact that the entire speech is based upon a misconception does not lessen its excellence. Elihu screams: "Thinkest thou this to be right when thou saidst: 'My righteousness is more than God's?'"

Job had not said any such thing, but that makes no difference to Elihu—he's an orator. He continues: "Wait a little while and I will show thee that I have yet arguments on behalf of God! I will bring my knowledge from afar to defend the righteousness of my Maker." There now!

And thus young converts are afraid that God shall become ridiculous. They can not comprehend the difference between criticizing another man's conception of God, and God Himself. All blasphemy laws are based upon this misconception.

### The Denouement

SO Elihu talks platitude and truism, and lugs in the irrelevant until there is nothing more to say. He tires them all out. No one answers him—they can't. He has shifted the ground and brought up so many points that the listeners are dazed. They are perfectly willing to agree with him on any point, and like Doctor Johnson, who would rather praise the new author's book than read it, the auditors are willing to agree rather than to sift the argument.

And thus Elihu ceases and sits down in triumph, having talked the Wise Men to a standstill. But all the time God has been listening. Evidently He feels well able to take care of Himself and has no admiration for Elihu as He now suddenly asks: "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by speeches without knowledge?"

Then God asks five hundred questions, but does not answer one. And when He has asserted His omnipotence and subdued all, quite after the manner of Elihu, only a little better, He asks Job if he has anything more to say. Job answers: "I will lay my hand upon my mouth, but I will speak no more—a second time I will not do it."

Every man who has been pulled into an argument thinks less of himself afterward. He has convinced no one. All have listened only to frame a rebuttal The thing ends where it began.

Then God again speaks and tells of what He has done and boasts of what He will do and challenges all present to do as much if they can. Job apologizes and meekly says: "I know that Thou canst do everything. Wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." ¶ Elihu has an engagement and wisely disappears; Job's wife discreetly keeps out of

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the way, and Satan is not in sight. The three visitors are there, but on seeing how the thing turns out they are too weak to apologize for their much talking, as Job did. God turns to them and exclaims: "My wrath is kindled against thee."

And then He passes sentence upon them, just as the villain is always handcuffed and led away at the end of the Fifth Act: "Therefore, take for yourselves seven bullocks and seven rams and go to My servant Job and offer for yourselves a burnt offering; and My servant Job must pray for you."

Then there is heard a ting-a-ling-a-ling; and as the curtain rolls slowly down we see the three Wise Men sneak off to hunt for bullocks and rams. And our satisfaction over their discomfiture is increased when we reflect that probably they will have to buy the live-stock from Job.

### Epilogue

WE think the play is ended and prepare to go, when sounds of music fall on our ears. The curtain rolls up on a beautiful tableau ❧ The stage setting is even more splendid now than when the former feast was held. Job is sitting in the seat of honor, in perfect health. There is music and dancing, and about Job cluster his brothers and sisters and former acquaintances ❧ The wine goes round, and light and song fill the happy air. We see Job giving to each guest the small coin, Kesitah, that is to bring the fortunate possessor good luck.

So ends the play.

But there is a footnote to the libretto to the effect that the Lord blessed the latter days of Job exceedingly, doubling all his former possessions. There were also given him seven sons and three daughters, and as if the author anticipated some one doubting the truth of his statements, he gives the names of the three daughters. And in all the land no women were so beautiful as the daughters of Job. Then Job died, old and full of days.

❧

Strong men infuse into their work a deal of their own spirit, and their words are charged with a suggestion and meaning beyond the mere sound. There is a reverberation that thrills one. All art that lives is thus vitalized with a spiritual essence; an essence that ever escapes the analyst, but which is felt and known by all who have hearts that throb and souls that feel.

## A Notable Achievement



IN November, Nineteen Hundred Eight, I gave a lecture at the Oliver Opera-House, South Bend, which is in the State of Indiana. ¶ Very naturally, I stopped at the Oliver Hotel. Now, no one can visit the Oliver Hotel without thinking better of himself and the whole human race. The only objection to the place is that it exhausts one's stock of adjectives in attempting to describe it.

In this frame of mind, sitting there in the lobby of the Oliver, bathed in the soft, cathedral lights, a young fellow seated near looked at me, tipped his derby over one eye, and said, "Great—eh?"

I nodded assent.

He continued, "Plow men—that's the bust of the old man, over there. That loving cup in the case is eighteen-karat gold—cost about seven thousand dollars. Given by the people of the town. Gr-r-r-reat!"

Now, I had held the handles, for many a long week, of an "Oliver Forty" in my boyhood, and this was before the "Chalmers-Detroit Forty" was imagined.

It all kind of came back to me as I gazed on the heroic face pictured in bronze. The indrawn chin, the tousled hair, the bold features of a man who feared no man, and of whom no man was afraid!

That afternoon I walked out to the Oliver Plow-Works, pushed in the big gate and wandered over the hundred acres of manufacturing plant at my own sweet will.

And about the time I expected to be fired as an intruder, I bumped into Gail Davis, royal, loyal Roycroft Rooter, daffy as an owl on all things Philistinic, gulping Roycroft philosophy without fletcherizing. I had forgotten he was an Oliver man. But here he was, the trusted confidential man of this great institution. He introduced me to James Oliver, the grandson of the picturesque and heroic Chief.

I rather liked the youth on sight. He was simple, modest, direct, athletic, and not too deuced clever, you know ❧ He was quite unaware of his proud pedigree or of the fact that he was the heir to millions. Evidently

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he was mindful that wealth is a responsibility, and I saw he was getting under the burden. His face was smudged with foundry dirt, and his hands were the hands of Esau. He seemed to have in him a trace of Hamiltonian Ten, and a look of the Oliver Forty. And I said to myself, "Give him time and work enough, and a dash of trouble, and he will acquire that martial Highland look of his grandfather, the look of the Scotchman, with whom you will have to agree, or kill."

### The Passing of the Chief

THE grand old man who loved the snow and ice, the wind and rain, feeling in the elements something close kin to himself, had passed out but a few months before, and the whole place was sort of subdued with the sense of loss.

Gail Davis gave me a photograph of the Chief, and an envelope of clippings concerning his passing

The man who had invented and perfected the Oliver Forty of my boyhood was dead. It came to me with a sense of personal loss.

To live a big, busy life, and pack the swift-passing days with the plain, homely, manly virtues, for which modernity has found no substitute—the virtues of industry, truth, economy and an ambition to benefit every farmer who walks in a fresh furrow—to succeed, and then to sleep—well, dammit, Terese, I say, I'm no moping mollycoddle, but superior men are not so plentiful that Clio can afford to give their memories the hook.

### The Circumstance

AND so I gave my spiel, and went the route of the barnstormer who works the one-night stands with the fond anticipation of a whole week at home, just ahead.

¶ The first week in December was my Pippa Passes holiday I started in by helping the boys cut down some trees that were blocking the path of progress. I succeeded so well that one tree in falling got caught in another. This is the way trees get even with men. I cut down the second tree, to liberate the first, and both trees went after me.

When two trees combine, no one can say what they will do. They smashed me to the ground with their branches, and one grabbed my right foot. Had I been alone, that tree would have held me for ninety-nine years. As it was the boys cut me loose, Mr. Johnsing.

¶ I was n't really injured, but my feet were not mates, and I knew that I could n't wear a shoe or put my foot to the ground for a month and a day.

### The Outcome

IT is a fine thing to get laid up. You do not realize how sweet it is to be waited on, and have loving hands and feet run and fetch and carry for you, until then. "To be blind and to be loved, what happier fate," says Victor Hugo.

I was happy, happy to think it was only my foot and not my sky-piece, and also I was feeling enough pain to key me up and keep my mental molecules in motion.

And as gentle, loving hands—beautiful, helping hands—bandaged my sick and broken foot, I reached over to the table and took up the envelope of clippings that Gail Davis had given me about my dear, dead friend.

Straightway, I wrote the "Little Journey to the Home of James Oliver." The next day I finished it.

It was born of love and pain. And I think yet that it is one of the best things I ever penned.

¶ The Oliver folks, down at South Bend, liked it, too. They showed their appreciation in a very tangible way, Terese, the only kind of compliment that really counts. In fact, they sent out Quite—Some—Few of that 'ere "Oliver Little Journey."

### Some Results

ALMOST every really good thing a fellow fishes out of the literary ink-pot is regarded by a few people as rot, rubbish, hogwash and drivel, and they write and tell you so.

This gives Probono Publico and Old Subscriber a chance.

But that Oliver booklet is an exception—it has brought The Roycrofters a whole little army of loyal, loving friends—an army of men who have held the handles of an "Oliver" and of women whose hands have been held by the hands that held the handles of an "Oliver." Blessed be brotherhood!

Especially did it please the Scotch—that red-headed, thistle-topped clannish bunch, with a hoot-mon bias They bought it by the hundred. Andy Himself bought a thousand in de luxe covers and sent them to the land of fen and heather, of oatmeal and haggis, just to show how the Scotch are getting along in America

I understand from reports put out from Ellis

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Island that more Scotch are arriving on these friendly shores than ever before. Charlie Post says, "There's a reason," and Charlie is a man who decides quickly and is sometimes right

### The Ideal, Universal Citizen

BUT of all the hundreds of letters I have received about that "Oliver Little Journey," the one from Robert Collyer I prize most. ¶ It is a long letter, written by the Prophet's own hand, the big, honest hand that used to swing a blacksmith's sledge. And Robert Collyer has been making the sparks fly for over eighty years

Now in this "Oliver Little Journey" I tell of the striking resemblance between Robert Collyer and James Oliver, and of how when traveling, Oliver was often congratulated on his sermons by kindly old ladies who insisted that they had heard him preach.

In his letter to me Dr. Collyer says:

"When I look on the noble face of James Oliver and think of his long and useful life as you have so truthfully pictured both, I am complimented and also abashed to remember that we were sometimes taken for each other. However, as I admit I am abashed, I will now muzzle my modesty and tell you a story on your solemn promise never to repeat it. It is this: On request of a good woman who used to hear me preach in Edinburgh, I presented her my photograph.

"This picture she thought enough of to have framed and hung on the wall of her library. ¶ "One day, Constable, the great publisher, came along. Constable looked at the picture, and finally said, 'Mrs. MacDonald, I want to borrow this picture for a few days.'

"'Why, ah—er, Mr. Constable, really what do you want to do with it?'

"'I want to send it to Jove, just to show him what kind of men we can produce here on Earth!'

"You see this story puts me in a most ridiculous light, and I would not have told it to you, save for the fact that I was just now looking on the picture of James Oliver, and you, with your eyes of love—which are always out of focus—say that we looked alike."

It is curious how far a little candle will throw its beams Clear from the other side of the world comes a letter from Sir Robert Stout, Chief Justice of New Zealand, to say that, to him, James Oliver is not only the typical Scotchman, but the ideal, universal citizen, who reforms the world by minding his own business, and does it superbly well.

### One on Me!

IT is over a year since we printed the first "Oliver Little Journey." I have just been back to South Bend. Again I enjoyed the quiet luxury of the Oliver Hotel. Again I roamed through the great Plow-Works. Never were they so busy, working in double shifts, with orders way ahead, and telegrams coming, "When may I expect those plows?" A new building to cost half a million dollars is in course of construction.

I rubbed my hands in glee. I congratulated everybody.

Battle Creek with its breakfast tumbo timber is surely correct, "There's a reason!"

"What do you think is the reason?" asked Nip, the Watchdog of the Oliver Treasury, with a Number-Forty grin.

"Nip," said I, in a voice filled with gentle rebuke, "Nip, you know why this business has nearly doubled in a year Everybody knows—the case is n't open to argument However, we will let Gail Davis tell. Speak up, Gail!"

And Gail spoke up, thuswise: "You can search me. All I know is that while the whole country shows an increase in orders, yet the greatest increase has come from South America, where we did n't send a single 'Little Journey!'"

And far across the moor, borne on the night winds, a cuckoo called plaintively to its mate.

Your neighbor is the man who needs you.

## At Police-Court



ONE winter's day in New York, I attended a police-court, on a side street, just off Broadway. I was waiting to see Fra Rosenfeld, in the Equitable Life Building, but as his office did n't open up until nine o'clock, I put in my time at the Police-Court.

There was the usual assortment of drunks, petty thieves—male and female, black, white and coffee-colored—and vagabonds, and a man in a full-dress suit, and a wide expanse of dull-ecru shirt-bosom. The place was stuffy, foul-smelling, and reeked

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with a combination of tobacco, beer, patchouli, tears, curses, fear and promises unkept.

The judge turned things off easily, but without haste. He showed more patience and consideration than one usually sees on the bench. His judgments seemed to be gentle and just. ¶ The courtroom was clearing, and I started to go. ¶ As I was passing down the icy steps, a piping child's voice called to me, "Mister, please give me a lift!"

There at the foot of the steps, standing in the snow, was a slender slip of a girl, yellow and earnest, say, ten years old, with a shawl pinned over her head. She held in her hand a rope, and this rope was tied to a little hand-sled. On this sled sat a boy, shivering, dumpy and depressed, his bare, red hands clutching the seat.

"Mister, I say, please give me a lift!"

It was a funny sight.

This girl seemed absolutely unconscious of herself. She was not at all abashed, and very much in earnest.

Evidently she had watched the people coming out, and had waited until one appeared that she thought safe to call on for help. ¶ She was so intensely businesslike that I laughed.

"Of course I'll give you a lift—what is it you want me to do?"

"I've got to go inside and see the judge. It's about my brudder, here. He is six goin' on seven, and they sent him home from school, 'cause they said he was n't old enough. I'm going to have that teacher 'rested. I've got the Bible here that says he's six years old. If you'll carry the book, I'll bring Billy and the sled!"

"Where is the Bible?" I asked.

"Billy, he is settin' on it."

It was a big, black, greasy Family Bible, evidently a relic of better days. It had probably been hidden away under the bed for safety. ¶ The girl grappled the sled with one hand, and Billy's little red fist with the other.

I followed, carrying the Family Bible.

### Winning Out

EVIDENTLY, this girl had been here before. She walked around the end of the judicial bar, and laid down the sled. Then she took the Bible out of my hands. It was about all she could do to lift it.

In a shrill, piping voice, full of business, and very much in earnest, she addressed the Judge: "I say, Mister Judge, they sent my Brudder Billy away from school, they did. He's six, goin' on seven, and I want that teacher 'rested and brought here so you can tell her to let Billy go to school. Here is our Family Bible—you can see for yourself how old Billy is!"

The judge adjusted his glasses, stared, and exclaimed, "God bless my soul!"

Then he called a big, bluecoated officer over and said, "Mike, you go with this little girl and her brother, and tell that teacher, if possible, to allow the boy to go to school—that I say he is old enough. If you do not succeed, come back and tell me why."

The officer smiled, and saluted.

The big policeman took the little boy in his arms. The girl carried the sled, and I followed with the Family Bible.

The officer looked at me. "Newspaperman, I 'spose?"

"Yes," I said.

"What paper?"

"The 'American.'"

"It's the best ever."

"I think so, with a few exceptions!"

"She's the queerest lot yet, is this kid," and the big bluecoat jerked his thumb toward the girl. I suggested that we go to the restaurant across the way and get a bite of something to eat.

"I'm not hungry," said the officer; "but the youngsters look as if they had n't et since day before yesterday."

We lined up at the counter. The officer drank two cups of coffee, and ate a ham-sandwich, two hard-boiled eggs, a plate of cakes and a piece of pie.

The girl and her brother each had a plate of cakes, a piece of pie and a glass of milk.

"What's yours?" asked the waiter.

"Same," said I.

Not caring for the cakes, the officer cleaned up the plate for me.

I did n't have time to go to the school, but the officer assured me that he would "fix it," and he winked knowingly, as if he had looked after such things before. He was kind, but determined, and I had confidence he would see that the little boy was duly admitted.

I started up the street alone. They went the other way. The officer carried the little boy, and the baby arms encircled his neck in perfect faith. The girl with the shawl over her head followed, pulling the hand-sled, and on the sled rested the big, black, greasy Family Bible.

MAN IS THE INSTRUMENT OF DEITY

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# OUR COVER PAGE

## HUGH CHALMERS

BY ALICE HUBBARD



HUGH CHALMERS says that the hardest thing to do is to organize yourself, to make yourself do systematically what you are trying to get others to do." So said an energetic, promising young man to me one day.

"Who said this?" I questioned.

¶ "Hugh Chalmers. Do you know him? He is worth while, I tell you. Heard him last night at the Ad Club ✍ He gave the greatest talk on business I ever heard ✍ Wish you might have heard it!"

It had been my pleasure to meet Mr. Chalmers just once ✍ He was working then for the National Cash Register Company. I remember that he moved about very quietly, and his voice was low and musical, vibrant with strength.

¶ We were deeply impressed with the boyish-looking young man who was actually carrying seventy-two thousand dollars' worth of responsibility ✍ I mean by this that it was worth seventy-two thousand dollars to the Company for Hugh Chalmers to carry the burden that he had square and fair on his shoulders as we saw him that day in June, several years ago.

¶ I have never seen more complete service than Mr. Chalmers rendered. All the power in the man was devoted, consecrated, to serve the Company. I did not wonder that the Company felt that no money it could pay was too much for the head, hand and heart work this gentle man gave to them.

Yet seventy-two thousand dollars is a great sum—the largest salary paid to any employee I had known. It was a great target, too, for emulation—and for envy. Many a person in the Company tried to serve as did Mr. Chalmers, and gave his best. Some envied the salary, but never any one envied the burden.

It was a great school to be educated in—serving a great and powerful business corporation ✍ ✍

However, Mr. Chalmers was not at his best until he went into business for himself. Before that time he was working out another's ideas. Now he was creating his own plans and carrying them through for himself to success—and sometimes failure. That last, vital touch to responsibility which awakens your best powers is never vouchsafed to any but owners who stand or fall with the business.

There are degrees of warmth felt by employees—from indifference to tepid, from tepid to normal—but the temperature from one hundred and two on to consuming fever belongs exclusively to employers ✍ It is the blessed privilege of any employee to retreat, pull out, when the temperature is uncomfortable. Therefore, the best in him is rarely developed.

The owner of a business must stay with it though the heavens fall. And his compensation is that the gods of life breathe into him their breath, and he, through this heroic experience, sometimes becomes a living soul.

### An Exceptional Youth

IT has been the policy of all historians to enshroud their heroes in mystery. For this purpose was the great Olympus made, and all other mountain-tops swathed in mist. The clouds, the heavens and the waters beneath helped to make hiding-places for the nativity and retreat of the great of all time.

Great men need protection, so we wrap them in a cloak of miracle and remove them from vulgar eyes by putting them out of reach. Moses went up into a mountain alone, and there God talked with him as man to man. Moses then returned and said, "And God spake unto Moses, saying." Otherwise, the Children of Israel would have said, "I guess we know all about Moses! We know his father and mother and his brothers."

We want our heroes to be different—after the order of Melchizedec.

When I saw Hugh Chalmers carrying his huge load of care, his boyish face, his lithe, alert form, I had a touch of the historian's desire to create gods and half-gods, a mountain, a few clouds, and have the man descend into

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Dayton, Ohio, some morning unannounced and unattended. But this was not consistent with the stubborn fact that he had been at work in the National Cash Register Company since he was fourteen. All right! But those first fourteen years! Here was a chance.

It must have been this way: An old man limped out into his garden one morning. There under a cabbage-leaf all sparkling with dew, he found this small Hercules crying lustily. The old man picked up the baby and carried it into the old house to his wife. Then they put him into the cradle of their little boy that had died. At six months of age Hercules sat up in his cradle and strangled all their serpents of pain and sorrow and lost hopes. At one year, he had re-established them in business and they were hustling from morning until night, watching him walk, get his teeth, and teaching him to talk. Prosperity was theirs, for he laughed and shouted and pulled up the cabbages so there were no rivals, and all went merry ✍ ✍

But I can not affirm that any of these statements are facts. I only hope they are, so that old folks who are not otherwise engaged may still have hope in life.

However, here are a few facts thrust upon us: Hugh Chalmers was born in Dayton, Ohio, October Third, Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three. He began work as an errand-boy in the N. C. R. Co. in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-seven ✍ ✍

I really do not know what the boy did between Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three and Eighteen Hundred Eighty-seven, but somebody did. He was doing something and doing much of it, and doing all the time ✍ He was not a good boy that stays put, except when he slept. If work was not given him to do, he found "mischief." You may be sure of this, for no boy starts a new life at fourteen.

They had a small dynamo in the N. C. R. Co. when they hired that errand-boy, and for twenty years the Company knew he was there—there to serve them.

Neither as boy nor as man did he work to serve himself. He worked for the N. C. R. Co. just as long as he was on their payroll, and for no one else. He never once said, "I am the biggest man around here. It is unfair to myself to be buried in a company. My name should be known. These are my schemes and my plans." No—Hugh Chalmers was N. C. R. Co., all the time. He found how to give a company undivided service. A person who can do that need never fear that he will be some "mute, inglorious Milton," buried in a company. A Milton will write his immortal epic though blind, unloved and alone.

The new errand-boy had initiative, curiosity, desire, and he was ALIVE. When people came in to buy, that errand-boy listened and found out about cash-registers, prices and terms. The boy was not hired to sell, but one noon when the salesmen were all out he sold a cash-register to a man who happened in, and had the money in his hands when the salesmen came back. He did n't tell his customer it was new work, nor did he apologize. He did the thing that was in the line of business.

How did this boy of fourteen spend his evenings and his time out of office-hours? Everybody spends his time. What he buys with his time makes him thus or thus. Buy with your time nothing out of working-hours, and that is just what you will have. And you will become nothing—just nothing—if you keep on buying nothing until you are twenty-five. Youth is the golden time of life for accumulating materials with which to work. A child who spends his God-given wealth of time as a prodigal son will be a mental, moral and physical pauper. He will live from hand to mouth all his days. Such paupers go to hospitals, asylums, sanitariums, reformatories and almshouses ✍ What wages you are getting at sixteen matters little. How you spend your evenings, what mental habits you are forming, is everything.

Hugh Chalmers studied. He knew there was much to learn. In this great business house, where ideas and principles of business were being worked out, he realized that he was not equipped as he must be to stay in the game. So he went to night school, studied in a business college, learned stenography, read, and kept good hours.

The boy's education was practical and right along the line of his needs. Right there he was wiser than he knew. We try to crowd children into studying subjects that they can not use. We feed them before they are hungry, and they never get an appetite ✍ Make the need first, then give the study. Hugh Chalmers did this and his night-work was used each day in the school of life.

Beautiful necessity was the boy's guide. He

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was too busy to follow whims—anybody's. Mythology aside, he was a child of fortune to this extent: he was directed by the Power that makes for righteousness in man. Fate chose for him environment, circumstances. He had the desire, the energy, and circumstances developed the ability.

### Salesman by Divine Right

IS salesmanship a science or an art? Perhaps it is both. If art is the beautiful way of doing things, then salesmanship is art. Science may give you the law, but the grace that charms you into buying and makes you feel that you have come into possession of a precious thing in which you have much joy, is the gift of the gods alone.

Hugh Chalmers was a salesman by divine right, and then he added the intelligence of wisdom to his natural gifts. Doors into the outer world great and small flew open at his touch. He knew the way to reach the people, and exchange what his Company made for that universal medium of exchange—money. He insisted, too, that the public whom he served should be served just as honestly as he served his Company.

Honesty is the foundation on which business is built; it is the walls and the roof of its structure. Mr. Chalmers would no sooner ask a customer to accept poor goods than he would accept bad money from a customer.

Naturally, this salesman was interested in the making of the goods he sold. The evolution from sales-manager to vice-president of the company and general manager was the only route possible for Hugh Chalmers. He could n't help it. These positions got right in his way, and he had to use them for a time.

At twenty-nine he was loaded with a mighty responsibility and he knew how to carry it.

The salary that went with it? That does n't matter much to a man with life more abundant, provided the salary is a fair one. It is the business, the exercise, that interests the man. It is the game of life that holds us and makes us value it. "What is the next move? What will tomorrow bring? Next year?"

So is it in the game of business. It is the progress, the movement, the exercise that charms. The essence of it all is life.

The principles on which business is built have been the civilizing power of the world. Until business came the world was barbarian.

Business has refined, chastened, civilized the world. Business, not mythology—no, nor poetry—has evolved us to where we are.

Business brought exchange of ideas. Traders went from one country to another to fetch and carry goods from where they were abundant to where they were needed. This made commerce. But the commercial traveler got something of far more value than silks and spices, gold and precious stones. The valuable part of his cargo was ideas. A traveler is ever expectant. He goes for something, else he would stay at home. What he sees that is new he brings back with joy, and the community is enriched.

And men found that honesty was not only the best policy, but it was the only economical way to do business.

Man's view of truth is so limited that his honest opinion of it is little more than a guess. When the second man must make a guess at the first man's guess, the truth grows dim in the twilight of uncertainty, and then both take time to consider what is in the other's mind.

A lie, subterfuge or deceit is wholly contrary to the intent of business. Business is built on confidence, and confidence is founded in truth. What breaks confidence? Untruth, every time. Business implies truth and fact, also facility in exchanging commodities, buying and selling.

It takes humanity a long time to learn that a plain, honest statement in business or in any transaction in life is the only way to success. A man who is always trying to drive a sharp bargain has little time to do work, and can get little of it done. Beside, the one who is cheated once seldom comes again.

Peace takes possession of you and a great joy comes into your life when you know that you are dealing with honest folks. To be ever on guard against a dishonest thrust steals away your calmness and uses up your nerve force—and for what? Not construction, but for defense only.

¶ Hugh Chalmers knows the value of honesty in business. He knows, too, that nothing but a square deal pays; that a person can not maintain his self-respect and be other than honest. A dishonest man is a fool.

Hugh Chalmers evolved into a Captain of Industry. He was this, and the industry he happens to be engaged in is the building and marketing of automobiles. Just two years ago the first Chalmers-Detroit car was sold. The plant was a big one then; it is now three times the size it then was.

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In volume of business the Chalmers-Detroit stands third in the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers. The business has had a phenomenal growth, even in these days when everybody has a car.

And there is one great cause for the growth of this business. People have faith in the man Chalmers. They know that a car which he sends out will be just exactly what he says it is. The Chalmers name goes on every car, and no amount of gain could tempt this man to allow an inferior part to go into any machine.

An automobile gives a sensation of pleasure second to none, but only when you know that your car is an honest car in every detail.

Here is a list of ten qualities which Mr. Chalmers says a successful salesman should have: Health, Honesty, Ability, Initiative, Knowledge of the business, Tact, Sincerity, Industry, Open-mindedness, Enthusiasm.

### The Secret of Success

MR. CHALMERS has spent just twenty-three years in business. His success is envied by many. Many would like to know the secret of his success—for there is supposed always to be a secret. In this case at least, the secret is so open that he who runs may read. ¶ Mr. Chalmers pays the price. He never tries to get success for less than it is worth. He never haggles about it.

Splendid good health is a part of the price. For life more abundant is what differentiates the genius from the ordinary person. Mr. Chalmers knows that a person must exercise much in the great out-of-doors if he would be a dynamo of energy ✍ Every morning at six o'clock, Mr. Chalmers takes a ride on horseback.

Some one asked him if he enjoyed riding at so early an hour with the thermometer 'most anywhere. The thought of enjoyment does not necessarily enter. What is the best way to treat this machine which is my body to make it serve best, is the question of importance. Mr. Chalmers has found that regular exercise on his horse and so much of it brings good results. So he rides. Certain plain foods, simple habits, wholesome thoughts he finds serve him, and this is his life.

Mr. Chalmers never takes the easiest way to save himself trouble or give himself ease. He does what he believes is right and best, no matter how hard it may be. When difficulties are brought to him he does not adjust them so as to harmonize things for the moment, but to dispose of them ultimately. His mind works rapidly, and his decisions are quick. He is a seer because his brain is trained and well disciplined. He knows there is a Judgment-Day, a Day of Reckoning, and he knows you must square your accounts every day—body, soul and business—or you will fall into the hands of a Receiver long ere Gabriel blows his trumpet ✍ Mr. Chalmers has the hospitable mind—he is ready to receive an idea from any one, peer, employee or stranger. He thinks well of himself, and naturally he respects others always, and has a high regard for their rights.

For example, Mr. Chalmers believes that employees have rights that are to be regarded by the employer. One is, the protection of the employee from temptation. Mr. Chalmers says it is crime for a man to so run a business that an employee can steal. Make your system so that he knows all the time he can not take anything—time, money or goods—that does not belong to him. Second, train, teach your employee ✍ Unless the people who work for you improve all the time, the employer has failed in his duty.

Another of the open secrets of Mr. Chalmers' success is his enthusiasm—a godlike quality. He can make a whole institution alive with his purpose, and love the thing he loves.

And another secret is initiative. How he loves a worker who goes ahead and does the right thing without being told! He can forgive sins of commission, but if there is anything he can not forget it is the sin of omission—the only ventures of the dead ones. ¶ Hugh Chalmers does the thing, and he does it quick.

The very heart of the secret of Hugh Chalmers' success and of all success is this: the discernment that sees and knows values and decides intelligently on their right relation.

"Which is most valuable?" Mr. Chalmers asks, then chooses the most valuable and concentrates on it. He leaves detail to others. He deals only with the big things.

I doubt somewhat whether those who paint pictures, write poetry and music, and play plays, would call Mr. Chalmers an artist, for often these people consider art and business worlds apart. But Hugh Chalmers has the artistic conscience, just as surely as they. He works to satisfy that god within which says whether one has done well or ill. He measures himself up, not with another, but to that Ideal which he keeps ever before him.

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# Time and Chance

## or Life's Toboggan and the Checkmate of Chance

BORN into life without our permission, and being sent out of it against our will, Time is our one brief possession.

A thousand years before Christ, Ecclesiastes wrote this:

> *I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill, but TIME and CHANCE happeneth to them all.*

ARE we masters of Time? In degree, yes. ¶ A very good time to speak is when you have an audience; about the best time to sell is when you have a buyer; and the time to secure Life-Insurance is when you can.

When the blood flows free and fast; and life is full of joy, and hope soars high, and walking hand in hand, we sing the lovers' litany, "Love like ours can never die," then is the time to insure against the evil days to come.

The savage can not project his imagination from the Summer to the Winter. When the sun shines and the South Wind blows, he can not believe that grim Winter will ever rage.

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# An Advertisement

**Written by Elbert Hubbard**

There is where the savage differs from the Enlightened Man. The Winter and the snow will come to us all, but we smile with a quiet satisfaction when we realize that we know the worst, and have prudently provided against it.

Time and Chance! We extend the one and disarm the other with the aid of Life-Insurance. Chance comes only to individuals, but in the Law of Average, there is no Chance. And the bigger your company the more is Chance put on Time's Toboggan.

Life-Insurance does not actually insure you against death, but it provides for the papooses without fail in case of your call. Also (and to me this is its chief value), it insures your peace of mind, and makes you more of a man—a better, healthier, happier, stronger, abler and more competent man. Thus is an extension placed upon Time, through the checkmate of Chance.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

"Strongest in the World"

**The Company which pays its death-claims on the day it receives them.**
**PAUL MORTON, President. 120 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY**

**AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there? Great opportunities today in Life-Insurance work for the EQUITABLE**


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# Salesmanship as a Fine Art

By Hugh Chalmers

Address Delivered Before Advertising Club and Business Men of Minneapolis.



EVERY one is an advertiser, whether he wants to be or not. Our manners, our clothes, our appearance, our speech, everything that we do or say advertises us. A man is a walking advertisement of himself.

Now, the same is true of your city, or any city, because a city advertises itself. Every stranger that comes to Minneapolis leaves this city with a certain well-defined impression, whether it be a good impression or a bad impression.

Now, since you have to advertise, why not do it right? Advertising is nothing but teaching people to believe in you and in your goods. Your city is nothing but a collection of individuals, and your town will impress itself as your advertising impresses. I am a great believer in advertising cities as well as businesses. Chicago has a "Booster" club composed of three thousand members, as you probably all know, and they pay an advertising manager ten thousand dollars a year to boost Chicago, and yet we do not think Chicago needs much boosting. Other cities are doing the same.

## The Age of Publicity

NOW the most important feature of all is to have some one whose business it is to attend to the advertising of your city. This is an age of publicity, and unless you keep after the people all the time they soon forget you. You have got to keep everlastingly at it, because the business of this country in all its transactions is like a kaleidoscopic view: we see things for a moment and then they pass away. I doubt whether any one could tell offhand who was President of the United States six terms ago; but I do believe that almost every one can tell who was the last President of the United States.

Mammoth Cave in Kentucky was once a great place, but you do not hear of it any longer: publicity has stopped. The same thing is true of the earthquake in San Francisco. This simply shows how great events and things pass from our minds unless constantly recalled.

I often use the word "booster," although my neighbor, Mr. Warnock, says he does not like the name. It is perhaps not an elegant term, but I have seen good action come from the work of "boosters." A booster is a man who does all the good he can to all the people he can as well as he can, and then trusts the rest to God. ¶ A "knocker" is defined as "a thing that hangs on the outside of a door."

## The Problem of Distribution

THE business problem before the American people today, commercially speaking, is the problem of distribution—of getting things from where they are to where they ought to be. The two big factors in this problem are advertising and salesmanship. Now, the relationship between the two, in my opinion, is the closest relationship it is possible to have. It is closer than a team under a single yoke; it is closer than friends; it is closer than brothers; yes, it is closer than the relation between man and wife, because there can never be a separation or a divorce. Advertising is salesmanship, and salesmanship is advertising. Every ad is a salesman, and every salesman is an ad. There is this difference: advertising is salesmanship plus publicity; salesmanship is advertising plus getting the order signed. Advertising creates the atmosphere of business, and the salesman follows and takes the orders. It is like a chemical combination. For instance, glycerine in itself is perfectly harmless, but combined with certain chemicals it forms one of the most powerful explosives known. The same is true of salesmanship and advertising: it takes brains to combine them and nerve to set them off, but the results are worth while. A man says, "My business is so thoroughly established I do not need to advertise it." It puts me in mind of a man with blue goggles winking at a girl. He knows he is winking at the girl, but she does n't. Now the close relationship between the two is most noticeable when you get down to the bedrock of business and find out what is the foundation of all business. The foundation of business is confidence. And advertising and publicity are the greatest builders of confidence known to the business man. Big advertising looks like big sales; it makes the public familiar with the seller of the goods and will create confidence in those goods. Some people mistake advertising for merit. Please bear in mind that advertising never added one dollar to the merit of any article advertised. Advertising merely tells the merit: it does not create it. Goods must have merit in them to sell, and they must

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also have merit, when sold, to stay sold. A sale does not end nowadays with the making of it: it never ends as long as the man is using the article you sell. I think most advertising men I have seen who do things realize what advertising needs most ✍ There are hundreds and thousands of people in this country who do not believe in advertising as some of us do. They think because some people take pages of magazines that cost from four hundred dollars to three thousand six hundred dollars a page, they must be charging higher prices than they otherwise would. We know just the opposite to be true. Through advertising we are enabled to build up volume, and that volume enables us to cut expense, and the more we are enabled to sell, the more advertising we should do ✍ But people need to be told of that, because lots of people still do not believe in it.

### The Main Chance

WE must keep fixed in our mind that which we want to accomplish. Speaking of the object reminds me that I went to a school of expression in Boston because the man I was working for thought I could brush up a good deal in speaking to salesmen and others in public if I went to that school. I only went there once, but I learned something there that I have never forgotten. The man at the school said to me, "I want you to make a speech to me. I am the audience and you are the speaker. Now before you begin to talk, remember these three things: First, when you get on your feet, always rise up on your toes and then back on your heels—that leads you to know you are on earth. Second, if you are ever called upon at a dinner or a banquet to make a talk unexpectedly, don't get up and tell the people it is a great surprise and that you are wholly unprepared—they will find that out soon enough. The third thing is the serious thing. When you begin to talk to anybody, always keep in a straight line in front of you the object of your talk."

I did not learn anything there from the standpoint of being able to talk, but that has been with me ever since, and when I advertise anything I try to keep clearly before me the object I am trying to talk about. There is a powerful lesson in that piece of advice for us all.

### The Making of an Advertising Man

THE object of salesmanship and advertising is to distribute goods at a profit. Anybody can give away goods, but to sell them it takes a salesman. One of the oldest chestnuts among advertising men—if you can call it such—is the one they use in every argument: "What you need is to conduct a campaign of education." I think we ought to forget that once and for all. I would like to know when we have all the people educated. All advertising is of an educational character; if it is not, it is not advertising at all.

I differ with some people in regard to a statement I heard a gentleman make who said, "Advertising men are born, not made." I asked the gentleman: "Who publishes the birth list?" I said I had never seen one. What I want to know is how we are going to tell when these men are born, so we can pick them out. I think advertising men, like all other men, are made as well as born. The thing that hampers men, that holds them back more than anything else, is the doubt of their own ability. They praise what they consider great genius or great ability in some other man, when perhaps they possess that same ability. I do not think it is going too far—and I do not say it to you only, for I have said it to others as well—but I think there is enough ability in this room to take care of almost any crisis this country could ever have. There is more latent ability in all men than we know of, and the only reason many men do not forge faster to the front is because they are not able to recognize that fact. Fifty years ago this country confronted a crisis, and when the crisis came the country had a leader, but a year or two before it came the man had not been picked, but he had it in him all the time to become a leader. Let us preach the doctrine of "made" men as well as "born" men ✍ ✍

### The Making of Goods

IT is easier to make goods than to sell them. I have been in the manufacturing business all my life, but it took me some time to find that out. Any man with money can buy machinery and hire men to run it and make goods, but it does not follow because he can do this that he can sell those goods. His money is of no use if he can not sell the goods after they are made. It took me some time to find out that the making of the goods is the least. When you are manufacturing goods you are dealing with both men and metals, and you can put a thousand more men to work and make more goods; but when you cross the line and attempt to sell those goods you will meet a different

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proposition. When you make a sale of anything, whether in a retail store or on the road, that sale does not first take place in the pocketbook; nor yet does it first take place in the order-book; it does not even first take place in the check-book. Rather, every sale takes place, whether it be a paper of pins or a house and lot, in the mind of the man who buys the goods. A lawyer is as much a salesman as a business man, because when he is in court he wants to sell his side of the case to the judge and jury, and he is the best salesman known because he goes at it scientifically.

### Definition of Salesmanship

IF I were asked to define salesmanship in one sentence, I would say it was nothing more nor less than making the other fellow feel as you do about the goods you have to sell. Advertising and salesmanship are the connecting link, and always will be, between the invention and the use of any article. The best invention the world has ever seen would have been worthless if the man had not told anybody else about it, if he had not advertised and given the widest publicity to his invention. Every patent this country grants is granted on the theory that the man who produced the invention is going to be a benefactor of humanity, and he is therefore given seventeen years' use of his invention.

So advertising and salesmanship have pushed this world ahead faster than anything else.

Advertising is a process of salesmanship. We hear it said that "advertising is salesmanship on paper." That is partly true, but it is not all the truth. Advertising is more than salesmanship; it is salesmanship plus publicity. A salesman can talk only to one or two people at a time, so it might be properly said that salesmanship applies only to the individual, while advertising reaches the public as well, because by advertising you can reach hundreds and thousands and millions of people, while the salesman can only reach one or two at a time.

### The Three Ways of Selling Goods

ALL goods are sold in three ways: First, by word of mouth; second, by pictures and illustrations; and third, by printed matter. That practically sums up the ways there are of selling goods. But advertising is more than selling. There are two objects in advertising. One is to sell your goods, and the second is to establish a good name and insure a continuance of trade. Now some people say that when you are entirely sold out you want to quit advertising. There was never a greater fallacy told to business men. One of our stockholders said to me not long ago, "Are you reasonably sure of selling your year's output?" I said, "Yes, sir." "Then, why don't you quit advertising?" he asked. "How much can you save between now and the First of July?" I said, "Between sixty thousand and seventy-five thousand dollars." "Then why don't you save it?" he said. My answer was that if I were dead sure we had all sold this year of Nineteen Hundred Ten and up to Nineteen Hundred Twelve, I would not spend a dollar less. I am speaking not only from the standpoint of the theoretical advertiser, but also of the man who buys the space and pays the bill. My being in business is not confined only to Nineteen Hundred Twelve, and I am a firm believer in keeping oversold. You have got to deal with human nature, and human nature always has wanted and always will want those things which are hardest to get. Now then, I said to this gentleman, "Look at that fountain; see that water gushing forth. The fountain has its source of supply in the river a mile and a half distant. You can get the superintendent to shut it off, but you will not notice any difference right away; you will see it go down a little at a time until there is no more water supplied. You shut off the source of supply when you stop advertising. You must send the best possible appeal to a million minds in order to sell a few thousands easily, and you must keep on appealing. You must keep on if you wish to keep up your business."

### No Necromancy in Advertising

THERE is no mystery about this advertising and selling of goods. Some would have you think so, and some do not take it up because they think it is too hard. It is nothing but plain commonsense plus printer's ink, and some of the best copy I have ever seen was written by men who were never known as advertising men, but they sold the goods and made their copy accordingly. I once heard it said that a man with a little idea always uses big words to express himself, because he wants to surround his idea with as big words as he can; whereas the man with the big idea uses little Anglo-Saxon words to express himself, because the idea is so big it needs no surrounding. When you come to write copy bear that in mind. Write it so plainly that the man

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without an education can understand what you are talking about, and then it will be a cinch that the college graduate can, or ought to, understand it.

Now then, I believe advertising copy should be so written that its first two lines shall be the attractive feature of it, because if a man starts to read your copy and does not finish reading it, don't blame him—blame yourself, because he gave you the chance. I once proved that, gentlemen, in England. We sent out a thousand circular letters under one-cent postage, and I said I would prove that nine-tenths of the people read their one-cent mail. I get as much mail as the average man, and I do not throw away mail with one-cent postage attached —I open it. Now, I said in that letter, "We are opening a restaurant here which will be completed about the First of the month, and we write to you as a grocer to quote us prices on the following goods, and enclose a list of what we shall need." We received over nine hundred replies. Why? Because I approached them, as a gentleman said, from "the point of contact." This telling a man all about your business in the two opening lines of your copy is like standing in the doorway of a clothing-store and saying, "I am in the clothing business, won't you come in?"

### Convincing the Prospective

SO I say we ought to use small words, and we ought to so express ourselves for this reason: no sale was ever made until a man was convinced. He is not convinced until he understands. He can not understand unless in the explanation he can understand what you mean, and the average human being has a considerable amount of pride. We dislike to own up to a thing we don't understand. I have had men explain things to me, and say, "You understand that?" and I would nod my head. It would be a reflection upon myself to do otherwise, and so I kept on nodding my head, and when the explanation was finished I changed to a lateral instead of an up-and-down motion. That was all.

You can not sell to anybody unless he understands what you are talking about. Be sure your explanation is plain, and particularly to those who are in a technical business because half the people do not know technical terms. I remember George W. Perkins telling this story of his experience as insurance solicitor in Cleveland. He said he had been trying to place a policy for one hundred thousand dollars, but he could not do it and the other man got the business. Mr. Perkins asked the man, "How did you insure Mr. Burroughs? I tried for five years and I could not get him." The man replied, "I don't wish to be disrespectful, but he said he did n't understand half the time what you were talking about. He said you talked to him about 'tontine' policies and 'endowment' insurance, and he did n't know whether you were selling life-insurance or hair-oil." The man in business is so close to it he does not take the other fellow's viewpoint.

### Health

IT is hard to analyze the successful man; but after all, the analysis gets down really to the personal equation, personality.

There are certain qualities I have been asked to give here tonight which I believe we should have in business to be successful. We are all salesmen; every man is trying to sell his own good qualities to his fellow-citizens. That is why he puts on a clean collar and a clean shirt and everything that goes with it, because he wants to sell his good qualities.

The first essential is to be healthy, to have health. Most of us are paid for having good livers, but unfortunately some have bad ones. ¶ There is nothing helps a man so much as to take care of himself. Most of us have injurious habits: we smoke too much, we eat too much, or we drink too much—we are handicapped in some way. I know men with good minds, but their bodies are not healthy, and I would rather take my chances with a healthy mind in a healthy body.

### Honesty

THE next quality is honesty. I do not refer to it in the baser sense, because a man is a fool nowadays unless he is absolutely honest. ¶ There is an old maxim, "Honesty is the best policy." There is nothing "best" about it, honesty is the only policy. From any ethical or religious standpoint I leave it to you that in the last analysis nobody knows whether a man is honest but himself. You do not know whether I am honest or not. Our wives think we are honest, and whether we are or not, it is a good thing to keep them thinking that way, but they could not prove it to save their lives. It is a good thing some men are dishonest. I have seen men with so much ability that if they were honest along with it some of us would have no chance—they would get all

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the money. I believe, gentlemen, you are honest men. Most men I have met have two arms, two legs (unless lost by accident), two eyes, two ears, a nose and a mouth, and, considering their height, they weigh about the same. What is the difference in men? Power, ability! Some people may have that developed more than others, but I say nine-tenths—yes, ninety-nine one-hundredths—could develop ability. Some remind me very much of the parable of the talents. We have one talent and we wrap it up in a napkin; we have that one only and we have never added anything to it. It is like a man who applies for a job, and his letter of recommendation says, "This man is thoroughly honest." If he has no other quality but honesty he does not deserve much credit; he was born that way, and he does not deserve much credit for staying that way. It is what we develop that counts.

### The Three Kinds of Men

I FIND just three kinds of men in this world: The kind you tell once to do a thing, and you can bet your life it is done. The second class you have to tell four or five or a dozen times to do it because they do not think. ¶ The third class is the great class of men who have made this country what it is—men with initiative—men who do things, who do things before you have a chance to tell them what to do. I do not say this for any "star-spangled-banner" effect, but I thank God that I was born and reared in a country where poverty is no barrier to success, but where it can often be proven to a mathematical certainty that it is a help. Just in proportion as we teach young men how to do things, if nothing more than to shine their own shoes—something that is of value to themselves as well as to others—will they make a success in life. There are some who grow up to be twenty-five years of age, and the only two things they know are how to roll a cigarette and how to dexterously mix a drink. We want men to do things, and what this country is to be twenty-five years from now depends on what we teach the young men when they are young. Most men do not want their boys to go through the things they did, and that is where they make the greatest mistake. ¶ They call it skill in the surgeon; we would call it initiative in the business man. The surgeon gets you on the table and operates for appendicitis and finds you have n't got it, as they sometimes do; he can not let you lie on the table, and say, "Wait, I will read up in the books and see what he has." He has to act quickly, he has to finish his job, whether it is his finish or your finish. They call that skill—if he gets through all right. In our case we would call it initiative. We must do things quickly, we must have initiative, and that is the greatest quality a man can possess. I would rather have a man in my employ who would do six out of ten things right than a fellow who did four things right and never did anything else. There is nothing wrong in making a mistake; the only wrong is in making the same one twice

### Thorough Knowledge of Business

NEXT to that I think a man ought to have a thorough knowledge of his business. I was at a convention in Berlin, Germany, of two hundred salesmen. They did not understand anything I said and I did not understand anything they said, and so we got along all right. There was a man there who had carried off the banner for four successive years, and as we were distributing the prizes I said to him, "Mr. Hoffman, will you tell the men why you have been leader for four years in succession?" He could not have given a better answer than he gave. He said, "Gentlemen, I defy anybody in Germany to ask a question about my business that I can not answer." That was the secret of his success: he knew his business.

### Tact

ANOTHER quality we need is tact. Tact! What is tact? That ability—although it is rare—that enables one man to deal with other men of different temperaments in the right way and get along with them all. Some people mistake tact for "jolly." Tact is not so much what a man says, but how he says it. A man in Detroit sent his son to Harvard College. In December the boy wrote home, and this was the letter: "Dear Father: I am broke; please send me fifty dollars at once. Your loving son, John." Everybody that man came in contact with that day knew he got that letter. They knew it because there are some of us who can not help but pass our feelings of "grouch" to every one we meet. At any rate he takes his letter home, and says, "Sarah, look at that impudent letter! Did n't I tell you it would n't do any good to send that boy to college?" She reads it: "DEAR Father: I am broke; PLEASE send me fifty dollars at once. Your LOVING son, John." That is exactly the same letter in each

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case, the same words. That is what I mean by tact. It is not so much what you say as the way you say it. One brilliant example in this country was Robert G. Ingersoll, because if some men had said some things Ingersoll said they would have been hissed from the American platform. It was not altogether what he said, but the way he said it, and those of you who heard him know that is true. You men who are writing letters to traveling men and other people—those hot words you dictate become cold type when received. A man gets exactly what you say and reads it that way. Let us be careful about the letters we write; let us develop this quality of tact

### Industry

THE next thing we ought to have is industry—the man you always find on the job, who does a good day's work—but it is unnecessary to talk to Western men about work, because it is the Western man who occupies the highest positions in New York, Boston and other Eastern centers. If you will investigate you will find Western men in seven-tenths of those positions, because they were taught to work in the West and they carried that quality with them to the East.

### Sincerity

NOW, then, sincerity is a quality we ought to possess. Next to being honest and able we ought to be sincere men. Sincerity is that quality which not only makes friends, but holds them. A man can not be insincere without injury to himself. Whether you are talking to one man or to a thousand, whether you are talking to me or to a customer, you are throwing thoughts to his brain: you can not see them, but they are tangible, and you can not throw insincere thoughts to the brain and not have the brain catch insincere thoughts—no more than I could throw this glass to you and you catch a pitcher. So I say we must perfect this quality of sincerity if we are to attain success. ¶ You know men in whom you absolutely believe, because they are sincere. You say you like a man you can believe in, because he can sell the goods. Insincerity has taken some orders, but it has never held a job.

We are willing to ask for and receive suggestions. The man who knows it all is like the fellow standing on the street with the fool-killer waiting just around the corner. None of us knows it all. We might be up to date at six o'clock, but unless we are up to date right now we don't know it all. I have made it a rule to be willing to accept suggestions, and I would as soon be stopped in the hall by the janitor as by the general manager, because the chances are ten to one that the janitor knows more about the business he wants to talk about than does the general manager.

People say to me, "Do you believe in aeroplanes?" I tell them, "Yes, I do; and I think the day is coming when everybody will." I don't think the aeroplane will get the contract today to carry the mail, but I believe it will some day. We should not ridicule any new thing or any new thought; if we do we cast aspersion upon our entire civilization.

### Enthusiasm

IN addition to all these things mentioned, a man must have enthusiasm. Unless he has enthusiasm he is a mere statue; because enthusiasm is the white heat that fuses all these qualities into one effective mass. I can best illustrate it by telling you that if you will take a piece of plain blue glass and a piece of sapphire, and polish the glass until it has a surface as hard as the sapphire, then put them both on a piece of white paper and look at them, you will find the sapphire has a thousand glittering little lights which you can not get out of the blue glass in a thousand years. Those little lights can be compared with the enthusiasm that shines from a man's eyes—he can not hide it! I don't object to going to a ball-game and hearing some fellow root for the home team. And I want to tell you that we have a pretty good home team at Detroit—not because we have an aggregation of star players in the team either, but because I think that the success of our team is due more than anything else to the enthusiasm of that little red-headed manager. That is enthusiasm—I would not give a cent for a man without enthusiasm. If a man has no enthusiasm he is no good. If you ever get enough money so you could do so, you don't want to retire. Men who retire from business do not live as long as those who do not—no more than a plant will grow and thrive that is transplanted from one kind of soil into another. What we want to do is to have our business in such shape that we can get some pleasure and play out of it as well as work. Let us enjoy our work, and let us alternate business and pleasure. There is not one man in a thousand who reaches the goal where he can retire. ¶ We must keep up enthusiasm if we want to

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keep out of a rut. The only difference between a rut and a grave is in the width and the depth. We graduate from one to the other.

This use of publicity in advertising is one of the greatest ethical forces in business today, because dishonest goods can not stand advertising, and dishonest methods can not stand publicity. Therefore, advertising is the honest man's greatest bulwark, while it is the dishonest man's greatest bugaboo. You can catch the people once, but you can't continue to do it. ¶ Dishonesty hides in dark places, but advertising is getting out into the light. Publicity corrects the abuses in public life. We know men are decent for one of two causes, either from fear of punishment or from hope of reward, and I am thankful to say that decency in business as well as in other things is becoming fashionable in this country.

### The People Who Drive Tacks

NOW, gentlemen, you who have to handle men, your time does not amount to much, my time does not amount to much, as an individual. Some of us who handle men succeed only in proportion as we intelligently direct the work, that is, as we get intelligent work from the men under us. That is all our time amounts to. Let me give you a suggestion: Don't drive tacks with a sledge-hammer: there are enough people using tack-hammers. You carry a sledge-hammer and you attend to important things only.

One thing has helped me in my business. I make it a point to keep before me the ten most important things I have to do. I have a little pad on my desk, upon which are noted the most important things; there might be seven or ten or twelve, but the most important are daily before me. If I go to a business man and say, "What are the ten most important things you have to do in your business?" and he says, "I really don't know," if he does n't know, how is he sure he is doing them? It is a good thing to keep them before you, and as things come up mark them. Every morning my stenographer has on my desk the ten most important things I must attend to. Suppose a farmer had an eighty-acre cornfield, and he should say to his helper, "John, I want you to go and drive the pigs out of the cornfield," and if you have never done that you are not in a position to realize the task John has before him. He does not know how many pigs there are, and so he goes all over the cornfield to see whether they are all out. But if the farmer had said, "John, there are ten pigs in the cornfield; go and drive them out," he would drive the ten pigs out, and he would no longer chase pigs that did not exist.

### Some Pertinent Suggestions

THERE are five things that I would suggest you increase, and five that you decrease in your city.

There should be an increase of paved streets and parks. That is what attracts people to a city, and workingmen are becoming more careful about the place they select in which to live.

Second, an increased desirable population. Some people seem to think that population is everything in a city. There is not a city in the United States but what would be better off without ten per cent of its population. Numbers do not make quality.

Third, increase the number of factories and other industries in your city.

Fourth, provide efficient schools.

Fifth, publicity. Tell the people what you have got up here in this great Northwest Territory. ¶ There are five things you should decrease: First, unnecessary expense.

Second, decrease your debt if you have any.

Third, decrease dirt and unsanitary conditions, which are the worst things any town can have. ¶ Fourth, decrease law-breaking.

Fifth, decrease the number of useless and inefficient city employees.

You will progress just as fast as you solve these things in your city.

### The New Code of Ethics

I WANT to say this in conclusion: We know that in the last five or six years there has come a great change over this country, a great change in the code of ethics of doing business, and whether we admit it or not, whether we like it or not, or whether the spirit prompting it is in Africa or America, really makes no difference. I want to say to you men of Minneapolis that I was never more surprised in my life than I was on a recent trip I took to the Southwest. We have nothing to fear from Wall Street gamblers; we are the people. It is the people like you gathered here who make the country, and not the men who gamble on what you do. I never saw such prosperity anywhere. Little Oklahoma City putting up two twelve-story skyscrapers and one of fourteen stories; one hundred eight miles of

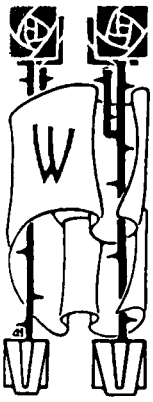
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paved streets; a beautiful hotel—everything indicating the progress of intelligent and successful effort—and if we continue as intelligent, sincere and earnest men, such as we are here, each in his own way solving the problems of life, the problems of his city, we have nothing to fear as long as we live up to this new code of ethics and continue to do our business in the right way.

When the people feel deeply and think sanely, and vibrate together, the "rulers" quickly fall into line and do the goose-step.

# Public Health

By Dr. G. J. Fisher



WHENEVER I happen to see a seal or a sea-lion I am filled with pathos. It has the head and legs of an animal and the body and tail of a fish, and is neither perfectly at home in the water nor on the land. It is either an animal deteriorating into a fish or a fish evolving into an animal, and it is having a tremendous struggle with its environment. That is pathetic, but even more pathetic is the picture of man in these modern days endeavoring to adapt himself to modern conditions. Here we are with magnificent bodies, the result of long generations of activity. We are what we are because of our forefathers, but we have now been transferred to another environment, where we are called upon to exercise, not physical but psychological activity, and the result is that men are going down in middle life, and losing their powers at the very time when they should get the greatest results from their lives.

The growth of our cities is marvelous. Less than a hundred years ago, only four per cent of the people of the United States were living in the cities, and now nearly fifty per cent are city dwellers. Within ninety years we have built four hundred cities and they are still growing. Looking over the census, I find that the city population is growing much faster than the rural. With the rise of cities we are faced with new and grave problems, and these problems are permanent and we must prepare for them. It means physical deterioration to live in our cities, because to the cities have come certain conditions that affect the lives of the citizens.

### The School Population

FIRST of all is our growing school population. The school has been called the greatest sedentary institution of the age; it has been called the "Society for Sitting Still," and the average boy is not designed by Nature to sit still. The other day our medical instructor in New York began an inspection of the school-children of the city, and he found that seventy per cent of them suffered from some physical defects. Culling out the duller children, we found that one hundred per cent of them were affected in one way or another. Then we began to operate, and we put glasses on the children whose eyesight was affected, and we took out the enlarged tonsils and the adenoids from those affected in that way, and we found as a result that the children who had been dull were no longer so, and the children who had been bad were no longer bad, when these physical disabilities were removed.

The trouble is that we have been living upon a surplus, and now that we are penned in town we are beginning to wonder why we are not so healthy as we were. Every school should have its physical-training department, so that the child's body will develop with its mind and stimulate it.

### Sedentary Pursuits

WITH the city comes another class of occupation I refer to sedentary pursuits, and this particularly affects the men I see before me today. We are men who sit in offices and at desks; we have very little of physical exertion, but a great deal of nervous excitability. I don't believe we have appreciated the value of the physical in relation to the mental and moral. We have been so eager to get education that sometimes we have forgotten that we have bodies; we have enthroned the brain and have dethroned the muscles. Do you know that flabby muscles mean the loss of vitality and power? It is the flabby-muscled men who go to the bad. All the organs of the body are hung upon the muscles and you can not stimulate them except through the muscles. And, mark you, you office men who sit at your desks day after day can not hope for any length of time to retain your vigor and vitality.

A few days ago I looked over the United States health statistics and found that of late years there had been a decrease in communicable

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diseases, such as fever and consumption, of forty-five per cent; but there was another class of disease in which there had been a co-ordinate increase, such as diseases of the heart and nerves and kidneys. These are not communicable, they are organic; and only a man's system of living can determine whether they shall be eliminated. In view of this it is time we should consider how we can get more vigor into our lives. The muscles are intimately related to the nervous system. Flabby muscles may be the gap between knowing how to do and the want of ability to do it.

### Nervous Energy

FURTHERMORE, muscles are related to a man's emotional and psychological life. If I am angry I corrugate my brows and tighten my muscles; smooth these out and the anger is gone. The result is that the greater our muscular expression so much the greater will be our psychological life. When I speak to the crowds in theaters on Sunday afternoons, I notice the difference between them and our athletes. They fidget with their neckties and move about with their feet; but the man whose muscular system is well trained knows how to conserve that power, and to use it when it is needed. The most expensive thing in the world today is nervous energy, and it is the thing that business men are burning more than anything else. We must seek for that nervous control which will enable us to live the fullest lives. To the cities have come the great industrial institutions. It has been said the men in our factories do not need physical training. Is that true? Most of these men stand at the machine all day, and the body is not developed in harmony. There are thirty-four kinds of dust that men are breathing in these factories, and thirty of them are poisonous. Upholsterers have a death rate of thirty per cent, which comes from inhaling the dust in their trade; while cigar-makers have a death rate of twenty per cent. We will not, however, speak of the great industrial juggernaut that is crushing out the lives of our men. We must change the physical life of our community, and see to it that men get force and vitality to enable them to overcome disease.

### The Necessity of Play

WITH the city is coming a limited opportunity for recreation. I wonder whether you have realized how valuable it is for a child to play? The child does not play because it wants to, but because it has to. I tried once to raise a boy in a New York apartment-house, where there was the most limited opportunity for physical activity. I took the boy and tried to rear him as a boy should be reared, but for all that I could do I saw that his little face was becoming paler and his body weaker, and I said to his parents, "We must get him away from the city to where the trees grow and the grass is green; the boy will never become a strong boy till he has an opportunity for developing that most dominant instinct, the play instinct."

Play is valuable as a social school; the boy is first introduced into society through play. It is there he first becomes acquainted with the world's democracy. I remember I turned one boy loose amongst this democracy gang. He received many hard knocks and thought it hard at first, but he learned to hold his own, as he could have learned it in no other way. While it is true that most of our great men come from the country where there are few new opportunities for social play, it is also true that the men who are legislating today because of their individualistic greed come mostly from the country also. The boy who never plays with others never learns the amenities of social life, and you can not teach an old dog new tricks.

Then again the playground is a moral agent. An investigation in New York showed that in districts where there were no playgrounds, there were troublesome boys; but where there were plenty of playgrounds the policeman himself felt that he should have to take a course of physical exercise to keep down his flesh—the boys gave him so little to do. The boy without a playground is father to the man without a job; and the boy with a bad playground is father to the man with a job he should not have. The boy whose energy is vented in breaking windows and bursting doors is the boy that should be corraled into the baseball team. Those boys are mostly caught in gangs; they are the ball-team run wild, and when you can catch them and bind them there is no more delinquency. Every city should have an adequate playground system, where a playground is situated within half a mile of every home, and any city that would do just service for its young men and its community will see that such provisions are made.

I say, begin now and provide open air-spaces.

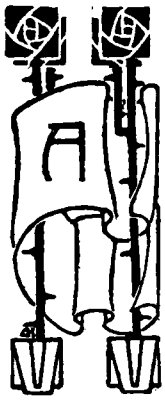
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Don't make the mistake we did in New York, and have to pay a million dollars for land that you could have bought a few years ago for a few thousands; but see to it that your youth have places where they can grow and be strong and brave and good.

Get in line with the good vibrations, and when you feel them coming, pass them along —it is the only way to keep them.

# An Ambassador of Publicity

By James Wallen



A WRITER whose pen throws a purple shadow once wrote: "There are not many men who dare express a real ego, its opinions and its moods." That is why a man I know is noted in the cavalcade of human life. Exceptional men are exceptional. As the Fra remarked, "There are mighty few of us." Our only excuse for talking about a man is the fact that he is "different."

Frowert—Percival K. of Philadelphia and the universe—is "different." Ask anybody who knows him. He dares express a real ego. In this man are merged two impulses, the scholastic and the aggressive. In days gone by the scholastic impulse found its way into monasteries far removed from the active channels of life. The aggressive impulse carried on the business of the world. The best type of modern man represents these two forces reconciled. Today education is the ability to do things intelligently. This was not always so. Not very long ago education was the ability to read the Greek Symbols on the Frat Houses, to conjugate "love" in a very dead language, and to be able to tell the thought-dome of an angle-worm from its extrematus maximus. But the tempest of the changing years and the necessity of earning a living have killed this pleasant fallacy. Nowadays all that is asked of an educated man is "produce."

### A Man Who Produces

FROWERT is the type of educated man who "produces." He knows his qualifications and uses them in his business—Advertising. He sees far. Where other advertising men bend their gaze on the present, this man sees to the horizon and beyond. The present condition of a business he considers of less importance than its possibilities.

With Frowert the small advertiser gets the same consideration as the big one—perhaps more, because there is more to be done for him. When a business acquires a certain velocity its momentum carries it along. This on the principle of "he that has, gets." Frowert is interested in the little fellow with tremendous possibilities. A small shop is a big factory in the cocoon.

Like all men who love their work, he sinks his piers deeper and builds the superstructure higher than his specifications call for.

Sometimes you get a glimpse of Napoleon when you look at him. He carries his head forward just a little and has many of the physical characteristics of "the man of destiny." Commercial supremacy is the stuff that determines the status of nations. War, diplomacy and the rights of kings have been swept into the dust-bin of time. And so, the men who in a past incarnation might have carried the tricolor of France to victory, are today building subways, aviation stations and making advertising —the electricity of the whole modern scheme.

### An Artist in Advertising

ADVERTISING is simply picturing a business in a new and more attractive light. Scientific advertising then proceeds to bring the business up to the standard it has created. Rose Stahl says she has a hard time living up to her lithograph. This actress has the sympathy of many business men. They know. It is this incapacity to fill the demands created by advertising that Frowert has made a life-study. Perhaps it is a faulty package or a needed artistic note in your product that keeps you just behind the calliope in the procession of progress. Frowert knows!

Edward Carpenter once exclaimed, "What a great artist is he who extends the area of expression in daily life; who redeems something else into the great harmony; who teaches us how to put a new color on things, to give them a new form or attitude."

### A Bunch of Top-Notchers

THERE is a Dutchman in St. Louis named Strauss who gives a touch to photographs that has gotten away from every other man who manipulates the gum arabic. Charles Henry Fox, of Philadelphia, nominates Shakespeare for the Ananias Club by improving

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flowers. Paul Morton has recreated an insurance company so it would n't know its former self if they met on Broadway. Hugh Chalmers organized and put into operation an automobile factory at about the same speed his cars run. It is the man who does the thing as it has never been done before that carries off the hero medal. Frowert belongs in the aforesaid bunch, and acknowledges it.

His hobby is psychology, and he rides it into his business. He is called an Advertising Psychologist. Frowert says no man has a right to have a hobby that he can't lasso and hitch to his business. "Harness and drive your hobby, or it will drive you," is a horsey expression by a man who is conspicuous on the turf by his absence.

He says—"To make millions have one opinion about anything advertised is the gist of this whole question of presentation ✍ Frowert copy is evolved and written, studying the phenomenon of mind from the standpoint of scientific psychology. It fixes the involuntary attention of those we desire to interest, exciting in the mind a train of ideas as the means to the end—the selling of your products."

✍

Through sin do men reach the light, and that which teaches can not be wholly bad.

✍

## Lecture Limericks

By Edwin R. Weeks

THEY say it was Robert Burdette,
Who said, "'T was the worm the burd ette,
Had the worm got up later
He could n't have ate her";
Which grammar's the worst we've hurd yette.

---

There's Philistine Fra Elbert Hubbard,
Who eats from a Roycroftie Cubbard.
He lectured in France
In a pair of sheath pance
And 't is said that the ladies all rubbard.

---

There's Commoner, William J. Bryan,
Whose "Crown of Thorns" keeps crucifyan.
The people all shout,
"Now it's three times and out,
Oh, ye gods! will he never stop tryan?"

✍

This fervent need of a word of encouragement from one who understands.

## The World's Peace

By Edwin D. Mead



IF fleets are a guaranty of peace, no peace-loving nation should regard with disfavor the building of fleets, or their increase, by other nations. The more fleets and the bigger fleets, under various flags, the better for the cause of peace, according to the most approved militarist philosophy of the day. But, strange to say, the theory goes to smash in the case of England and Germany. The truth is that the British people view the increase of the German navy with anything but satisfaction, and the stronger that navy becomes the more disposed they are to regard it as a menace of war. The Kaiser and his people, meanwhile, are doing their best to apply the modern theory of peace guaranties to their growing fleet, and loud are their protestations that the German navy is an angel of concord rather than a sledge-hammer of war ✍ The utter refusal of the British to accept the German view of the German battle-line on the ocean is grotesquely inconsistent with the idea that great fleets are guaranties of peace; but their attitude conveniently exposes the hollowness of the theory and opens up the realities of the situation to the public gaze.

The position taken by all British governments is that national safety imperatively requires the maintenance of the British fleet at all times on a "two-power" basis of strength. That is to say, the British fleet must always be able to overwhelm the navies of any other two allied Powers. The moment such a principle is accepted as immutable, however, it follows that Great Britain must build new warships equal in number or gun-power to the increase of the two next strongest navies, and must keep at it forever. It follows, also, that if Great Britain believes national safety to depend upon the maintenance of the two-power standard, she can not view the efforts of other countries to build navies equal to her own, or anywhere near equal to it, as a manifestation of genuine friendship. The other Powers may pretend, they may even believe, that their naval increase betokens a saintly wish to preserve the peace of the world, but in

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British eyes such explanations will never hold water. An American military writer, indeed, has declared:

For the United States to attempt to build a navy equal to or stronger than that of Great Britain would only force Great Britain to greater exertions to maintain the lead. If the United States persisted in such a course with the settled purpose of ultimately challenging Great Britain's mastery of the sea, it would speedily lead to war between these two Powers, and in such a war Great Britain would be in the right.

### Must be Mistress of Seas

ONE needs only to substitute Germany for the United States in that passage to understand the present Anglo-German situation from the British point of view. No nation whom Great Britain may suspect of cherishing imperial ambitions antagonistic to her own interests can build up its navy without incurring British displeasure. The Germans may avow only the most pacific intentions and argue volubly about great armaments being the best kind of insurance against war, but such talk will excite only derision in British cabinets and British prints. And if the naval increase should go far enough, the state of British sentiment would doubtless become so inflamed by the exhausting struggle to maintain the two-power standard that a resort to war would be desired in order to destroy in battle a fleet which grew the more menacing with the lapse of years. We shall miss the point entirely if this phase of the rivalry escapes us. Let the race in naval increase grow intense enough and continue long enough, and England would sooner or later find it much cheaper to go to war than to continue the shipbuilding competition ❧ And the moral sanction for such a war she would readily find, as the military writer quoted above intimates, in the plea of self-preservation ❧

### Insurance Against War

IF the Anglo-German naval situation riddles the theory that great armaments are a guaranty of peace, may it be said that great armaments under any conditions are to be viewed as insurance against war? Whatever special cases might be cited to confirm this fashionable conception of heavy and costly armaments, the general conclusion must be that, on the whole, great armaments signally fail in their alleged peaceful mission, and are bound to fail. The trouble with the theory is that nations will compete with one another, and, in the long run, their relative military positions must remain unchanged ❧ And, finally, cases of competition are bound to arise which make clear the fact that the real and fundamental motive for maintaining powerful armies and fleets is the desire not to be whipped when war comes. This is the strongest motive by far in every country for war preparations. The plea that the ever-growing armaments are a guaranty of peace is a pretense put forward to reconcile public sentiment to the expenditure. It takes in a certain refined type of mind that finds a bit revolting the old-fashioned, red-blooded pagan desire to "lick the 'enemy'" when national collisions occur ❧ Let us be candid and put the reasons for the great navies and armies of the time where daylight will shoot through them. Of all things, save us from the obscurantism of cant.

❧

When we cease bowing down to a book, a word, a formula, we discover that Thought was the thing--not the play upon words.

❧

## "Omar" Fitzgerald

By Ella A. Fanning

YOU glorified the jocund picnic-time,
And introduced a fetching style of rhyme.
Endorsing Crusts as lovers' fitting food,
From Lobster Newburg you've kept many a dime.

The Near-Bards oft your memory have blessed,
And just as oft a helpless world distressed.
Here's hoping Parodies like this, or Worse
Fret not your Spirit in its final rest!

Smart Lit'ry Clubs to you for Culture fly;
Quote your "inverted bowl we call the Sky,"
And prate of Omar in familiar tone,
As one might hail a neighbor passing by.

Oh, who was She, that fair, mysterious Thou,
Who heard your verses 'neath the flowering Bough?
If she were worthy of you, dear Old Fitz,
It's sign she was a maiden sweet enow!

❧

Happy is the man who conserves his God-given power until wisdom and not passion shall direct it.

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# Woman's Duty and Failure

By Stanley E. Bowdle



YOUNG woman assailed me with this question: "Do you think that women exist merely to cook for men?" I avoided answering her ☙ The scorn in her question made answer unwise. I now discuss this question with a larger audience ☙ May the answer reach her. ¶ Women do not exist to cook for men. And I may add, for the satisfaction of that woman's husband, that men do not exist that women may dress, nor do they work and live that women may have life-insurance—though, alas, a multitude of men seem to be compelled to live for little else.

The end and aim of life is not Cooking, Dress nor Life-Insurance ☙ The end of life is the development of human character, so balanced that men find their highest enjoyment in the well-being of the State.

Of course, this end has been almost entirely forgotten in America.

Cooking, then, is simply a means helpful to this great end of life. It is an important means, and over it women were intended to preside. ¶ And right here they fail wofully.

### Are You Hungry?

THERE is in fact very little thoughtfully cooked or tastefully served food. Ignorance and slouchiness preside over our kitchens and tables ☙ Whole States of the South are cursed in their cooking. Go to any of the great sanitariums of the country and ask, "Whence come these invalids?" They will tell you, from the South, mainly. And ask what is the chief cause of all this invalidism, and they promptly say stomach troubles.

Sometimes, when opportunity offers, watch laborers eating from their pails. See the hunks of bread and meat that nothing but a keen appetite could touch, and then observe the face relax to kindliness when a peach or an apple is fished out from the pail—something that Nature furnished and the wife could not spoil. And contrast those pails with the clean nose-bags of the horses contentedly eating close by. What a spectacle! ¶ And mark this, this condition is by no means confined to the poor. Our middle class suffers chiefly.

In the presence of woman's poor work in this department I have often asked myself this question: What would happen if men, in the wide range of their activities, were as thoughtless and as slovenly workmen as women? Suppose our locomotives, our steamships, our great structures, were built by men whose chief thought was on their shoes, their dress, their millinery, their perfumery! What would result?

Surely, each morning paper would bring us new accounts of disasters by sea and land; towns razed by bursting boilers; trains engulfed by fallen bridges; thousands entombed in toppling buildings. Indeed, the chief business of men would be attending funerals and writing death notices.

Man's work is done well and cheerfully and without the distracting thought of something new in clothes and pleasure.

### Work for Women

AND men are working largely for women; multitudes of them have been so bluffed by women that they have learned to be fairly contented if at the year's end they have receipts for insurance premiums paid and have escaped dyspepsia and the divorce-court. ¶ Women are today perfect—tonsorially, cosmetically and millineriously. Thousands of husbands are hoping that Paris will discover nothing new for them.

From this general criticism our German women, as a class, must be excepted. They, as wives, have a well-balanced idea of their relation to men and the State ☙ Their homes are immaculate. Their cooking is world-famous. They have made their men rugged men and the greatest of colonizers. And, as a class, they seem to have been but little affected by that spirit of worldliness and pleasure-seeking that has brought the sex generally into its second childhood.

It is as fully the duty of women to cook well as it is the duty of men to bring home the food. And when she has intelligently cooked and cheerfully served a good meal she has performed a great function—not alone for her husband, but for herself, the children and the State ☙ ☙

☙

Friendships, for the most part, are real, substantial and lasting. They are built on positive qualities, while the enmities are a vapor that only awaits the sunshine, to be dissipated into nothingness ☙ ☙

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# HEAD, HEART AND HAND

BY ALICE HUBBARD

THE agitation for woman's suffrage reminds me. It was in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-two that I first engaged in politics and was recognized as one of some influence in the new political movement that was forming out of the Alliance, Union Labor and other protest factions. I had been very active in Pueblo (Colorado) politics and we had a convention at that place with delegates from the Southern Congressional district. In that meeting appeared a little woman named Emma Ghent Curtis, from Canon City, who buttonholed the delegates in favor of putting a plank in the platform for woman suffrage. Our convention was the first of all the parties. I was not favorable to it at the first, not because I was opposed to it, but because I felt it was not expedient just at that time—I had not progressed far enough to demand right because it was right, and as my influence was really a dominant one in the meeting she had to have me. I could not reason her out of it, and finally agreed to let the plank go in. The Democratic Convention met, then she went to get it in that, and then she got it into the Republican platform—so that all the platforms had the demand for woman suffrage. ¶ And it was made into a law because that little lone woman left her home and her babies and battled for it alone. I feel somewhat ashamed now that I stood out against it, but I did what at that moment seemed right. ¶ The women of this nation ought to know the name of the woman who made the first break in the solid phalanx of masculine rule—that name is Emma Ghent Curtis. I do not know if she now lives, but I think not. One woman can be a power when she puts her soul into it. Colorado was the first State to give women the suffrage, and she was the cause that produced it.—J. A. Wayland.

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Lyman Abbott wants to protect women from increased burdens. The world has seen too much Protection. Let 's try Responsibility ✍ Women now are dying of Dementia Protectiana ✍ ✍

HE who wonders if it is possible for one without money or influence to achieve success in the business world should go to Mrs. Lillian G. Johnson for his answer. Ten years ago Mrs. Johnson was friendless and almost penniless in New York, and with an aged mother and several children depending upon her for support. Today she is one of the most successful real-estate dealers in New York City. Only recently she closed a deal for one million dollars, netting a clean profit of ten thousand dollars as remuneration for twenty-four hours' hard work. All the capital she had at the start was a measureless reserve force of courage and self-confidence and a little more than sixty dollars in cash.

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MRS. HELEN L. GRENFEL, of Colorado, a charming, motherly woman, noted educator, distinguished executive, has through three administrations held one of the highest-salaried offices in her State, that of State Superintendent of Public Instruction. She is also a member of the Penitentiary and Reformatory Board of Commissioners. With such minds as Mrs. Grenfel and Judge Lindsey in control, Colorado is safe.

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THE spirit of Belle Miller, great and good, still abides at the Mission Inn, Riverside. So does her soul go marching ✍ That is the peculiarity of great souls—they never die ✍ The soul of civilization is the combined souls of all the martyrs, saviors, artists and workers who have ever lived ✍ Beautiful, homely, patient, honest, loving and lovely Belle Miller!

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Sarah Tyson Rorer is a chemist and scientist as well as a cook. She has probably done more to advance the science of dietetics than any other living person. She has worked for simplicity and economy. She has practised and preached fletcherism for twenty-five years.

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Mrs. Ehmann's olive business still continues to grow.

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# LIVE WIRES

NOTES ALONG THE WAY

THE world's record for rapid sales of automobiles to individual buyers was established at the ninth annual Chicago Show, when Thomas B. Jeffery & Company, makers of the Rambler, sold one hundred seventy-five separate cars in seven days, making a total of three hundred fifty thousand dollars' worth of automobiles. The demand was not for the low-priced car, as many had anticipated, but the buyers seemed to desire power, comfort and quality more than cheapness. The average price of the cars attaining the largest sales was two thousand dollars. We live in the Age of the Automobile. The autos of this country are costing us as much as that fat poodle, the navy —a million dollars a day. That 's going some. Honk, Honk! Keep to the right, there, you lobster!

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Rumely, of LaPorte, is the Commonsense Educator of America. Rumely turns the boy loose, and lets him do the Thing in his own way. Then Rumely shows him how to do it better. And after the boy works it out for himself a few times, he knows the how of the thing better than the books can tell him; he develops Initiative. ¶ Rumely says Books are a part of the education of a boy, but they are not the Whole Thing. And Rumely knows.

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THE Chicago Railways Company is probably the most remarkable street-railway system in the world. Recently it underwent a housecleaning, and John M. Roach, the president, bossed the job. Incidental to the cleaning, Johnny spent over twenty-one millions, and laid about one hundred eighty miles of track. President Roach is a big man, and does big things in a big way.

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LUTHER BURBANK, Wizard Extraordinary, says that the one important factor in the evolution of a plant is environment. Moreover, in his mind, a man is merely a movable plant—the life of both man and plant having the same source.

IT is only thirty-five years since James Simpson, vice-president of the Marshall Field's Company, of Chicago, was born in the land of heather and Glen Livet, but in that brief space of time he has risen to the head of one of the greatest commercial enterprises in the world. Beginning as a clerk and with little or no education, the success corpuscle has driven him ahead until today he is second only in command to John G. Shedd.

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THE American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes has just been organized with James Brown Scott at its head. The Society proposes to settle international controversies through a judicial tribunal which would do for nations what our national courts are supposed to render to individuals. What Mr. Scott does n't know about international law is not of much account, and if the Society is a failure it will not be his fault.

---

Pa Jones, of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, the man who makes Little-Pig Sausages to feed the World, is coming down to spend a week at Roycroft this month. This is the Annual Pilgrimage. He and Daddy Strong were along here last year, and the year before. ¶ Jones is the Youngest Old Man that ever camped out on the Peristyle. Ask The Roycroft Girls!

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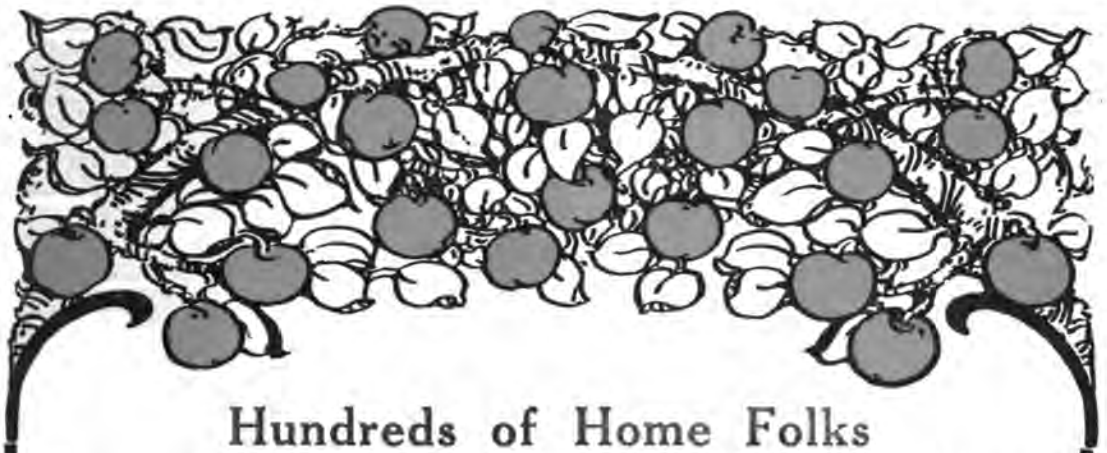
NEARLY sixty years ago, Peter Cooper founded at Dobbs Ferry a Children's Village, which is still, thanks to his foresight, in a very flourishing condition. Since its inception it has taken care of more than forty thousand children, nearly eight thousand of whom have been given a chance to grow up in the West. The new President of the Village is Charles D. Hilles, who has energy, plus, and a heart and brain pretty nearly normal.

---

James J. Hill retired from active business a couple of years ago, or so. But he did n't stay put. It was n't a divorce he wanted—merely a vacation.

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# Hundreds of Home Folks Own Northwestern Apple-Orchard Units

THE future of the Northwest Apple is so positive that Home People all over the United States believe in it and are grasping the Opportunity to invest.

Hundreds of these Home Folks have purchased Units for development in the Spokane District. They do not expect to "get rich quick," they are conservatives—but they are piling up wealth that will come to them in later years.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Humanity is learning the Savagery of meat-eating. Many much-quoted authorities charge ninety per cent of all physical illnesses to the eating of flesh. Meat is unclean, unhealthy food.

Our food for the future will be fruit. Not all of us will eat only fruit—but clean, wholesome, nourishing fruit will make the *major part* of our meals.

This is no blind fetish, no fanatic's religious cry. 'T is Commonsense—crystallized Public Opinion.

Ten years from now you will bank on the Spokane Apple and let the Meat Trust go hang.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Once you went West and grew up with the Country, and endured the hardships, worked the hard work, and perhaps "cashed in."

Now you buy Orchard Units in the West, hold your lucrative Job, pay a little each month, and simply wait for the Golden Hoard to flow your way.

Before very long the Northwest will be supplying apples to the entire country and at Fancy Prices, too.

The market today consumes all that can be grown, and clamors for more.

The production of the world shows a decrease in Apple Production during the past thirteen years from 69,000,000 to 21,000,000 barrels. Meantime, the population has increased.

And Ideal Orchard Land is Limited. The Northwest is perhaps the Best of all—and the scientific Planting of trees, and the careful attention given them in the growing, add to the natural advantages.

The Apple-Growers of the Northwest are busy, earnest, hardworking men, who appreciate the great future of the Industry and seek to meet it on a Large Scale. Their own money is in it, and so are they.

To make good now, in the older lines of trade, you must shave your profits, and work on narrow margins for years—uncertain years. Apple-Orcharding in the Northwest requires no worry and not too much money, and the return is as certain as man may estimate.

You may pay for the Spokane Orchard Land in monthly instalments, and by the time the trees begin to bear, you will have it all paid for—and then the Earning of the Apple-Trees will Profit you.

The Hanauer-Graves Company, of Spokane, Washington, are greatly interested in Apple-Orcharding in the Spokane Country. Though they are not marketing any orchards just now, readers of THE FRA can obtain from this firm much interesting information concerning the Orchard Lands of the Northwest Country

Your letter will not obligate you to buy *anything*—but you really should know about this Apple-Growing Opportunity.

HANAUER-GRAVES CO.

**Corner First and Stevens Spokane, Wash.**

REFERENCES: Old National Bank, Spokane; Traders National Bank, Spokane; Spokane & Eastern Trust Co., Spokane; Union Trust Co., Spokane

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# In the Garden of Letters

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THE RAILROAD NUMBER

# THE FRA

NOT·FOR·MUMMIES

A·JOURNAL·OF·AFFIRMATION

VOL. V. AUGUST, 1910 No. 5



PUBLISHED·MONTHLY·BY·ELBERT·HUBBARD
EAST·AURORA·ERIE·COUNTY·N.Y.
25·CENTS·A·COPY·2·DOLLARS·A·YEAR

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# Go to a HAYNES Dealer and See This 1911 Car

## ANOTHER REMARKABLE HAYNES CAR

In 1909 we startled the motor world by placing the Haynes "Model 19," 5-passenger touring-car on the market at the astonishingly low price of $2,000.

The effect upon the trade and public was instantaneous. Within 30 days from the time our first announcement had appeared in the National Magazines, we had *definite, advance-payment orders* for more cars than we could make.

This new model not only appealed to the man who was considering paying $3,000 for a car, and who saw in this Haynes an opportunity of saving $1,000 on his purchase—

But it appealed to the man who found that, by paying only $500 more than the cost of a *temporary* car of common quality, it was possible for him to get a car of *known* quality and reputation that would prove a *permanently satisfactory investment.*

Probably no other car that has ever been put on the market has been so critically examined by experts as was this new Haynes.

Other manufacturers of high-grade cars were anxious to know what manner of car this "Model 19" was, and the one criticism that was made was that *it was financially impossible to put out a car of the Haynes "Model 19" quality at $2,000 and make a profit.*

**They predicted that either it would be necessary for us to reduce the quality or increase the price.**

***We have done neither.***

**Aside from minor *improvements*—a wider, roomier tonneau, longer wheel-base, etc.—the car remains unchanged, and it also remains the most remarkable automobile value ever put on the market.**

## THE HAYNES "MODEL 20" FOR 1911

This is the latest model of the car that marked a new era in the purchase-price of high-grade cars

It has 35-40 horsepower.

It has a longer, roomier tonneau than last year's model.

It has a 114-inch wheel base.

It is not only *fully equipped*, but the equipment is of the *best grade obtainable.*

For example, every car will be supplied with the well-known Warner Auto Meter—costing three times as much as most of the speed-indicators that are put on cars. (Only an indicator of this quality is entitled to be *put on a car like the Haynes.*)

All other equipment is of like character.

Last year's phenomenal response to our announcement of a *Haynes at $2,000* convinced us that the large majority of buyers prefer a car of *known* quality if it can be had at *anywhere near* the price asked for common-quality cars.

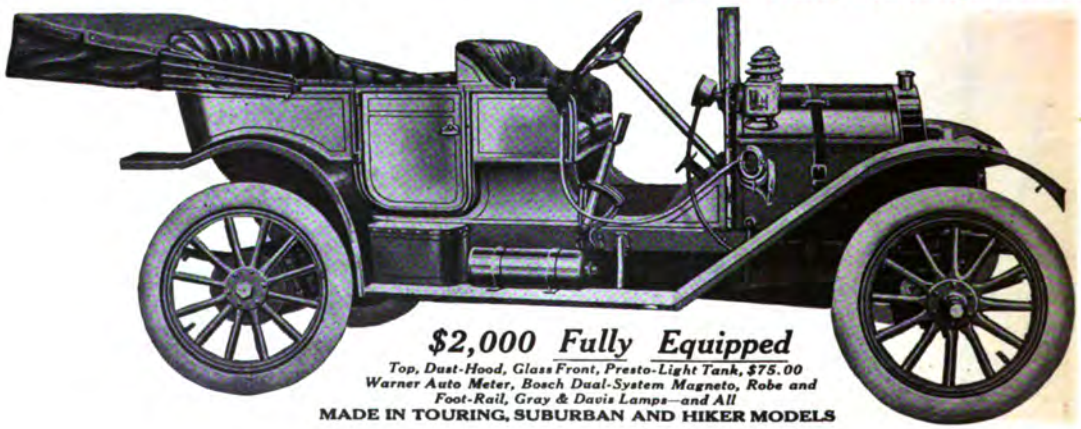
And the fact that the 1910 Haynes was the first serious attempt to meet this demand gave the car a decidedly enviable place among better-grade cars.

This year's "Model 20," with its *added refinements*, is the best possible evidence that we propose to *maintain the Haynes supremacy.*

Orders are already in for early Fall deliveries on these cars, and we strongly advise those who are contemplating the purchase of a *permanent* car of *known* merit and reputation, to communicate with us, or our local representatives *at once.*

**We will also put out a limited number of big seven-passenger palace-cars, with fifty horsepower, for those who prefer a car of this size.**

**HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY**
**150 MAIN STREET, KOKOMO, INDIANA**



***$2,000 Fully Equipped***

*Top, Dust-Hood, Glass Front, Presto-Light Tank, $75.00 Warner Auto Meter, Bosch Dual-System Magneto, Robe and Foot-Rail, Gray & Davis Lamps—and All*

**MADE IN TOURING, SUBURBAN AND HIKER MODELS**

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# THE FRA

A JOVRNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. 5 AUGUST No. 5


A Man's Measure is His Ability to Select Men and Materials and Organize Them


Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign Postage: 75 Cents Extra

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, EAST AURORA, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER
ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT POST-OFFICE DEPT., CANADA
TRADE-MARK REGISTERED.


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# THE OPEN ROAD

## AFOOT WITH THE FRA

### Farming and Railroading



THE most important economic interest in the world is agriculture

Agriculture it is that supplies us the materials with which we are fed and clothed The very existence of the race turns on the ability of the farmer to produce food.

The next thing in importance is transportation.

This must be so, because it is transportation that takes the thing from the farmer and delivers it at your door

The article must first be produced; then it must be transported from where it is plentiful to where it is needed. ¶ Distance between food and man is death.

The railroads annihilate distance and make it as though it were naught.

The railroads have but one thing to sell, and that is transportation.

They deal in the second most valuable thing in the world. So let this proposition stand: In point of importance farming comes first, and second comes transportation.

The third greatest interest is distribution, or the business of storekeeping. It is storekeeping that builds the cities. ¶ The cities do not produce food and clothing. They store and distribute the necessities of life to the people.

A city is a continuous fair, a big booth, where the people come to buy the things they need. And the railroads are the caravans that carry the things in and out.


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Closely associated with storekeeping is manufacture, which takes raw materials and puts these materials together in useful form, so that they can be transported and used by mankind. Manufacturing is assembling.

But always you will note that the value of a thing turns upon its being in a certain place at a certain time.

Food a mile from human bodies has no value, save as it is known that this mile can be bridged. The cost of bridging the mile is added to the cost of the food, and this is the basis of its value, plus the cost of distribution.

The one and only service that a railroad undertakes to supply is to bridge distance.

The unit which the railroad sells is the mile-haul. It carries a man a mile for two cents. It transports a ton of freight a mile for the same sum, or less.

The principal buyers of transportation are the farmers, the storekeepers and the manufacturers. ¶ The railroads are the sellers.

Naturally, questions occasionally arise between buyer and seller as to the proper price for this mile-haul unit.

To settle these questions the Federal Government has provided a special Court, called, "The Interstate Commerce Commission." And every State has its Railroad Commissioners who look after the interests of shippers.

The judges in the Interstate Commerce Commission are selected and named by the President of the United States, on account of their special fitness by experience and mentality to fill the position.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has a right to enter its protest against any act, rule or rate of the Railroads, where it deems the interests of shippers are threatened.

It is the duty of the Interstate Commerce Commission to hear all complaints of shippers, and if rates are too high, the Commission is empowered to say what the legal rate shall be. ¶ The Interstate Commerce Law provides that, before a rate can be advanced, the new or proposed Tariff must be filed with the Commission, and also the change must be advertised in certain specified ways.

For over two years the entire railroad interests of the country have maintained that freight rates were too low to meet safely the expenses and up-keep of the property.

The question has been brought before the country at great length and with many facts and figures. The railroads have issued arguments and statistics, fully setting forth their position

### The Coup D' Etat

IN April, Nineteen Hundred Ten, twenty-four railroads of the Middle West issued notices of an advance in rates, and duly filed their new tariff-sheets with the Interstate Commerce Commission.

No objection was raised by the Commission, and the rates were to go into effect on June First

On May Thirty-first, six hours before the new rates were to go into execution, the telegraph flashed the news that a United States judge at Hannibal, Missouri, had issued an ex-parte injunction restraining the railroads from carrying out their new tariff, on the charge that they were guilty of "conspiracy" and had combined in violation of the Sherman Act

This action of the Attorney-General was in the form of a war measure, a coup d' etat. He had sprung a lawyer's "surprise," and had done it on the advice, or at least with the permission, of the President of the United States. Practically, the President had issued the injunction, not the obscure party in Hannibal, Missouri, where Mark Twain was born and from whence naturally a big joke should come.

The railroads had acted in a perfectly frank, open and legal manner. They had a legal right to increase rates, and all their actions were within the law. But they were met by our highest official with a lawyer's trick—a cheap and insulting practical joke, like pulling a chair out from under a man about to be seated.

The President and the Attorney-General are both the servants of the people. That they should demean the dignity of their positions to the level of a pettifogging village politician reveals a pitiable state of mind.

The President is an executive, and his usurping the powers of the Judiciary was a grave error in judgment that places a blot forever upon his 'scutcheon.

The Sherman Act is now on trial for its life before the Supreme Court of the United States. Chief Justice Fuller, appreciating the gravity of this situation, hesitated about passing on it, except with a full bench, and until the people could be heard. The Sherman Act was passed twenty years ago and just what it means has never been defined or expressed.

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But the President, seizing this tottering statute, hurled it at the second greatest economic and industrial interest in the country, and thought at the time he was playing a good joke. His legal minions, drunk on cheap and transient victory, laughed until their faces looked like a Sunday supplement.

The President is not laughing now, and neither is Wickersham.

To accuse the railroads of this fair country of conscious and deliberate crime is not only an insult to every railroad man, but is also an insult to the intelligence of our time. All railroad-managers know that they can only prosper as the people prosper who live along their lines.

When you accuse a man of crime you assail his credit.

Credit is the very lifeblood of Commerce; and President Taft and Attorney-General Wickersham have injured the commercial fabric of this country, at home and abroad, to the extent of millions of dollars.

It is a most serious thing when your own Government turns upon you. Especially is it a serious thing when the Chief Executive of the Government usurps the functions of the judiciary and steps over a court which he himself has provided.

### A Shipper's View

I AM a farmer and a manufacturer; consequently, I am a shipper. And as such, with the big majority of shippers, I am willing to pay for my mile-haul what the service is worth

With the advancing trend of prices, the cost of living to a railroad is in the same proportion that it is to the individual.

The railroads have to meet this advance. They have all advanced wages, and they have met the upward tendency of materials without cutting down their proposed improvements

The Pennsylvania's depot and subways in New York, costing three hundred million dollars and more; the Grand Central Station, costing one hundred million; the Bergen Open Cut of the Erie; the palatial Northwestern depot in Chicago; the vast expenditures by the Santa Fe for new stations and double-tracking, only symbol the activity of most of our railroads.

¶ The railroads have no surplus cash—they are all borrowers. Their capital is more than active, and their credit is constantly strained. Last month they borrowed two hundred million dollars in France, to put into improvements here in America. These improvements are for the people—all the people.

The railroads are the greatest consumers of manufactured goods and the greatest employers of labor in America.

When the railroads prosper, we all prosper.

When the railroads cease to expand, and enthusiasm and enterprise are chilled and checked by Government baiting, an injury upon all the people, awful in extent, is invoked which may take years to repair.

Our Government is the people. And the people of this country are not at war with the railroads.

¶ The people own the railroads, make the railroads, work for the railroads, use the railroads

When a few lawyers at Washington, who accidentally hold transient official positions, by their acts make it appear that the Government is at war with the railroads, or the railroads are at war with the people, they misrepresent us and do us all great harm.

Are we living under the rule of the shyster?

It really looks so.

### Hard Times

IN hard times thousands of men wander through the city streets, tired and wan, looking for work.

In Nineteen Hundred Seven there was a procession of unemployed in London ten miles long. At the same time the bread-line formed in New York at midnight, and soup-houses were established to ward off dire starvation.

The Government was importuned to lend its assistance that work might be provided, and further panic averted.

Always in times of stress a vast number of people look to the Government for relief. But what shall we say of a Government which makes war on those who are now giving work to millions, and thereby assure us peace and prosperity!

If the men in charge of our Government insist on being Business-Baiters, the bread-line will again form; the hoarse roar of the mob, demanding work or bread, will again be heard; and women and children will be pushed defenseless into the storm.

Business in this country gives work and wage to every one who wants to work. Let business alone!

The problem in good times is to get men to do the work. There then is no problem of the

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unemployed, because there are no unemployed. The country is safe only when its people are busy. The busy man is the happy man.

### The Piffling Policy

THREE days after the injunction was issued, a conference was held at the White House between President Taft and his Cabinet, and Ripley of the Santa Fe, Delano of the Wabash, and Winchell of the 'Frisco. ¶ The railroad men stated their case in terms not to be misunderstood, a thing they should have been allowed to do before that injunction was issued.

The result was that President Taft said, "If you will withdraw your tariffs, I'll withdraw my injunction—this until my new proposed railroad bill is passed."

The railroad men were absolutely secure in their legal rights, yet they temporarily agreed to this proposition.

President Taft then explained that this was all he issued the injunction for, and "the intents of the action were fully met," thus claiming a victory where no victory was scored. ¶ If President Taft was sincere in his statement that the injunction proceedings were begun simply to compel the railroads to withdraw their new tariffs, then his entire action was mendacious and the work of a weakling and a rogue.

I think so well of President Taft, however, that I believe he gave a wrong reason, as we are all apt to do when we make a break. ¶ What the President does not know about railroading would fill a large book. The man is a judge, not an economist, and his entire tendency is to listen to recitals of wo and to sit in judgment. Note his sophomorish cracks out of the box when talking of Post-Office affairs last December!

But just grant that his reasons in this matter were right, here is what he did: He charged the managers of twenty-four railroads with criminal acts "in conspiring to defraud, injure and wrong," and on these charges of criminal acts and intents the injunction was issued, preventing the railroads from doing a thing which they had a perfectly legal right to do, until such a time as Taft could have a law passed extending the scope of the Interstate Commerce Commission. That is, Taft demands obedience to a law which he has merely suggested, and in order to bring about this obedience he assails the character and credit of men engaged in a great and useful undertaking. ¶ It was like arresting a man for murder in order to keep him from going to the theater, and then smiling it off as "one on him."

### Ward-Heeling Tactics

PRESIDENT TAFT'S reasons are juvenile, puerile, and fit only for the speech of a ward-heeler.

Is it such a small matter to accuse men of crime and hold them up in scorn before the world! Taft reveals the lawyer mind, making charges which can not be sustained, with a dumb, dull indifference to human needs and human suffering. He comes demanding obedience to law, and then resorts to illegal methods to secure an advantage. Commercial distress is nothing, so long as you can score a point in law. Once, the ruler took your life; now, he just destroys your business and makes little-pig sausages of your good name, and smiles. This is what you call fiddling while Rome burns, done up to date.

The fact is, however, Taft is not the rogue his reasoning proves. He was deceived by his legal advisors into believing that the railroads were acting in opposition to the Sherman Act, and "combining in restraint of trade."

The injunction was purely ex-parte, and ex-parte affairs are always dangerous for both sides ✍ ✍

We all need the healthful restraining force of the opposition—then, only, are we safe. ¶ Taft was caught in the net opened for him by his own political henchmen. He has a vast number of decisions to make. Others write letters, he signs them ✍ His helpers prepare papers, he endorses them. This is, in fact, the way a judge does business. I know judges who sign every document presented, and depend upon the lawyers to play fair.

Taft signs an order for an injunction on the charge of conspiracy. And it was four days before he was told, and then by Ripley of the Santa Fe, that a Joint Tariff was not within the scope or the meaning of the Sherman Act, and that nobody before had ever imagined it was. And Taft saw the point, but refused to acknowledge it.

### The Order of Mutts

COMPETITORS everywhere agree on tariffs. It is the rule of business. Our prices are controlled by our competitors. Law Associations in every town and city agree on a tariff. Merchants agree on when they will close or

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open. Doctors decide when they will go and what they will charge. Preachers in a town agree to marry no couple for less than a dollar, paid in advance ❧ The price of a ticket from Chicago to the Coast is thirty-three dollars, and you can take your choice of six lines. This is called a Joint Tariff. Joint Tariffs have been issued by railroads for twenty-five years, and nobody has ever before called them conspiracies. In truth, the Joint Tariff is not only allowed, but ordered by the Interstate Commerce Act. Also, no President of the United States has ever before made a criminal charge against great industries, in order to restrain them from innocent acts until he could pass a law covering this or that.

Is President Taft a fool or a rogue? He is neither. Bill Reedy declares Taft is simply a mutt and a dubb; that is, he is a man of impulses—mostly good—but he is the prey and plaything of Time, Chance and Politicians, heir to the Teddy Da Roose policies—the policies of mischievous interference, with a transient itch to straighten up the Tower of Pisa "while I'm here."

If Taft were honest in his charges of conspiracy upon which that injunction was issued, then he is now guilty of compounding a felony in quashing proceedings. ¶ If he made a break, he's a mutt.

And he made the break, all right. If he had a little more girth measure in the cerebellum he would now acknowledge that a Joint Tariff is not a conspiracy. But only a great man can acknowledge he was wrong. The whiffling, piffling explanation comes in, all unmindful that explanations never explain the reasons why any explanation is necessary.

The ex-parte policy is a criminal policy. It is acting without consideration for the other party, and to gain an unfair advantage. And it is this ex-parte policy, and nothing else, that causes most of the trouble in the world. Burglary, hold-ups, sandbagging and rape are ex-parte proceedings. I am ashamed of a President who meets frank business affairs of great and far-reaching interest with ex-parte legal trickery.

The endeavor to incite class hatred, by the assumption that the railroads are at war with the people, is the work of the demagogue. And the theatric rushing in to rescue the dear people from the tentacles of the octopus shows the instincts of the politician whose party grip on his job is not quite secure. It is a phase of yellow journalism in high places working for circulation.

Make way for the mutt! Having all been dubbs, ourselves, at times, we should now be able to sympathize with one.

Bum, lum, te-dum! Here we come! Make way!

❧

Men are changed only as you change their surroundings. Transportation changes environment. And the railroads are the most important factor for progress and enlightenment in the world today—barring nothing.

❧

## The Romance of the Railroad



HERODOTUS, four hundred and fifty years before Christ, called Egypt, "the gift of the Nile." ¶ Cæsar in a sudden burst of poetic fervor improved upon the simile thus: "Egypt is the bride of the Nile."

The great cities of modern times are the gift of the railroads ❧ ❧

It is commerce that builds cities and roads, tunnels mountains, and makes famine an impossibility ❧ Transportation and commerce are Siamese twins. When the Erie Canal was in process of building, between Eighteen Hundred Seventeen and Eighteen Hundred Twenty-six, there sprang up along its route that line of prosperous cities and towns which today mark their way across the Empire State.

The Erie Canal connected the Atlantic with the Great Lakes. No one then was so insane as to guess a time when Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean would join hands—that was beyond imagination. ¶ In June, Eighteen Hundred Twenty-six, DeWitt Clinton took a jug of water from Lake Erie at Buffalo, and carried it by Canal Packet to Albany, thence by steamboat to New York. There he stood on the dock at Castle Garden and solemnly emptied the jug upon the incoming tide.

It was a beautiful and poetic way of saying that Lake Erie and the Atlantic Ocean now were one. The idea was borrowed from Cæsar, who carried water from the Adriatic and emptied it into the Nile as a symbol that Egypt was married to Italy.

The first railroad constructed in America—

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outside of experiments—was the line from Albany to Schenectady. The engine used is still in existence. It was called, "The DeWitt Clinton." And it is worth while to remember that the original intent of that railroad was to tow boats on the raging canal, instead of pulling them by horse-power. The cars were let down the hill and drawn up by windlass.

Every good thing begins as something else; and our wisest moves are accidents.

The Erie Canal was a great success. Passengers seeking the West traveled to Albany by steamboat, and were then transferred to the Canal passenger-packets that annihilated space at the rate of one hundred miles every twenty-four hours ✍ ✍

Buffalo was five days away from New York, and after two years the time was cut to three days by "flying packets" that charged an excess fare. ¶ Westward Ho!

### Government Ownership

IN Eighteen Hundred Thirty-two, a bill was introduced in the New York State Legislature authorizing a railroad to be built from Tidewater to Lake Erie.

This road was suggested by the success of the Erie Canal.

It was to be called the Erie Railway.

The original idea was that it was to be owned and operated by the State of New York, just as the Canal was owned and managed by the State ✍ ✍

Our socialistic friends will here note that this country had a close call on Government Ownership in the very start of the railroad enterprise ✍ ✍

Those who have the time and inclination will find some very racy reading, by going over the official records of the years Eighteen Hundred Thirty-two, Eighteen Hundred Thirty-three and Eighteen Hundred Thirty-four. In actual truth, the Erie Railroad has been a topic at Albany, more or less, in every session since ✍

The money for this first railroad connecting the Lakes with the Ocean was to be raised by appropriation, aided by a lottery.

Next, towns were to be established as they were along the Erie Canal, and the Government was to sell town lots and use the money for extending the railroad on ten miles, where another town was to be built.

It will thus be seen that the idea of a town at the terminal of a railroad was the gist of the whole enterprise. How long it would take a town to grow up, they did not know, but no one imagined that Lake Erie would be reached by a railroad in less than twenty years.

One man offered to bet his farm it could not be done in a hundred years.

And we hear of a certain Solon from Oneida County, who lived on the banks of the Erie Canal, hotly condemning the whole proposition as a move in restraint of trade and an endeavor to bankrupt the Canal. "One line of transportation between New York and Lake Erie is enough, because it can carry all the people who want to go," he cried. And he sat down amid a wild burst of applause.

However, money was appropriated for the survey ✍ ✍

The road was to start from Piermont, twenty miles above New York. This was about the nearest point in New York State where the line could begin. Nobody ever thought it possible to have a terminal of the Erie in New Jersey. First, New Jersey had no interest in the matter. Second, there was either a wide marsh to cross or a palisade of rock to cut through. To cross the marsh or to cut through the rock was voted an impossibility.

Impossibilities are simply things which up to this time have never been done.

Boats could meet all trains at Piermont and carry the passengers and goods up and down to the city.

So Piermont it was.

The other end of the route was to be Dunkirk, as the nearest point at which to hit the Lake. Buffalo was to be knocked high and dry, getting her consolation from the Erie Canal.

Besides, Buffalo did n't want her water-routes and stage-lines interfered with. A locomotive was a dirty, noisy thing, and one at Schenectady had once scared a team of canal-mules so that they jumped into the Canal and were drowned.

### Taxes and Burdens

THE Erie Canal had laid such a burden on the taxpayers that there arose a riot of opposition to the State assuming any more responsibilities. Railroads were an experiment at the best. And there was cited the case of how Peter Cooper had backed his locomotive against a gray horse in a five-mile race and the horse had won in a canter.

The bill to build was then rescinded, and a Joint Stock Company was authorized, the State giving land and all she had put in, to get out of a bad bargain.

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The first line ran from Piermont on the Hudson to Goshen and was opened for traffic in Eighteen Hundred Forty-one. The distance is about forty miles, and one train a day was run over from Piermont and back.

A great many people went up from New York to take the ride. In fact, the chief income was from these excursionists.

"When the novelty wears off, that is the end of it," said the wiseheimers.

Women were carried at half-price. Just why this was we do not know, perhaps because they had less money. Women have always been minors—in the eyes of the law, anyway.

At country dances, women are admitted at half-price, and probably it was just a business stroke to popularize the road, there being many people who were afraid to ride.

The passengers were listed or manifested, just like ship-passengers, and checked off and on like freight. The first railroad-tickets were tags with the man's name on, and these were fastened to his coat.

Next, the ticket was stuck in his hat.

It was five years before some railroad man said, "Oh, shucks, what's the use!" And then he quit writing down the passenger's name, age and pedigree, and just sold him a ticket.

At first, the man in charge of the train was called the "Captain." The engineer objected, however, to this mark of honor, and to quiet all artistic jealousy the word "Conductor" came in, meaning of course the man who conducts the passengers from one place to another. It was the duty of the conductor to run ahead of the train and drive cows off the track, and also to run ahead of the train when coming into a village. The first cars or coaches were stagecoaches mounted on wheels with flanges. These coaches were costly, and besides, enough of them could not be procured, the railroad buying all the secondhand ones they could find.

Then flat cars were provided, with simple benches nailed across for seats.

It was Eighteen Hundred Forty-three before two trains were run, one for freight and one for passengers; and this was only brought about after much complaint from passengers, who used to help load and unload the freight in order to lessen delay. Also, there were times when there was such a heavy load of freight that passengers would have to get off and push.

¶ When closed cars came in, people who wanted to ride in them were called "First-Class Passengers." Those who rode in open cars were called "Deck-Passengers."

Later, they were called "Second-Class Passengers."

Trains were advertised "to run, weather permitting." In rainy weather the damp ran down the steam in the boiler. Asbestos covering was a long way in the future. And the rain and wind were bad for both trainmen and passengers. Steamboats lay up in bad weather—why not trains? Certainly, neighbor, certainly!

¶ Time was n't as valuable then as now. They had all there was of it; and as long as a train could go twice as fast as a team, folks were satisfied.

### Trials and Difficulties

IT was not until about Eighteen Hundred Forty-seven, when the Erie Railroad was reaching out from Goshen to Binghamton, that the railroad bond appears on the financial horizon.

The limit of the stockholders had been reached, with no more money in sight. The stockholders then voted that they would issue a mortgage on the whole property and sell these parts of the whole mortgage—or bonds—in denominations of five hundred dollars each.

The Romans devised the corporation, "a body without death and a mind without decline."

¶ The mortgage, or a plan whereby property was dead to the owner if he failed to pay back a certain sum he had borrowed, was also a Roman device.

But the plan of issuing a mortgage to a trustee, and allowing him to parcel the amount out in "bonds," is an English device.

But the railroad bond is an American invention, devised by certain stockholders in a railroad to meet a financial emergency.

The first Erie bonds were bought by stockholders, who knew of course that if these bonds were not paid they could foreclose their mortgage and freeze the other stockholders out.

¶ Without this bond idea, the railroads of America never could have been built, because the money would not have been forthcoming.

¶ The second concern—the Construction Company—organized to build the road and paid for so doing in stocks and bonds, is a more recent development, and also an American idea.

¶ Without it I can not imagine how any one would ever have had the incentive to undertake the stupendous tasks which must have con-

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fronted the railroad-builder. Big things are always done by individuals, not by the public. ¶ In Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight, the Erie was completed to Binghamton. Practically it had put the stage-lines completely out of business. Railroading was no longer an experiment. It was a necessity of civilization. The people followed the railroad into the forest, and towns sprang into being every few miles along its route

The Erie reached Elmira in Eighteen Hundred Forty-nine, and Corning in Eighteen Hundred Fifty, and the screech of the locomotive was heard in Dunkirk in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-one

In July of that year came the Erie's first through excursion party, consisting of about a hundred of the principal citizens of America, who were invited to inspect this mighty enterprise. ¶ The whole party rode on flat cars with seats running across.

This train ran only in the daytime, and at the rate of a hundred miles a day. At night there were taverns that took care of the pioneers. Daniel Webster was the principal guest of the occasion. Speeches were made at all the towns along the route, and the people gathered from hundreds of miles.

According to the pleasant customs of the time there was much good-cheer, reinforced by a plentiful supply of liquid energy.

There were more people at Dunkirk than have ever been there since. They came from points all along the Great Lakes.

On one of the flat cars brought from New York was a barrel of sea-water which had been reverently dipped from the Atlantic. This barrel was rolled out on the dock at Dunkirk, and a part of the exercises was to pour the sea-water into Lake Erie. Through error a cask of New Jersey applejack was rolled out instead. Fortunately the error was discovered in time; the right cask was secured, and Lake Erie was duly married to the Ocean, once again.

What became of the barrel of applejack is not recorded. Daniel Webster made his speech, but it was not exactly the speech he had intended to make. What he said has not been told, and possibly it matters little—railroads are neither run nor built by orators.

The opening of the Erie Railway from Piermont to Dunkirk in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-one is one of the great white mile-posts in the onward march of America.

## The Romance of Business

NO novel ever penned is so full of romance as the story of the Erie Railroad. Poetry, art, literature, finance, invention, passion, love, hate, homicide, suicide have been woven into the warp and woof of its history.

No commercial venture has ever been so torn by the bears and tossed by the bulls as "Erie."

Happy lives make dull biographies. There is nothing dull in the Erie record. It is a story of strife, a tale of battle, and yet a record of a constant upward march. ¶ Its history has been written in the cold language of figures and statistics, and these are not history at all, any more than political records are history. That which changes things is the people who work, invent, devise, toil, dream, love, hate, succeed, die and nobly fail.

The only thing which differentiates one age from another is the men who live in it.

The life-line of the Erie is a ragged, zigzag, yet ascending course.

I see the story of the Erie seething in the inkwell, and if somebody does not get at it and fish it out soon, I 'll be compelled, through love of duty, to do it myself.

The history of the Erie is the history of the Commercial Supremacy of America.

Of course, I could never complete the history of the Erie, because it is a never-ending tale.

The Erie is n't built yet—it is only in process. ¶ The Erie Railroad as yet is only in its youth. It has not yet reached manhood. Never was it so full of unrest and noble discontent as it is today

Within the past eight years there has come into being a new Erie. Not a rail is on the main line of one thousand miles, lacking one, from Jersey City to Chicago, that was there eight years ago. New steel and heavier steel, lower grades, longer trains, heavier equipment, numerous safety appliances, increased efficiency, mark this awakening of the giant

A one-per-cent grade means a rise of one foot in each hundred feet, or fifty feet in a mile. ¶ Ten miles of such grade means a five-hundred-foot rise.

To get over a hill at all was considered a great achievement by the old-time engineers. It was James J. Hill who first startled the railroad world with cold figures as to the cost of elevating all the traffic of a railroad a hundred feet for a year.

He showed that a two-per-cent grade was the

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difference between an engine drawing a train of thirty cars and one of sixty. His figures expressed in dollars and cents gave a shock to economists from which they have not yet recovered.

Mr. Hill did not try to keep his data to himself—he claims neither caveat nor copyright—he gave it out to the world and asked the world to refute it.

Then he did n't wait for the refutation. He set to work on his own lines eliminating grades. At the same time he began tossing his dinky engines on the junk-pile and investing in "Moguls."

The result was twice the traffic, with no increase in overhead charges.

### The Man Who Did It

THE man to advocate putting fifty million dollars into the Erie for the purpose of lowering grades and making it generally a modern transportation machine, was Frederick D. Underwood.

Underwood belongs to the Western School of Railroad-Builders. He is n't a railroad magnate —a magnate is something else ✍ A magnate is a "creamer," a skimmer, an exploiter, a bounder, a speculator; his desire is to skim the cream and leave skim-milk to some one else. ¶ Do not confuse Frederick Douglass Underwood with this class. He is not of the predatory or the parasitic. He is never seen in Wall Street, and his name is never on the lips of rumor. Few people know him by sight. He does his work and holds his peace. Neither does he belong to the leisure class.

He is a graduate of the University of Hard Knocks—a product of storm and stress, of difficulty, trial, hardship, high endeavor and noble achievement.

He has grown great by carrying burdens.

He belongs in that select class of post-graduates to which belong Senior Wrangler James J. Hill, William C. Brown, Melville Hays, Theodore Shonts, Paul Morton, Sir Thomas Shaughnessey, Sir William Van Horne and all those BIG BOYS who have done so much to redeem the Middle West from the "shakes" and make it blossom like the Jacqueminot.

He was tanned by the same sunshine, fanned by the same blizzards that evolved George H. Daniels, of blessed memory ✍ And best of all, he was taught by close contact in more or less competitive rough-house with Yim Hill.

Underwood was born at the eight-mile post on the Plank Road, Watertown, in Wisconsin, and the post is still there. The same year, during the construction of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad, now part of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, rails were laid across his father's farm. He sometimes thinks he remembers, during that first year of his life, the ringing of the spikers' sledges.

Before he entered railroad service, he knocked about for three years, in the mines, in the lumber-woods and in the grain-elevators. At twenty, we have him a brakeman, then he became a freight-conductor; soon he was given a passenger-train; was made Assistant Division Superintendent; Superintendent; then General Superintendent; General Manager; Vice-President and General Manager.

Eastern roads want—demand—such men—men who grow with every move and gather gear with every change.

The reward for good work is more work, and harder work, and greater difficulties.

Underwood is a giant in body and a giant in brain. He is kindly, get-at-able and gentle, as becomes a giant.

His health is superb—he is a sleek-headed Roman, who sleeps o' nights, with nerves never on the outside of his toga.

He looks like Cicero and acts like Hannibal ✍ He knows all detail, but is able to throw detail on others. He reserves himself for the big tasks. ¶ Frederick D. Underwood is a sort of Jovelike, human proposition. He has courage plus and hope to spare. His enthusiasm is catching. He loves his friends, forgets his enemies, plays with babies, digests, sleeps—and as for work, he eats it alive.

His humor is contagious: while tunneling a mountain or figuring on a bond-issue, he will tell you a story about a man who broke steers in Waukesha.

He gets his rest in change.

### A Modern Miracle

IN Eighteen Hundred Fifty-eight, the Erie Railway shifted its Eastern terminal from Piermont to Jersey City.

The impossible had been performed.

Bergen Hill, a mountain of solid rock, had been tunneled and double-tracked.

The waste rock from the tunnel had been used to fill in across the salt-marshes, and thus had two miracles been worked at one time.

The opening of the Jersey City tunnel was

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celebrated with much blowing of horns and speechmaking to match.

Up to that time it was the longest tunnel in America, as well as our greatest feat in engineering.

In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six—that year of great awakening—Jay Gould said, "The limit of the Erie is the Bergen Hill Tunnel. Four tracks are required to handle our traffic, instead of two, and until we get the four tracks we will be under an awful handicap."

Gould laid the matter before his English bondholders, but they scouted the idea of putting any more money into his hands. They had just helped him change his whole line from a six-foot gauge to "standard."

That had to be done, otherwise income would be cut off absolutely. Now they stood firm—not a shilling more!

Wall Street was consulted, the matter was considered, bids were asked for. Twenty-five million dollars was the cost for a second two-track tunnel. To cut through the hill was voted impossible. No money was in sight, in any event.

The blueprints were pigeonholed.

Jay Gould was right—the limit of the Erie was the Tunnel.

The number of trains you can send over a track is limited by that law which provides that two physical bodies can not occupy the same space at the same time.

The suburban traffic continued to grow. By close scheming, using both tracks for inward business in the morning, and the same out at night, and scheduling trains with intent of keeping the track warm, six hundred trains a day could be sent through the tunnel, three hundred each way.

There are fourteen hundred and forty minutes in a day, and no more. Two and a half minutes were allowed for each train. Freight was moved at night, or only in the middle of the day. If perishable freight arrived—vegetables, fruits or berries—it had to be held back to accommodate passenger service. Often great loss followed.

In winter if there was a snow blockade or if a car got off the track, passengers were inconvenienced.

The marvel is that the Erie folks were able to take care of the business as well as they did.

Towns up in New Jersey that wanted a better train service were jollied and held off—for even one more train was impossible. ¶ The limit of the Tunnel had been reached.

Things at Jersey City must be changed so as to meet the growing demands of traffic.

Underwood was consulted. He had met similar conditions on the "Soo" at Lake Superior, where steam-shovels were never seen, and only dynamite made an impression.

It is an open secret now that Underwood was hired with this one idea in mind, the liberating of the Erie from the incubus of Bergen Hill, that mountain of unfriendly, uncompromising trap-rock that sullenly dammed the tide of trade. ¶ Faith, aided by money, can remove mountains. But it takes a big man to get money. Underwood is both an engineer and a money-getter. Also, he is a diplomat in securing rights of way and in making friends of those whose friendship is required.

That mountain must be leveled bodily. An open cut must be made.

The matter was laid before the men of means, and Underwood was told to go ahead.

And now Bergen Hill has been cut through. The Cut is seventy feet deep, a hundred feet wide, and a mile long.

To do the task cost five years' engineering toil. ¶ Four tracks are now being laid on the level floor at the bottom of this great artificial canyon.

The two tracks and the old tunnel that have done such valiant service will be used for freight, but through the Open Cut will flow the tide of commuters and the restless peoples, with the wanderlust upon them, who come and go from East to West, and from West to East. ¶ The limit has been lifted.

How much the Open Cut will increase Erie Stocks no man can say. But the Erie from Chicago to New York will be blessed and benefited.

The two tracks and more through Bergen Hill has always been a tender point in the minds of Erie officials.

At first the Bergen Tunnel was a thing of which to be proud.

Then it became a thing that begat apologies and explanations.

Next, it became a joke to the many.

As long ago as Eighteen Hundred Seventy, Jim Fisk thought it wise to issue a circular and say that the tunnel was plenty big enough to take care of all traffic for a hundred years. But to make sure, he built better docks at Piermont

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and sent lighters up there to relieve the congestion on the New Jersey Terminal.

To face the difficulty boldly and cut the hill was too great a task for either the tireless Jay Gould, or Jim Fisk, his Vice-President and General Manager.

Perhaps nothing is done until it has to be done, and then Providence sends the man.

The Bergen Hill Cut is one of the greatest of modern engineering feats. How it has been kept so quiet, running, as it does, right through a great city, where the Cut had to be bridged with solid concrete, City Councils met and State Legislatures appeased, I know not.

We are that busy, milords, with our own affairs, that miracles are growing monotonous.

But the deed is done. The ligature that limited circulation for the Erie has been removed. Millions of people will be benefited.

Especially will Northern New Jersey and Bergen County be blessed. ¶ The Bergen Hill Open Cut is a deathless monument to the foresight, skill, energy and purpose of Frederick D. Underwood.

### Safety and Courtesy

IN talking with an official of the Erie Railway System the other day, he referred quite incidentally to a point that is worth remembering and emphasizing. It is this: All the money made by this great company above bare operation expenses goes right back into improvements and equipment.

This applies also to the dividends, which for the most part come back from the stockholders for reinvestment. Men who draw out big sums and live in idleness are absolutely unknown in railroad circles.

This talk about "predatory wealth" is mostly stuff, bluff and guff.

Railroad men stand for industry and economy. They are filled with an eternal discontent. They want things better. They are men with the builders' itch. Rameses had it, and so did Pericles, and these men made cities. But now hundreds of men have it. Railroad men always have plans made ahead for betterments, often for years, waiting until the money can be spared or secured. Thus we find a great railway system is always in the safe and healthful condition of being hard-up. It uses every dollar it possesses.

Always and forever, sidings are being lengthened, terminal facilities bettered, heavier rails laid down, improved safety appliances adopted.

¶ The entire spirit of the successful railroad is to safeguard its "guests," as one conductor I know on the Erie calls his passengers. The railroad boys stand for human service. Not only is the traveler protected from accident, but from discourtesy, inconvenience and his own carelessness.

The railroad man who indulges in either grouch or graft is a goner before he has begun.

The boys in blue who are not on the dead level are back on the dray tomorrow.

A man working alone can be a rogue, but a bunch of men never falsify records.

They hold each other straight.

Gamblers and confidence-men once plied their trade on trains and at railroad-stations, but that day is gone and gone forever. ¶ I have ridden on railroad-trains nearly one-third the time for twenty-five years, and during all that time I have never once been off the rust, neither have I ever been robbed of a dollar. ¶ I have never lost a hat, grip, umbrella or my temper, on a railroad-train.

The nearest I ever came to misfortune in traveling was when I left the manuscript of that Mozart "Little Journey" in a Pullman car, and the porter chucked it as rubbish. Laylander and a few other dubbs and mutts, lacking in the actinic ray, still maintain that the porter should have been rewarded. But that is another question.

### A New Environment

THE railroads of today build for the future. These men with prophetic vision know that the traffic will eventually warrant the expenditure, even if it does not now.

They set their stakes and the world comes to them

Thus does the Octopus do for civilization what your detached and individual citizens never can do for themselves.

The Uganda Railroad has done more to civilize Africa than all the work of all the missionaries in two thousand years. It gives a new environment. "You change men only as you change their environment," says Darwin.

The railroad brings the world and the market to your door.

It takes your surplus products and brings the money back.

In olden times, the fort was built in sight of the camp; then the booth and bazaar centered around the fort, and from this grew the city

Now, the cities spring up along the railroads,

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without the painful processes of destruction, conquest and violence.

The railroad stands for peace, plenty, prosperity —work, education, civilization, enlightenment.

¶ Always and forever, when railroads are prosperous, they are building depots, warehouses, hotels, bridges, and extending their lines

The schoolhouse and the railroad go hand in hand

When the railroads are buying equipment, we all thrive.

When the box cars, empty, line the sidings, and the engines are dead, and the incense of commerce no longer rises from the shops, then the railroads conserve, hold back and hedge

Soon interest defaults, notes go to protest, we lay aside the plans for our new house, your wife turns the old black dress, you cancel orders, hustle to get "an extension," the bread-line forms and hell is to pay. ¶ How silly and short-sighted is the policy that would kill initiative, destroy invention and harass the animation which increases and upbuilds!

A degenerate is a man who renders the world no service—who receives but does not bestow, and who has no disposition to carry his share of life's burdens.

## The Sherman Act



THE United States Government is a trust. It is a central power exercising sovereignty over some forty-eight separate States.

The trust is a natural and beneficent evolution of our time, and the attempt to destroy it is on a par with the law passed in Missouri a few years ago, providing for the dissolution of all Department-Stores, and also making the organization of a Department-Store a crime.

Every argument that can be made against a Department-Store can be made with equal truth against a trust.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Law was passed in Eighteen Hundred Ninety. It was the idea of John Sherman, of Ohio.

The Sherman Act is founded on the assumption that combinations, or the management of several companies by one head, is of itself wrong and can only be for one purpose, to oppress the consumer.

Senator Sherman was not a business man. He was a lawyer and a politician, and he could not imagine the necessity for decentralizing a big institution for the sake of greater safety and a better organization.

This organization of several subsidiary companies under one general policy is not in restraint of trade, but in order that the trade may be extended, enlarged, and overhead charges reduced.

Of itself, it is no more immoral than is a partnership made up of several individuals, or a corporation which is made up of stock owned by various partnerships or individuals.

The supervision of trusts by the State is right and well, but such supervision must be wise and carried out with dignity and in a proper spirit

The Sherman Act is of itself doing the very thing which it seeks to stop others from doing: it is interfering with the natural trend and evolution of business. It is an attempt to destroy free competition and place the weak on a level with the strong.

That which interferes with the rights of the people is wrong and will have to go.

The Sherman Act has outlived its usefulness, granting the hypothesis that it ever had any.

¶ Laws which prevent competition and prevent men from receiving the natural results of their invention, initiative and enterprise, are unjust laws, and this is just what the Sherman Act is.

It is an attempt to turn us back to Stagecoach times and Canal-boat methods.

Let it be declared contrary to public polity, as an interference with the natural rights of a free people.

TRANSPORTATION occupies a high place in the regard of Nature.

The thistle-down that sails through the air; the pollen blown by the Summer breeze; the lifting of the moisture into the sky and its release as rain; the winds rushing to fill a vacuum and thus purifying the atmosphere; the hastening of the rivers to the sea; the tides searching out the corners of the land and heaving themselves on the rocks, trying to dissolve them so they can render them transportable—all these form the forces which make solar systems and send the worlds spinning through space.

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## What Builds a City



MANY forces go to the building of a modern city: position, harbors, rivers, transportation-lines, manufactures, commerce, climate. This is one of the few countries of the world where climate builds cities, and in this favored spot it will be a powerful ally of commerce. Traffic itself takes it into account, and railroads are built and steamship-lines planned to carry people to regions where climatic conditions are most nearly ideal. It is said that not a mile of railway has been constructed in Utah, South of Salt Lake City, which did not carry the hopes of the builders that sooner or later it would become part of a line extending from Salt Lake to Southern California. Climate directly was but part of the impelling motive. Climate means comfort, but it means orange-groves as well; and a distinctive and attractive agriculture, it was foreseen, would be shaped by winterless airs and semi-tropical conditions. It took more than twenty years of struggle between rival lines—a long battle of giants—to get a diagonal, cross-country outlet to the Pacific, but the goal was worth the struggle and the compromise. And in the case of the main transcontinental lines, it will not be forgotten that California was the only country any one ever cared to build three thousand miles of rail to get to—and California would not be California without its climate

San Diego is in the extreme Southwestern corner of the State, and directly on the Coast. Its site is one of great natural beauty, and the whole situation is favorable to growth and prosperity. Here is room and opportunity. On the South is Guaymas, on the West coast of Mexico behind the long peninsula of Lower California Los Angeles is one hundred twenty-six miles distant on the North and twenty miles away from the artificial harbor of San Pedro. San Francisco is five hundred miles farther North. Santa Barbara has great climatic charm, but no harbor and a limited "back country," while San Diego holds the only position on the whole Southern coast of California in which to build a commercial city of considerable size. And owing to the East-ward trend of the Coast, San Diego is three hundred miles nearer to the trade-centers of the East and the Middle West than is San Francisco, and five hundred miles nearer the commercial marts of the South.

### The Small Farm

THIS is the Mediterranean region of the Southwest, and the climate makes the lands desirable for the growth of valuable and high-priced crops which long ago made the European lands of the orange and the lemon, the fig and the olive, lands of romance, and gave them an exclusive trade, until California challenged their pre-eminence. Here the soil and the climate invite to intensive farming and there is no more favorable region for the small farm. We do not yet know the possibilities of an acre, in spite of all that the market-gardener has done and the examples of European countries. Today we read of the spirit of the farm; of a new emphasis upon cultivation and fertilization; of deeper plowing and better methods and larger returns from fewer acres, and the whole drift of this new agriculture is toward smaller holdings. Given ownership of the land under these skies and with this market at the door, what can not skill do here on a few acres? And the small farm means social life—means here, among orange and lemon groves, and the various products of the field and orchard, the most attractive country life in the world.

Write as you feel, and your work will be appreciated by all who feel as you do—be natural, and be proper, but not too proper.

## Jealousy a Disease



IN the railroad-station platform at Ashtabula the other day, a Division Superintendent of the "Lake Shore" asked me, "Do you know the cause of most railway accidents?"

"Why, the disobedience of orders," I answered.

"That is partially right, but the cause lies deeper. Why should a railway employee disobey orders? Why should an engineer run past the station when he is ordered to stop? It is his own life he endangers most. Why should a train-dispatcher send out

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two trains facing each other at the same time on one track? Or why does a switch-tender throw a switch right in front of a fast express?

¶ "People call these things accidents, but that is not the word—they are the result of mental conditions. And it is for the General Manager to be on the lookout for these conditions, and every good railroad-manager now is.

"Do you remember when two passenger-trains met head on out in Indiana last year? The engineer of one of these trains had in his pocket an order to take the sidetrack at a certain station. He ran by that station at fifty miles an hour, and in five minutes there was a crash that snuffed out fifty-four lives and two hundred thousand dollars' worth of property. I knew the engineer. Let us call him Hank Bristol, for that was n't his name. He was married to a smashing, dashing, beautiful creature, and they boarded at a hotel—had no children. I boarded there, too, and we all made eyes at Hank's dashing wife. She used to play the piano and sing a little, and recite. The love of one plain, honest man was not enough for her—she craved the admiration of the clever. She was n't a bad woman, just an idle one who spent on finery every spare cent Hank made, and who of course wanted the finery to be admired. Hank was proud of her, too. One evening he kissed the dear woman good-by and started out to make a night run. He went out to the roundhouse and at the last moment the Old Man decided to save Hank back and let him take out a special carrying the President and the Directors of the road in the morning. Hank was tickled—it was a great compliment to him. He went home to tell his wife; he used to tell her everything.

"But when he got home she was n't there. She had gone to the theater with a boot-and-shoe drummer from Chicago.

"Hank went away and walked the streets till morning—his wife never knew, and I believe she does n't yet. He walked the streets all night and ran out the special in the morning.

¶ "But after that he was never the same. He used to confide in me—he just had to tell some one to keep his heart from bursting with grief.

¶ "He grew absent-minded, lost flesh, appetite gone, was nervous—the doctor said he should quit coffee and cut out half the tobacco.

"I knew what was the matter—he was jealous. I told him so, and he laughed a laugh that gave me gooseflesh. 'I jealous? Why Bill, you don't know me. I jealous? The Idea! No, I 'm only mad at myself, Bill, because I 'm married to a damn fool of a woman who makes my heart eat itself out because she lives on the fringe of folly. Why don't I leave her? My God! Bill, that is the trouble—I can't—I love her!'

"Hank did n't work on our road, or I 'd never have let him touch a throttle—no, not even if he 'd been my brother. I knew it would come. He was found under his engine, the order that he had disobeyed in his pocket, and a picture in his watch of the woman who had caused the disaster. No; it probably never has dawned on this woman that she caused the wreck. She wore deep mourning and the cutest little black bonnet with a white ruche. She was the most fetching widow you ever saw, and she knew it without being told.

"Yes; that is what I said—marital infelicity is responsible for the railroad wrecks, and causes most of the others, too.

"The only safe man is the one whose heart is at rest—who has a home and a wife who stays there and minds her business, looks after the babies, has no secrets, and does not make eyes at other men—that 's the kind! I know every man who works for me, and I know a disturbed, distressed and jealous man a train length away. My heart bleeds for 'em; but I serve the public, and none such can run a train for me.

"Do you see that man in the blue overalls down there at the end of the platform? Well, he is the engineer who will take out this train. See how calm, satisfied and self-possessed he is? He has no cares, no anxieties beyond the desire to do his work well. He is not so awfully brilliant, but he will never disappoint you. Now, when we start, about two miles out you will hear the engine give three soft toots, and over to the left a little woman will come out of a cottage and wave her apron."

The conductor then called, "All aboard!" The bell clanged warningly, and we stepped into the coach. The train started. We soon reached the outskirts of the town and were skimming along at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

The engine gave three soft, short toots. I saw a white cottage, and a woman standing on the porch, with children holding on her skirts all 'round—she was waving a big check apron!

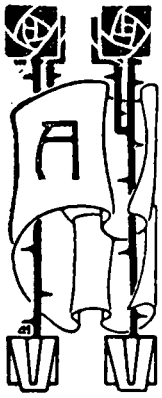
"What did I tell you?" asked the Superintendent. "Rest reigns in that man's heart. He will never forget an order—his mind is free, so he

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does his work. He is at peace with himself, and at peace with the world."

It is what we think and what we do that make us what we are.

## The Engineer



A FOLDER that contains a device representing a locomotive-engineer at his post has lately been issued by the Chicago & Alton Railroad. The picture is one of the happiest inspirations of its kind I have ever seen. The first time I looked upon it, it gave me a sort of thrill. There sits the man, gloved, cap drawn tightly, one hand on the lever of the throttle-valve, the other free. The pose is easy, natural—no intensity, no strain, no fear; on the face is a suggestion of elemental calm, and a courage that might be the envy of gods and men. Behind this quiet man, so calm, so poised, is a treasure of half a million dollars and two hundred precious lives—he holds them all in that easy, unquaking grasp. Before him are two straight lines of steel, and the huge, black, all-enfolding Night. And into the gloom, in perfect faith, this quiet man forces his flying monster, with all that precious cargo and the priceless lives. The man is unafraid. On the boyish face care sits lightly, and yet in it all the artist has thrown a look of experience and a wisdom that betokens Power

### "Towards Democracy"

I WONDER if the man who drew that picture ever read a little book by Edward Carpenter called, "Towards Democracy"? Let me quote you this:

"Was this, then, the sum of life?

"A grinning, gibbering organization of negations—a polite trap, and a circle of endlessly complaisant faces bowing you back from reality! Well, as it happened just then—and as we stopped at a small way station—my eyes from my swoon-sleep opening, encountered the grimy and oil-besmeared figure of a stoker.

"Close at my elbow on the footplate of his engine he was standing.

"And the firelight fell on him brightly as for a moment his eyes rested on mine.

"That was all, but it was enough.

"The youthful face, yet so experienced and calm, was enough; the quiet look, the straight, untroubled, unseeking eyes, resting upon me—giving me without any ado the thing I needed, and in a moment I felt the sting and torrent of Reality

"The swift nights out in the rain I felt, and the great black sky overhead, and the flashing of red and green lights in the forward distance. The anxious straining for a glimpse sideways into the darkness—the dash of cold and wet above, the heat below——

"All this I felt, as if it had been myself.

"O eyes, O face, how in that moment without any ado you gave me all!"

These splendid fellows who do their work and hold their peace—they do give us faith in God and faith in ourselves.

They mind their own business! Is there anything finer than to mind one's own business? O cursed spite, that men are born to set the others right!

Let us all mind our own business. How curious it is that men should quit their work and make a business of looking after the business of others! No man is ridiculous except when he neglects his own affairs to look after the business of other men—no man but is splendid when he is minding his own business.

Ah! That is why I lift my hat to the engineer—he is doing his work. He is minding his own business.

THE persistent efforts of the Government to embarrass the Southern Pacific-Union Pacific have not met with the approval of the people. Constant judicial assaults have but a demoralizing effect, and result in nothing save fat fees for favored special counsel, and a little notoriety for the Attorney-General. This press-agent business at the expense of others is, to put it mildly, becoming tiresome. The merger of the Southern Pacific-Union Pacific was effected in accordance with approved law The prosecutors, however, prosper on the smiles of the calcium, and, even though they fail, enjoy the ephemeral glory of being dubbed "trust-busters" by the melancholy members of the decayed press.

Life consists in molting our illusions. We form creeds today only to throw them away tomorrow. The eagle molts a feather because he is growing a better one.

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# In Re the Corporation

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

*Numbers eliminate chance.—ADAM SMITH.*

THE business corporation was a device of the Romans. The original idea came from Julius Caesar, and was suggested by the uncertainty of human life ❧ It was an insurance against the dissolution of a project in case of death.

The intent was to provide for the continuance and perpetuity of enterprises which probably no one man could carry out during his lifetime.

The first application of the corporation was for building water-systems and laying out roadways. The corporation provided against stoppage of the work in case of the death of any one man connected with it.

Lord Coke called the corporation the keystone of England's commercial supremacy. Her great enterprises were insured against dissolution when the leader died. ¶ The corporation is a body without death, a mind without decline.

The Roman corporations were founded on the idea of the Empire. "The King is dead—long live the King." The man filling the office dies, but his successor is already chosen, so there is no interregnum.

The corporation has its official head, known as the President; the man dies and at once the Vice-President takes his place. ¶ The corporation is a little government inside of a big one, receiving its official life by the permission, approval and sanction of the supreme government.

The dying man passes the torch to another, who carries it forward. The procession never halts, even though here and there men drop out of the ranks. Thus is the State and Society relieved from shock, disaster and dissolution.

The State, the province, the county, the municipality, all are corporations. To charter corporations in order that they may carry out a great and beneficent work which no one

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man could do with safety, owing to the uncertainty of the individual life, has been a natural evolution.

But the corporate life of a great business is not secure against shock, unless the lives of its managers are insured for the benefit of the corporation. Hence we find the big men—the men of initiative and enterprise—allowing their lives to be insured at the expense of the corporation which they serve, for the corporation's benefit.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society will exist when every eye that reads this page is closed forever; when every heart that now throbs with joy is still; when every brain through whose winding bastions thought roams free, has turned to dust.

¶ The Equitable will live on, for the purpose of its founders endures, though all its present officers die. The Equitable is a body without death, a mind without decline.

The man who said that corporations have no souls spoke in haste. The corporation that has no soul is dead and will soon be buried. A soul is a great animating purpose—a oneness of aim—a beneficent, living, loving, active desire.

The Equitable has a soul, and the animating purpose of this soul is to protect the policy-holders of the Society against the disturbing tragedy of death, and to throw a shield around their heirs and assigns, forever.

A goodly part of the work of the Equitable is to insure officers of corporations for the benefit of the corporation. Only safe, superior and competent men can secure life-insurance nowadays. Also, life-insurance adds poise, power and purpose to able men. It helps you to carry your chin in and the crown of your head high.

If you are in the peewee class, this is not for you. But if you are helping to carry the burdens of the world and making this earth a better place because you are here, perhaps you had better write us for further information.

## The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death-claims on the day that it receives them.
PAUL MORTON, President. Number 120 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE: None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there? There are great opportunities today in Life-Insurance work for the EQUITABLE SOCIETY

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# A Matter of Business



ONCE there was a sarcastic little chub of a man who did n't like me. This was his great misfortune, and no man should be blamed for his limitations.

Now, although this man had a dinky mind and was handicapped with wiggling and quibbling proclivities, yet he had, too, a dash of wit, and folks said he was cultured (and he even acknowledged it), also artistic, likewise literary, for he occasionally dashed off things in an Idle Hour, and said sayings that were printed on Calendars.

¶ At a Social Gathering one day, the Chub said, over the Hyson, "The Fra? Why—er—ah—he is a great business man!"

Everybody laughed—those who saw the point and those who did n't. A Rosebud who happened to be present asked the man to repeat his remark so she could write it down for her High-School Teacher, who was a great admirer of Whistler.

The intent of the remark was that the Fra was not a writer, not an artist—he was nothing but a business man.

Am I a business man? If so, I am glad. To refer to me as "commercial" does not hurt my feelings. The world of commerce is just as honorable as the world of art, and a trifle more necessary. Art exists on the surplus that business men accumulate. Art, literature and music subsist on the sufferance, the patronage and the encouragement that business men supply.

### What Is a Business Man?

BUSINESS means taking things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed. Business means making things that people want.

To be a business man implies that you are orderly, systematic, exact, competent, reliable; that you keep your promises (and expect others to do the same); that you are on time; that you pay your debts; that you set idle men to work, and see that they do the job properly and well.

Business men build factories, towns, railroads; they tunnel mountains, drain swamps, dredge rivers, pave streets, construct sewers; supply vast cities with pure water, quick transportation, and a thousand and one conveniences for lubricating the wheels of existence. That is to say, the business man serves humanity, assists in the business of the world and helps himself by helping others.

### Civilization a Matter of Business

CIVILIZATION is a matter of business; the business method is the expedient way of doing things—that is to say, the best way.

¶ Business concerns itself with feeding, housing and clothing humanity. It deals with every invention and device for the benefit of mankind. Ho, ye little pismire poets and peanut philanthropists, do you see anything about this to ridicule and disparage?

Just one item by way of example: A few days ago I visited the "Lake Erie" Railroad-Station at Pittsburgh. This edifice surely is a model of beauty and utility. The waiting-room has the richness and elegance of St. Mark's Cathedral at Venice, but is a thousand times more cleanly and sanitary. There stands this building in the smokiest, dirtiest city in America, and yet it is the cleanest railroad-station in the whole world. Inside it is free from dust. All the windows are sealed air-tight, the building being ventilated by air that is first washed free from all impurities and then forced in proper quantities into each room. This same cleansed air is pumped through pipes and then carried by hose into the coaches. When a train of cars comes in and the passengers disembark, the dust is dislodged from every cranny and corner by this air-pressure, and blown out of the doors. No broom or dustcloth can be so effective as this compressed, cleansed air.

### An Example of Excellence

AND this beautiful building—a veritable temple—and this great Railroad that makes its proud boast that in twenty-six years' operation it has never killed a passenger, forms a business proposition—it is "business." It serves humanity—it bestows a benefit, and I take off my hat to its managers who are so fervent in spirit and diligent in business that they, to a degree, have set the world an example of excellence.

Of course, there are business men who have so thoroughly immersed themselves in business that one side of their nature has fallen victim to arrested development, and they do not appreciate art, literature or music; but a man of this kind is surely no more contemptible than a writer who scorns a business man. And surely a business man who would scorn a mechanic

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or a laborer must have a very small and insignificant soul.

But above all men, the writer should be a man who knows, sympathizes with, and appreciates the world of business and the world of work ❧ Did the fact that Goldsmith dressed the bailiffs up as servants, and entertained his friends at the expense of butcher and baker, add anything to his credit? Were the weaknesses of Burns an advantage? And think you less of Turner, the greatest landscapist the world ever saw, because he accumulated an estate of near a million pounds sterling? And how about Paganini, who left a fortune beyond the dreams of avarice?

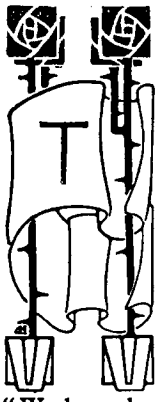
Would Shakespeare, who owned the Globe Theater and the best house in Stratford, have been more of a man had he not had a brain for business?

❧

The best preparation for good work tomorrow is to do good work today; the best preparation for life in the hereafter is to live now.

❧

## The Empire of the North



TWENTY years ago I first visited Winnipeg. It was shortly after the opening of the Canadian Pacific, and I saw the marvel of three trains a day being sent Westward, loaded with emigrants ❧ ❧

"How long," said I, "can this be kept up?"

Last month I saw exactly the same sight, only with more emigrants and a better train service ❧ ❧

"We have kept it up ever since," said the man who had taken a score of years to answer.

Every day during those twenty years three or more packed trains have started Westward from Winnipeg laden with men, women, many children, with bags of brown bread, infinite links of bologna, and high hopes.

The babes in arms I then saw are now grown men, earning bigger wages than their fathers ever commanded.

And still the crowd goes Westward—always and forever Westward—and melts away into the vast expanses of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Columbia, and is lost to view.

From a comfortable seat in the palace-car, the country looks uninhabited. Now and again you see a solitary figure driving four or six horses to a gang-plow; all along one beholds brown patches of cattle, the successors of the buffaloes that roamed the prairies only forty years ago; now and then a threshing-machine, and at night distant fires burning stacks of straw.

### The Vanguard of Civilization

NORTHWEST Canada has one hundred and seventy million acres of arable land, and only about ten million acres are under the plow.

The long lines of freight-cars creeping to the East are loaded with cattle, horses and wheat. ¶ Who raised the cattle and horses, and who produced the wheat?

Why, the emigrants I had seen a decade or two ago with their babies, and bags of brown bread and infinite links—not missing—of bologna and worlds of high hope. For a very few years only did the railroad send loaded cars Westward—then they began to haul loaded cars the other way. Now, the difficulty is to get enough cars to carry the cattle, horses and grain to the seaboard.

And yet when the Canadian Pacific was planned—and it seems but yesterday—I remember my father saying it was a vain speculation to get money out of the pockets of London Bankers. Why, the railroad ran through a country where nobody lived!

And yet it was a friend of my boyhood days, Bill Van Horne, who had the prophetic vision to see these brown patches of cattle feeding on a thousand hills, and the long lines of freight-trains creeping always and forever to the East, loaded with the wealth which needs only the labor of the men, women and children I saw crowding the railway-platforms of Winnipeg. ¶ He also saw that prosperous people travel, and that these emigrants would go home and come back, and some would travel "first-class."

The courage, the faith, the determination, the persistency of those builders of empire who carried the flags and sighted the transits and laid the lines of steel, is a poem as yet unwritten. We are still too busy, or too amazed if we stop to consider it, to write about it.

### Untapped Reservoirs of Wealth

BUT even Bill Van Horne or Yim Hill or Donald Smith never dreamed of the full and final results of their initiative. The wealth of this country is as yet practically untapped ❧ ❧

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The high hopes of the emigrants were not founded on moonshine. At a little town three hundred miles West of Winnipeg I saw a man who took up a homestead of one hundred sixty acres five years ago. The first crop was two thousand bushels of wheat, which was sold at sixty cents a bushel. This man now owns six hundred twenty acres, and this year he marketed eight thousand bushels of wheat at a dollar a bushel. But even then he was n't satisfied, for he told me that hereafter he was going to devote his time to raising Clydesdale horses and Ayrshire cattle, and leave No. One Hard to those who could n't produce anything else. Such cases are too numerous to mention.

### A True Servant of the People

IT was the Dillons of McLean County, Illinois, who first introduced the heavy draft-horse into the West. They made a quick fortune out of the business by importing young Norman stallions and selling them at from one to three thousand dollars each. Others embarked in the business and lost fortunes. When Jim Hill pressed a buzzer and ordered a young man to go to England and buy five hundred yearling Hereford bulls and distribute them among the farmers of the Dakotas and Montana he worked an epoch. Then when he followed it by introducing as many Clyde stallions he ruined the business of a lot of speculators, but he added millions to the wealth of what he calls "our folks."

The Canadian Pacific has done a like service for its "folks," by the introduction of better breeds of cattle and horses. The big, shaggy Clydesdale, with his broad, flat tail, thrives out of doors all the year round in Alberta, and a pair of good ones is worth now on the plains close on to three hundred dollars—fancy ones, more.

To land these horses in Liverpool, in bunches of say forty, costs only about fifty dollars each for transportation. So, with horses at a hundred fifty, wheat a dollar, oats fifty cents, hogs six cents, cattle five, the farmers are seeing their high hopes turned into cash.

### Practical Humanitarianism

THE happiest token of it all to the humanitarian is to behold how the Canadian Pacific Railroad managers work in a scientific way to protect and benefit the settler. To prevent extortion the prices of lumber are posted in all railroad-stations. Breeding-animals are often supplied at cost. Lecturers go through the country explaining what seed is best adapted to the soil and the climate. Even "boss farmers" are sometimes sent out among foreigners to show the newcomers how to avoid the mistakes which experience has shown are liable to occur.

To guard against cattle and horse thieves, no railroad-agent is allowed to ship stock in Canada until it is inspected by an official whose business it is to ascertain the proper ownership. This applies also to hides and pelts.

Man was first evolved in the tropics. Necessity crowded him to the North. The exodus of vast numbers of the population who swarmed West and North out of Egypt and then out of Persia tells of frightful tragedies. In his mad frenzy, man overran the country of his neighbors and devoured it as does a pestilence. In fact, those early crusaders always carried pestilence and death in their train. For five hundred years Greece held the tide of hungry humanity at bay; Alexander drove it back, only to die of an acute attack of success, and to open the floodgates from Rome. Then Rome ravished Gaul and moved clear on to Brittany. The proud Atlantic gave pause to the violence of exploitation, and so, when the needs of the hour demanded it, the overcrowded countries of Europe found relief by sending their surplus population across the sea. But instead of war and violence and disease we find the exodus accomplished with system, order, bags of brown bread, infinite links of bologna, high hopes.

At Winnipeg, I saw the Immigration Commission distributing potatoes and fruit among the families who were making coffee in the ample rooms provided for their accommodation, while they babbled in genuine Tower of Babel tongues. High hopes and other odors filled the space. All was joyous. ¶ Transplanted men, like transplanted flowers, are the best.

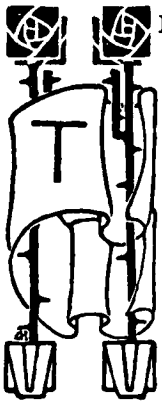
Here is an exodus where every one makes money, and the crusaders are welcomed with good things and safeguarded on their way to the golden West.

It really looks as if the world moves. And yet there are people who do not know that the basis for all mental and spiritual progress is economic, and that the railroads are actually redeeming the world. To give the railroads a square deal is just a matter of plain common-sense. Any other course is economic suicide.

Everything, good or bad, reacts on the doer.

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## Too Much Law



THIS country is suffering from an overproduction of laws. During the year Nineteen Hundred Nine there were passed by the Federal and State Legislatures over forty-four thousand enactments ✍ ✍

Seven out of ten of the men elected to Congress are lawyers. ¶ The lawyer is a specialist, and as such he may be necessary, but all specialists are dangerous and unsafe men unless well audited and checked by those with no personal interest in their specialty.

The lawyer mind looks upon law as the one thing which keeps humanity in the safe and narrow way, just as your religieux thinks that without his particular brand of salvation mankind would run amuck.

The people who look to law to save them are already goners. Mankind can not be legislated into goodness. Morality must spring from the heart to be of avail.

The true function of government is to make it easy for all men to do right.

To do wrong always brings a penalty, regardless of law.

Lawyers look upon anything which is not illegal as right.

As a rule they take all the law will give them, and any one who does this, said Macaulay, is a scoundrel at heart. Lawyers regard the evasion of the law as quite a different thing from its infraction.

In fact, lawyers belong to the criminal class, since their instincts and activities are in the line of exploitation and not of creation or of production.

If we allow such men to make laws for us and then also to execute these laws, we deserve the punishment which we bring upon ourselves, as much as did the client who wanted something for nothing in the days of King Arthur, and who was turned over to his own attorney for punishment. The attorney soaked him with a bill for services that took the fellow's breath and all his property.

And the precedent still survives. Note the case which came up in Camden last week, where the bill brought in by the attorneys was seventy-five thousand dollars, in an action involving the collection of forty thousand dollars. The lawyers collected the forty thousand and kept it, giving credit on account, leaving a balance due of thirty-five thousand dollars. ¶ Also, remember that gentle and self-sacrificing attorney in the Harry Thaw case, who having been paid a hundred thousand dollars, demanded a hundred thousand more for suborning witnesses in the Tenderloin. Even the judge blushed scarlet, and passed the law-wolf the cosmic cruller.

David Harum said, "A reasonable number of fleas on a dog is all right." Also, we might say there is no objection to having a reasonable number of lawyers in our legislative halls. Lawyers should be represented in Congress, but lawyers should not be selected to represent all the rest of us, because, God knows, they don't. When we get a Congress with over half of its members lawyers, we are inviting a session of delay, procrastination, quibble, stipulation, graft, oxaline and needless expense.

### A Consumer—Not a Producer

A LAWYER by training and by instinct is not an economist. He is much more interested in keeping folks from doing things than in getting other things done. His mind works negatively, and to block the opposition consumes a big part of his time. He is wedded to precedent. Also, in spite of his boasted respect for law, he is an expert in the evasion of law. ¶ He is on the side of expense, not income ✍ It is n't the lawyer who makes the waste places green, and causes the desert to blossom like the rose.

The lawyer knows only one way to make money, and that is to get yours.

But the business man builds, invents, creates, produces, and makes two tons of grass grow where there was one ton of sagebrush before. The business man drains swamps, irrigates arid land, bridges streams, tunnels mountains, makes good roads, and sets the unemployed to work ✍ ✍

The business man takes some nothing and makes a valuable thing out of it.

As long as it is the rule and custom that we shall be represented at Washington by lawyers, we will be governed by incubi and succubi.

The pernicious activity and meddling interference by lawyers with the natural flow and trend of trade is paid for by the people at a terrific cost.

Once there was a band of pirates who protected

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the shipping on the Adriatic from pirates. They collected from each vessel that passed the "tarifa" to pay expenses.

In self-protection the merchants had to combine and drive the self-styled "protectors" from the seas. And if the merchants had not combined, in the Hanseatic League, piracy would still be regarded as legitimate and a beautiful adjunct to civilization. Men always justify themselves in all they do.

"That country is governed best that is governed least," said Thomas Jefferson.

Jefferson was a lawyer, but he was one of the other kind.

For the commercial lawyers, whose work is to protect commerce and to see that trade moves along safe and legal lines, no word of criticism can be raised.

The shibboleth of the law should be, "Getting on—getting on!" The business lawyer removes obstructions from the channel so the ships of progress may pass. His endeavors are all away from litigation, not toward it. He compromises and works for peace. Revenge is out of his orbit. "Getting even" is not for him, and cheap and transient legal victories have for him no lure. He is on the side of creation and production—not death and dissolution.

Live so as to get the approbation of your Other Self, and success is yours ☙ But pray that success will not come any faster than you are able to endure it.

## Hell and Texas



"IF I owned Hell and Texas, I would rent Texas and live in Hell." So said General Philip Henry Sheridan in the days when Texas was the most lawless State in the Union.

Texas has now achieved another distinction. She is the most lavishly lawful and law-ridden State in America. In Texas, Business-Baiters are elected to the Legislature simply because they are Business-Baiters. The pretense is that they are protecting the people, but the fact is they are driving a vast amount of capital elsewhere which naturally would and should find investment in Texas.

To farm successfully you must be within ten miles of a railroad. Outside of this limit you struggle under a fearful handicap.

Nine-tenths of the fertile land in Texas is outside of the ten-mile limit.

Texas has fifty-two counties in which there has never been heard the whistle of a locomotive.

¶ There are ranches in Texas that are over a hundred miles from a railroad.

In twenty years, Texas has built only four thousand miles of railroad. During the same time, Oklahoma, one-fourth the size, has built over five thousand miles of railroad.

For every mile of railroad built, five families are required to maintain that mile.

Towns spring up every ten miles, and each town has from one hundred to a thousand houses, which must be built by carpenters and masons. Work and wealth follow the line of the railroad as day follows night.

Forty-three per cent of all the money collected by railroads is paid back at once to the people in wages.

And the rule is that when a railroad is built four-fifths of the cost is spent for labor and materials in the State that the road traverses.

¶ To pass oppressive laws and then hold up and harass trade is to assist nothing but the coyote, the prairie-dog, the owl and the buzzard.

Virtue carried to extreme is vice.

Texas is the largest State in the Union, and it should be the richest. One thing is required to make Texas supremely great, and that is railroads. As it is, only twelve per cent of the available fertile acreage in Texas has adequate railroad facilities.

Texas is a State of appalling distances, and the particular work of a railroad is to chew up distance ☙ ☙

Texas has superb natural advantages, and her wealth is practically untapped.

The thing she needs most is railroads; and yet no State has been so small, so illiberal, so pestiferous in her treatment of capital as Texas.

¶ Her boasted fines have put money into her treasury, but for every dollar so secured, she has lost fifty dollars by driving it out of the State for investment.

The investors of the country are scary of Texas; and certain railroad men have just cause for repeating that remark of Sheridan's with a modern application.

Texas, Kansas and Missouri all need capital and they need enterprise to build up and market their vast resources; but the business-baiting

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policy of some of their legislators has worked the whole Southwest great harm. Rest assured of this, Capital is not going where there is a grave risk of its being confiscated.

And the worst is that the thinking element—the people of enterprise, thrift and enthusiasm in the Southwest—have unwittingly allowed the wrecking lawyers to get in the saddle, and pass these silly, mischievous laws, so all suffer thereby. ¶ Let the intelligent people of the beautiful Southwest look well to these politicians who do nothing but apply the brakes, talk, and maintain no payrolls. The doctrine of negation can never make a nation great.

Money collected by fines will never make a people rich. The people pay the fine, at the last. ¶ The only way to make a country rich is by opening up its resources and bringing the world to its doors, through a policy that is kindly, generous, courteous and liberal. Business is done on enthusiasm and good cheer and when you raise the cry of "stop thief," you set in motion the forces of dissolution, not construction.

John Calvin set about to establish "the reign of God in Geneva." He filled the prisons with "lawbreakers," and built churches from the large sums collected in fines. But in the process he drove joy and laughter and enthusiasm into the mountains. Spontaneity died a-borning. Business languished, and the grass grew between the cobblestones in the streets. ¶ Calvin succeeded in his reign of virtue, but he ruined the city.

The parent who raps his children on the knuckles and continually chides, checks, and issues prohibitions, never brings up a well-behaved and manly boy.

The foreman in a factory who has an easy itch for calling his workmen down, does n't get good work done, nor very much of it. He makes perpetual supervision necessary.

Self-government is the only legitimate aim and end of all government; and the lawmaker who is not cognizant of this truth is on the low clutch, and is using his brake against the power

Father Antic, the Law, is a bungling old party at best; but this is a thing we can't expect any man who makes his living out of the practise of law to admit. Lawyers want more law, not less—hence the deluge of legislation.

EXPERIENCE IS THE GERM OF POWER.

## The Mammoth Cave Railroad



To reach the Mammoth Cave you take the Louisville and Nashville Railroad to Glasgow Junction. There you change cars and take the Mammoth Cave Railroad, an institution that has an equipment of one passenger-coach and a dummy engine. I was interested in seeing a Kaffir cutting the grass between the two streaks of rust, and was told this had to be done three times a year, and is the thing that keeps down the dividends. It seems that the management had asked the conductor to cut the grass, but his answer was, as he himself told me, "Damn me if I mow!"

The conductor—there is only one on the road—came for my fare and said, "Two dollars, please!" ¶ I handed out the money.

"Well, say it!" he exclaimed.

"Say what?" I asked.

"What is in your head. Out with it!"

"What do you want me to say or do?" I asked. ¶ "Why kick, protest, rail, balk or goddam at being charged two dollars for riding nine miles and back. ¶ "I never kick on any railroad that has less than ten miles of mileage," I said.

When this merry conductor wanted the train to stop or go ahead he went to the front door and yelled to the engineer.

The Mammoth Cave Railroad belongs to the Mammoth Cave Estate, and the estate is so land-poor and the heirs so greedy that the engineer told me he had hard work to get grease for his cylinders.

It took us just one hour to make the nine miles. "You notice," said the conductor, "that we have our cowcatcher on the rear end, so as to keep the cows out of the ladies' coach." He then explained, "Why, a bull got after us last week and would have ketched us if we had n't been on the down grade."

Reaching Mammoth Cave, one is let down near the hotel, which, with its barns and rambling outbuildings, is all there is of the terminus.

This great, wide-stretching hotel, with its six hundred feet of veranda, is worth the trip alone. It tells of stagecoach times and of days when slaves were sold at auction from its broad verandas, and two hundred horses were in the stables.

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It is Southern luxury in ruins. There is the ancient bar, fifty feet long, where the thirsty colonels befo' de wah named their pizen, and argued politics in deferential phrases.

The floors of the hotel look like the gentle billows of a Summer Sea. The driveways are overgrown with grass, and there are three colored persons to wait on every guest.

Back of the hotel is a picketed garden that supplies the hotel tables. And a charming garden it is, with its semi-tropical wealth of yams, butter-beans, melons, squash, potatoes, berries, radishes, tomatoes, cabbages and climbing gourds. Down on the flat we saw a herd of milch-cows; and the old spring-house, with its crocks of cream half-submerged in the running water, reminded me of boyhood days when churning was paid for in promises of picnics and circuses to come.

The landlord of the Mammoth Cave Hotel is a gentleman of the old school, and no pains are spared to put the guest at his ease. The prices are very reasonable, and there is fried chicken morning, noon and night; and if you wish you can go out into the garden and get the vegetables you like best, and a good old mammy will cook them as your mother used to do.

The marvel is, that such a retired, restful hostelry is not full of boarders the year round. But the estate is in chancery, and the case of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce saps the landlord's aspiration and keeps ambition at low ebb.

The heirs, grabbing at everything, get handfuls of empty air—just what they deserve.

But Death is the great benefactor, and Time, the adjuster, regulates all things.

The Mammoth Cave will soon go under the auctioneer's hammer, and I prophesy that the L. & N. will buy it in and put the Mammoth Cave engine and passenger-coach in a museum. Proper railway facilities will be provided, the hotel will be rejuvenated, and C. S. Stone, the G. P. A., will name an advertising man, and the bats of the Cave will wing their way in panic and whir in wild alarm to the eyeless fish the news, echoed by the American Indians when they saw the ships of Columbus, "Alas, we are discovered!"

The advertising man will yet appear and give this wonder back to the world.

Excursion-tickets issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad to Niagara Falls are good also to East Aurora, at option of the holder.

## America's First Locomotive



IN Eighteen Hundred Twenty-seven, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company was formed. It was the first railroad company in America. It was a horse-railroad.

Stephenson's "Rocket" in England was pulling three or four carriages at a speed of ten miles an hour, while a team of horses on the same track could only pull one carriage at the rate of six or seven miles an hour.

The city of Baltimore and the State of Maryland were empowered to buy shares in the new transportation company. Thus we find Government ownership of the first American railroad.

¶ The Mayor of the city and the Governor of the State had heard that Peter Cooper had made a steam-engine which could be used for "land-carriages," and they now importuned him to come to their rescue and fight canal competition.

Robert Fulton had already proved that the steamship was practicable; but Fulton was n't interested in railroads. He maintained, as did most every one else, that the water-route was the only safe and sure and economical way of transportation.

Peter Cooper heard the wail of the Baltimoreans, and said: "I 'll knock an engine together in six weeks that will pull carriages ten miles an hour and beat any canal-boat that ever collected barnacles."

### Working Under Difficulties

PETER COOPER went back from Baltimore to New York with a few misgivings as to whether he had not promised too much.

The real fact was he had gotten a patent on his engine before he had put it to an actual test.

¶ He had made the engine, but now he must make a boiler in which to generate the steam to make the wheels go round. This boiler he made and riveted with his own hands. It stood upright and was as high as his shoulder. It had a furnace beneath. It contained no tubes, and the proposition was to fill it half full of water and then boil this water.

It took three weeks to make the boiler. It was about as big as the boiler in an average kitchen-range. There were no water-gauges

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or steam-gauges. The engineer had to guess as to the pressure he was carrying.

When the boiler was complete, the great difficulty was how to carry the steam from the boiler to the engine. There were no wrought-iron pipes then made or sold in America. Cooper took a couple of army muskets and used the barrels for pipes to connect his boiler and engine. These were duly soldered into place. The engine and boiler were then placed on a small flat-top wagon and bolted down. The engine had a pulley-wheel which projected over the side, and an endless chain was run over the projecting hub of the wagon.

Peter experimented and found that the water in the boiler would last one hour; then the fire would have to be drawn and the boiler cooled and refilled.

He tried the engine, and it worked, but there was no railroad upon which to try the wagon until the machine was taken down to Baltimore. A team was hitched to the wagon, and the drive was made to Baltimore in three days.

¶ Peter placed his wagon with its flange-wheels on the track and pushed it up and down along the rails. It fitted the track all right. He then went back to his hotel with the two boys who were helping him. After the boys were abed he sneaked off in the darkness, filled up his boiler, screwed down the top and fired up.

¶ It was a moment of intense excitement.

He turned on the steam—the wheels revolved—then the thing stuck. He had a pike-pole, and using this pushed himself along for a few rods. The endless chain was working, and the machine was going—flying—almost as fast as a man could run. And Peter ran the machine back in the barn and went home and went to bed. He had succeeded.

The next day he invited the President of the road and the Mayor of the city to ride with him.

¶ The machine had to be poled or pushed to start it, but it proved the principle was correct.

### Obstacles Encountered

THE following day a public exhibition was given. Volunteers were asked for, who wished to ride.

Forty men and one woman responded.

These rode on the engine and in a big coach attached behind. They covered the top of the coach and clung to the sides. A dozen men got hold and gave a good push and they were off!

¶ The road was just thirteen miles long. The distance was made in one hour and twelve minutes.

The fire was then drawn and the boiler refilled. Also, all the passengers refilled, for whisky flowed free.

Peter Cooper was ready to start back. He ordered every man to hold on to his hat. A push and a pull, all together, and they were off.

¶ They ran the thirteen miles back in just fifty-seven minutes. ¶ The engine was a success beyond the fondest hopes of Peter.

There were difficulties in the way, however, One was that the pulling only on one side caused a cramping of the flange on the other side against the rail. This was remedied by putting a wheel on both sides and running a chain on the two projecting hubs.

The poling by hand to start was also criticized.

¶ Next, the fact that the engine had to be shut down every hour for water was noted. Peter Cooper stopped the mouths of the carpers by calling attention to the fact that even a horse had to be watered. And as for giving a push on starting, it was a passenger's duty.

Besides that, passengers get thirsty and hungry as well as horses, and want a little change. Peter Cooper assured the critics that the boiler could be refilled while a man was getting a drink and stretching his legs.

The people who owned the stagecoach line that ran parallel with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad made a lot of fun of Peter Cooper's teakettle.

On one occasion they loosened a rail, so the thing ran into the ditch. For a time this sort of discouraged traffic, but there were others who prophesied that in a few years horses could not be given away.

Finally, the owner of the stagecoach line challenged the railroad folks to race from Riley's tavern to Baltimore, a distance of nine miles. The race was between a noted gray horse, famed for speed and endurance, and the teakettle. The road ran right alongside of the wagon-route. In truth, it took up a part of the roadway, which was one cause of opposition.

The race occurred on September Eighteenth, Eighteen Hundred Thirty. Thousands of dollars were bet and a throng of people lined the route from start to finish. The engine pulled but one coach and had one passenger. The gray horse was hitched to a buggy that carried one man besides the driver.

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The engine led for five miles, when the boiler sprang a leak and stopped, the engineer, in his anxiety, getting on too much pressure.

The horse won, and this proved to many people a fact which they had suspected and foretold, that the steam-engine for land-carriages was only a plaything.

Farmers in that vicinity took heart and began again to raise horses.

LIFE IS A SEARCH FOR POWER.

## About Some Restaurants



RED HARVEY? Do you know the name? If not, then your education has been neglected. ¶ Fred Harvey used to run a restaurant. He ran it so well that the Santa Fe Railroad folks got him to establish a line of Restaurants along the road from Chicago to California, and also down into Texas. Some say that the Santa Fe made Fred Harvey; but the fact is, Fred Harvey had a little something to do with making the Santa Fe.

Twenty years ago, railroad travel was attended with much discomfort. You might get something to eat at the eating-houses, and you might not. You might have time to eat, and you might not—you took your chances on soggy biscuit, muddy coffee and impossible pies. The term "eating-house" was somewhat ironical. You probably would not come back—what boots it!

As for the West, Fred Harvey changed all this. When a train stopped at a place where there was a Fred Harvey Eating-House, you knew there would be ample time for a meal—the train would not leave until ordered to do so by the Restaurant-Manager—you would not be overcharged, and everything provided would be of the best—absolute cleanliness, order, system, courtesy would prevail. ¶ Fred Harvey set a standard of excellence! It is a terrible thing to acquire a Fred Harvey reputation.

Wendell Phillips, after speaking in public for twenty-five years, was once to lecture at the little town of Le Roy, New York. A man I know was to introduce him. This man noticed that Mr. Phillips was a bit agitated. ¶ "Can it be possible, Mr. Phillips," said my friend, "that you who have spoken so long in public are nervous about appearing before an audience?" ¶ "Young man," said Wendell Phillips, "the trouble is, I have spoken too well. Any man who has ever done a thing excellently is always nervous afterward when asked to do it again, because much is expected of him."

Where the name, Fred Harvey, appears, the traveling public expect much. It may be on the desert of Arizona, a hundred miles from water, but if it is a Fred Harvey place, you get filtered spring-water, ice, fresh fruit and every other good thing that you can find at the same season in the best places in New York City or Chicago. How the miracle occurs you do not know—it is a Fred Harvey concern—that is enough!

### The Employees

THE manager of a Fred Harvey Eating-House must be in accord with the Fred Harvey System. He must be intelligent, quiet, alert, courteous. Everything about the place must reflect decency, order, thrift, cleanliness, good cheer, system.

The girls at a Fred Harvey place never look dowdy, frowsy, tired, slipshod or overworked. They are expecting you—clean collars, clean aprons, hands and faces washed, nails manicured—there they are! bright, fresh, healthy and expectant—Extra Choice!

And so this man, Fred Harvey, has educated thousands of young men and women, and showed them how to meet people, how to serve them without boring them, how to speed them on their way in gladness.

Fred Harvey is dead, but the standard of excellence he set can never go back. He has been a civilizer and a benefactor. He has added to the physical, mental and spiritual welfare of millions. Talk about "commercialism"; well, there is nothing finer! No sermon can equal a Fred Harvey example—no poet can better a Fred Harvey precept. Fred Harvey simply kept faith with the public. He gave pretty nearly a perfect service. I did not know Fred Harvey, but I know this, he must have been an honest man and a good one; for the kind of business a man builds up is a reflection of himself—spun out of his heart. Man, like Deity, creates in his own image. ¶ I take off my hat to Fred Harvey, who served the patrons of the Santa Fe so faithfully and well, that dying, he yet lives—his name a symbol of all that is honest, excellent, hygienic, cleanly and useful.

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STEWART BROWNE, in speaking of the cost of living, sums up the situation as follows:

It does not require a congressional investigation to discover the causes for "increased cost of living," as they speak for themselves.

The population of the United States has increased twenty-five per cent in the last ten years, and the increases in the quantity of foodstuffs during the same period are: corn, 20 per cent; wheat, 20 per cent; oats, 10 per cent; barley, 100 per cent; rye, 15 per cent; sheep, 40 per cent; cattle, 2 per cent; horses, 1 per cent; butter, 350 per cent; cheese, 0 per cent, and milk, 350 per cent.

The production of foodstuffs has not kept pace with the increase in population; that is the basic cause for the increased cost of living.

Leaving the farm for the lure of the city is caused by universal education, making the younger generation above their business. Back to the farm, if it ever happens, will never happen until the empty stomachs of the people force them there.

Possibly chemistry may produce a substitute for natural foodstuffs, but until back to the farm becomes a reality, or chemistry produces a substitute, foodstuffs must increase in price. ¶ Increased gold consumption has nothing to do with "increased prices," and the tariff has very little.

NATURE did wonders for mankind when she created the six thousand five hundred square miles of fertile fruit valleys and precious metal-laden, timber-covered mountains that make up the region of the Upper Columbia River included in Chelan and Okanogan Counties, Washington ✍ It lies in the North Central part of Washington ✍ The Cascade Mountains, the backbone of the State, form their Western boundary, while the Columbia River confines Chelan County on the East and Okanogan County on the South.

Out of the snow-capped summits of the mountains flow the Wenatchee, Entiat, Chelan and Methow Rivers. The Okanogan River gets its rise in the lake of the same name, the bulk of which is located in British Columbia. All flow down through valleys of marvelous fertility to the Columbia. The mountain heights below the snow-line are covered with great forests of fir, cedar and yellow pine. The rainfall is scant, ranging from ten to sixteen inches per annum. The Cascades' towering peaks rise up as barriers against the moisture-laden clouds from the Pacific that would otherwise furnish ample rainfall to promote luxuriant vegetation.

CROOK and Lake Counties, Oregon, are the first to feel the impetus of railroad development. There is enough good government land in Crook County alone to provide homesteads for over 8,000 families. The report of the United States Land-Office for July First, Nineteen Hundred Nine, indicates that there are 1,788,941 acres of unappropriated government land in Crook County and 2,759,100 acres in Lake County. This land is designated as timber, agricultural and grazing land. A large portion of the unsettled land in Wasco, Crook, Lane and Klamath Counties is capable of producing from twenty to forty bushels of wheat to the acre. Climatic conditions, rainfall and soil are remarkably similar to the Big Bend country of Washington, which is annually turning out millions of bushels of wheat. In Nineteen Hundred Eight, Central Oregon produced over one million bushels of wheat, and this in the face of vastly inadequate facilities to reach a market. The largest stand of white pine in the United States is situated in Central Oregon. Lumbering will become a mighty industry there within a few years.

THE total gross earnings of all United States railroads reporting for the first two weeks in May aggregate $18,050,808, an increase of 12.1 per cent compared with the earnings of the same roads in the corresponding period a year ago. All the leading systems continue to make favorable returns, and in no section of the country is there any decided indication of a setback in railroad traffic.

SINCE the middle Eighties, John J. Mitchell's name has been one to conjure with in financial circles of the Middle West. Mr. Mitchell is modest and unassuming in manner, and is uniformly courteous alike to those who have business dealings with him and to his hundreds of employees ✍ He was born at Alton, Illinois, in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-four, and comes of the family of Mitchells that for many years was prominent in the management of the Chicago and Alton Railroad ✍ ✍

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# OUR COVER PAGE

## WILLIAM C. BROWN

BY ALICE HUBBARD



OUR civilization traces to Egypt. We are heirs to a little of her wisdom, some of her art and much of her superstition.

Egypt's passion was immortality. Possibly the unfinished work of the pyramids generation after generation etched into the heart and mind the painful fact that the longest life is so short a span

With every despair a hope is born. So the Egyptians dreamed dreams, and out of the stuff that dreams are made man conjured forth a life to come, with which to piece out this present.

These two, united—the real and the life hoped for—they called the Life Eternal.

Into this unreal world of shadows they put their most serious thought and worked for the life to come. Their best effort was absorbed in a hope of something yet to be.

And the Egyptians left to posterity the hyperopic eye and tombs, mummied forms of undeveloped manhood.

Christianity has accepted from the religion of these people the idea of another life after this one. We have built celestial cities that have cheapened these we have made with hands. We have cheapened, too, the people of earth. We presumed to match our little ability with a Power that had really created, and we made something that we said was far greater than man—saints, angels, gods. A few people withdrew from common, human beings and hypnotized themselves so that they lived continuously with these creatures of their own fancy, and then because of this called themselves good, holy men of their God.

Eternal Life!

Eternal Life!

That was the worthy desire. "Forget today. Live for the future."

The fastings and prayers, the self-centered introspectives intent on the selfish desire to save, each one his own soul, weakened the race.

We are not yet out of the dim light and smoke of altar-fires and the secrets of the Holy of Holies. ¶ But sanity is coming. We are scanning the horizon less and seeing the opportunities right at hand more.

Healthy men and women have ceased consecrating their lives to undertake crusades to a mirage city—an optical delusion of the desert of ignorance.

The halo is passing from the head of the idle saint to that of the man of action who has saved humanity here and now from poverty and the degeneracy that goes with poverty and pauperism

Even now, we are evolved far enough so we realize that the eternal prayers, introspection and contemplations of India make a starving India where famine is the rule. We know this is not good, and turn to a nation of action for beauty, peace, plenty and prosperity.

America has borne as a stigma the name of being a commercial country. We are supposed to be a nation hustling for money. The immigrants who crowd our shores are testimony that it is better to be busy, to earn the dollar and spend it, than to beg by the gutter or to spend our life in prayer.

The age of the religious recluse did not give to the world nor did it find eternal life.

It was a business man—not a saint nor a warrior—who gave to us an idea of immortality—an unselfish idea, too. This business man did not affirm that the identical personality should live again and eternally. But he showed a way by which an idea and an ideal might become "a body without death."

This way is the corporation. The word corporation signifies unity, one body.

A man built up a business, possibly using his life to do this, and when he died the business went into dissolution. Some one else might adopt this man's ideas, but the estate was settled and the profits distributed. The man was dead, his work was gone.

The purpose of the corporation is economic—to stop disintegration and loss.

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A body of men agreed to work together for mutual good, and stated in writing how they would work. This agreement to co-operate received the sanction of the State—the government—and was subject to the general laws of the government that it might not become ex-parte in any of its activities.

The owners of the stock in the corporation—that is, the men who furnish the capital and the ideas—elect a certain number of men who shall act for the whole number and direct the work of the business of the corporation or unit. These directors elect officers to execute the wishes of the directors.

If an officer, or director, dies, another is elected to take his place, so that there is always a president, always directors. And thus do we have "a body without death, a mind without decline"—eternal life, if you will.

Every nation is a corporation, every church, every organized body. ¶ When men banded together for mutual protection it was co-operation. When they worked together as a unit for a common good it was a corporation.

Greece was a corporation, and so was Rome. The Catholic Church is a corporation—"a body without death, a mind without decline." The cardinals are the directors, the Pope is the president elected by them.

Apostolic succession symbols immortality ✍ "The King is dead! Long live the King!" is the sentiment of the corporation. Individuals die, but the office is never vacant. The organization lives on. ¶ A hive of bees is a corporation, officered and equipped for the ages. Today a hive of bees is the same as those that gathered honey from High Hymettus.

The same work goes on, though the life of an individual bee may not exceed thirty days. The bee and its honey are for us eternal because of its organization.

Egypt, pensive and pathetic, with all her esthetic, contemplative, wise men and classic knowledge, did not find the way to eternal life as she was looking for it.

But the policy of perpetuating a business for the good of the many has given us the eternal Life of Ideas and the permanence of an institution—"a body without death, a mind without decline."

### Starting at the Bottom

WILLIAM C. BROWN was born in Herkimer County, New York, July Twenty-nine, Eighteen Hundred Fifty-three.

¶ When he was three years old his father and mother took him to Iowa. They were six weeks making the journey from Utica, New York, to Chicago. We now make this distance in eighteen hours.

Mrs. Brown wrote to a friend in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-six from her hotel in Chicago, telling of the comforts of travel and the speed as compared with the ox-cart of fifty years before ✍ ✍

The Brown family pushed on West into Iowa. This was a pioneer country then, and William grew up surrounded on every hand by necessities, not by luxuries ✍ Economy and frugality taught him more than did the school-teacher. Life lessons were etched into his mind early.

At sixteen, he began working for the railroad, and he has been a faithful employee of the railroad ever since.

He is experienced in every position the railroad had to offer. He has tested the capacity of every office.

In Eighteen Hundred Ninety, he became General Manager of the Hannibal, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs Railway. From that time he has carried the responsibility and work, increasing with cumulative force, of General Manager, Vice-President and Director, until now he is President of the New York Central Lines—pretty nearly the top rung of the ladder.

The average man uses most of his energy in trying to get the start of his employer. Mr. Brown always gave himself to the business. His energy was given to his work, and not to evading or deceiving. The railroad company could always depend upon him. He knew that one of the great economies in labor is in hiring the men who need the least supervision.

"There is no chance for a poor man to advance in the railroad business," said a hypertheoretical socialist the other day. "Men from the rank and file are never made officers."

"Do you know many of the big railroad men?" he was asked.

No, he did n't know them, neither did he wish to.

"What about William C. Brown, President of the New York Central Lines? He began work as a section-hand. That comes near starting at the bottom," said a man more or less disinterested ✍ ✍

"His must be an isolated case," said the disgruntled one.

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There was no use in naming the rest of the Presidents of big industries and showing this man, saturated with wisdom, that men who direct a business must grow with the business and know every part of it.

No man could be President of a railroad who did not know the entire work to be done.

It is that very experience of starting at the beginning and growing step by step that has fitted Mr. Brown for the position he now fills so eminently well, and which has made him an authority in railroad management.

The difference between men, I am convinced, is not the difference in brain or body, but is a difference in the amount of energy with which they are endowed.

That eternal desire to do something, to accomplish results, is the divine gift which makes the man a genius. Divine energy develops the powers of any man.

I do not believe that William C. Brown was endowed with a phenomenal brain, nor with an especially fine body. But the Divine Energy within him used daily every brain-cell, every fiber of his body. Forever, he obeyed the call of the energy.

Mr. Brown is a perpetual inspiration to humanity. He was not a chosen pet of the gods —on whom they had lavished all their gifts. He was of the common people, even as you and I

And he has become what he has become, not through the gifts of wealth and circumstances, but by making both for himself, through exercise

**President Brown's Working Methods**

A WESTERN railroad man told me this story the other day. The incident shows the working methods of the man.

William C. Brown became Division Superintendent on the Burlington. This is how he lost his job.

There was a strike on. The yards were full of live stock, hungry, thirsty, tired—lowing, bleating, squealing live stock.

But the strike was on and the cattle could not be moved unless the strike could be broken. Brakemen, switchmen, freight-car conductors, engineers would n't move.

Did you ever have experience with a balky horse? You have seen men whip such horses to the limit. They beat them, kick them, even build a fire under them when the balky ones lie down

The horse is n't doing anything. The more he is beaten the harder he does nothing until at last he has lost power to move—he has no will.

Stubbornness is rigor mortis. Continue the "remedy" of coercion, and death will find the muscles rigid and tense. The stubborn are paralyzed—they can't move.

There is a classic jest on woman's fickleness in changing her mind. To be able to change one's mind is an acquisition—proof of ability and life.

When a body of men strike and make a certain demand, coercion simply strengthens the rigor mortis. They will lie down on the proposition, and coals of fire, either from Tartarus or from the altar of the gods, will not move them.

William Brown's office was overlooking the yards where cars were filled with suffering animals. He could hear their cries for help, and his heart ached in pity for them.

The men, full of the idea of their wrongs and rights, were clamoring without. "Raise our wages!" was the slogan of the idle men.

Brown was a psychologist, though he did n't know it. Intuitively he met the situation right. ¶ The suffering animals, the stubborn men, were before him. He went to the men and talked with them right out of his heart. He told them he had no authority to raise their wages, but what power he had, his own position, he would throw in the scale for them.

"You men are human. Some of you were born on the farm and love cows and horses as I do. Listen! Do you hear the cries of suffering from those animals imprisoned there?

"As you are men, just look at this situation from the side of justice. These cattle, horses, hogs and sheep were put into these cars by men. They are helpless now in the hands of men. You are the men that have them in your power.

"There, do you hear that, and that, and that? Are you men and let those animals die of thirst and hunger because you have a quarrel with men?

"Those cattle have not tasted water for now forty-eight hours. Chicago is their destination, just twelve hours away. We have no water and food here for them—we can not unload them here. I appeal to you as men with human hearts to realize this suffering. I am with you to do for you all I can. Are you with me to relieve this suffering?"

And they were with him—every man. They telegraphed their fellows what they were going

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to do and they went to work. The trains were moved out and the yards cleared. The next morning the live stock was in Chicago watered and fed.

True to his word, Division Superintendent Brown put before his superiors in office the case of the men as he had promised—gave himself to the cause without a thought of the consequences to himself.

The differences were adjusted with the men ℘ The Division Superintendent was made General Manager of the road.

### His Ruling Motive

NOT long ago we walked through the beautiful new offices of the New York Central Railroad, a building built for the ages—concrete, iron and steel.

On one of the doors is the word, PRESIDENT; no man's name is there. The impersonal always gives a feeling of permanence and strength. Besides, a man who is absorbed in working out ideas and getting results is not anxious to have his name on the door.

There is something very dignified in this announcement of the office. It gives the feeling of business, too—the hour is precious. The man is there, you know, but he is there to serve others, and so his time is not his own.

Great avoirdupois is not a necessary essential to burden-bearing, I have observed.

Mr. Brown is not a big man, but in his presence you feel at once that he is a great man. He is of medium height, and has no surplus weight. He looks straight at you with his clear, gray eye, mild and gentle, though penetrating. He is simple, direct, unpretentious, and absolutely honest—a man who has so long dealt with great realities and responsibilities that he knows only honesty and truth. It seems as though deceit, untruth and all other follies are born of idleness. People who are at work are plain, simple and honest. Frills come with leisure.

Mr. Brown spoke of himself as an employee of the railroad. His obligations to the corporation for which he works are serious responsibilities, of which he seems ever conscious.

It has been my privilege to meet Mr. Brown in his office in the midst of his work. He called us to the window to see the work in process for the new entrances to the New York Central Station. I realized as never before what a great depot a city is for stores of all kinds. Here was a network of rails coming into New York, having reached out into every section of the country where food and materials are produced, and trains had brought these foods into the city where they are consumed.

What would happen if this transportation of food, clothing, coal and other materials should stop for one week! No modern city is prepared for a siege of three days' duration. If no railroad-train entered New York City for two weeks, the city would be a horrible graveyard ℘ ℘

The railroad has become a necessity. Our civilization has been built upon it—it has made our civilization. It is a primary necessity with production. We realize this when we compel the trains to run, no matter what troubles there may be. Every other industry on earth may close down, but the farmer and the railroad employee must work.

Railroad men, better than any others, have appreciated the mutual dependence of production and transportation. The farm crop is of no value after the family is fed unless it can be carried to some one who needs it. Wheat, eggs, butter, fruits and vegetables are of little value far from a market.

Men at the head of transportation industries realize that supply and demand must have a certain ratio to each other, or the country does not prosper.

James J. Hill has told us that the country is not suffering so much from the high cost of living, as from the cost of high living. "Come back to the simple life and stop waste," is one remedy Mr. Hill implies. Another is, to increase production ℘ ℘

Mr. Brown advocates very strenuously the increase of production. He says this can be done in one way only, by educating the people. Teach the children scientific farming and educate the present farmer. Show the farmer how to increase production on his farm, now, and then put the means to do this within his reach ℘ ℘

Then, too, he has sent out throughout Northern New York, State Farming Special Trains. Announcements reach the town before the train arrives. When the train comes into a town the audience is there. The New York Central has teachers who explain and demonstrate how the farmers can use the scientific ideas. ¶ The teachers show the farmers how to double their present crop by proper fertilization.

Mr. Brown is now working to put within the reach of every farmer who wants it, means to

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buy fertilizer so he can increase his income ❧ The idea of this education is the idea of one man, but to carry it through to success is beyond the life or the power of any one man. Such work can be done only by a corporation, "a body without death, a mind without decline."

The railroad is an organization so great that it must have statistics for everything. It knows just how much it costs to build a mile of road, how much it costs to haul a ton of freight a mile, how much has been carried over each individual mile each year. It knows the price of produce, just as well as does the farmer who sells it. It knows the increase of demand and the decrease of production, better by far than does the farmer.

It is not the farmer who gives to the country at large the alarm in time to arouse it to action. It is the Railroad Presidents who have the knowledge and put the facts before us and then take the initiative in providing a remedy.

You can not misunderstand William C. Brown when he tells you this, looking straight at you with his mild, gray eyes:

"During the past ten years the acreage of cultivated land has increased twenty-three per cent. Production has increased thirty-six per cent. Consumption has increased sixty per cent." Then he likens production to a railroad-train which must always precede the railroad-train, Consumption ❧ The train, Increased Production, is now running at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour. The train, Increased Consumption, is running at the rate of sixty miles per hour. If the trains are only ten miles apart now, how long will it be before there is a rear-end collision?

Here is a simple problem in Arithmetic which any schoolboy can solve.

The whole country is waking up to the fact that it is a calamity which must be avoided. "Avoid the wreck!" is our cry. It can not be done successfully by slowing down the second train. We do not want a part of the people, the consumers, to die. We must speed up the leader, Production. The land can double its output. Our task is to make it do this.

We have heard many times that there are two sources of wealth—land and labor: that the rich man owns the land and the poor man has furnished the labor. We know now that a third element is a necessity—intelligence. Neither land nor labor are of value unless labor is applied with intelligence. "Educate the people," say the thinking men today. Educate them because it is a necessity. There seems to be no place on the earth now for the ignorant and stupid.

"But the railroads have only one thing to sell, and that is transportation. If production grows less, there is less work for railroads," a carping critic says, as an argument against corporations.

The railroad certainly has but one thing to sell, and that one thing is transportation—transportation that is so closely allied to production you can not think of one without the other. The life of the whole human race depends upon these two as a unit.

It is Nature's plan that one is utterly valueless without the other. Infinite food six inches out of the reach of starving men will not keep them from death.

I count it nothing ill to a man's credit (or a group of men) if he enters into and makes a business of carrying food from where it is plentiful to where men would starve were it not brought to them.

William C. Brown is working for a corporation; he is an employee of the New York Central Lines of Railroad. He is also a servant of the people at large, and he serves well.

In a speech he made to the Boys' Agricultural Club and to the farmers of Page County, Iowa, in May, this year, he said:

"We may be wasteful and careless of everything else; but the land belongs to the ages—it is ours but for the brief period which marks the passing of a generation.

"We are trustees holding this land as a sacred trust for generations yet unborn; and the happiness, the comfort—yea, the very existence—of our children's children, and the millions who will follow us, depend upon the conscientious, farseeing wisdom with which we discharge this solemn trust."

❧

MRS. PAULINE STEINEM has been appointed a trustee of the Public Library of Toledo, Ohio, for a term of four years. Mayor Whitlock, in appointing Mrs. Steinem, is said to have given as his reason the belief that the movement to obtain votes for women should be recognized by the appointment of active suffragists to as many public offices as possible. Mrs. Steinem takes the place of Mrs. Sarah Bissell.

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# Roycroft

To be a genuine work of art, the thing must be designed and executed by the same person. Only then do you get the enthusiasm, joy and abandon of creation which makes art possible.—*William Morris.*

¶ All Roycroft Jewelry, and there is precious little of it, is made in The Roycroft Shop by one man, Fra Winchewonder, an Aztec who has wandered out of the past into the present. This strange being, in cosmic breech-clout, a Sun-Worshiper, absurdly honest, true as the Dog-star, without the ability to dissemble, has found refuge in the tower of The Roycroft Shop, somewhat as Stradivarius found refuge in the belfry of the Cathedral at Cremona, where the wood for violins absorbed the sweet sounds of sacred bells calling men to prayer.

¶ Fra Winchewonder thinks that jewelry is for the purpose of embellishing Nature, and is a sort of sacred nuptial adornment.

¶ Therefore, he considers himself a high priest of art, and is not to be argued with. You will have to kill him or agree with his dictum.

¶ This man breathes, eats, lives and dreams jewelry. His stuff has style and reminds you of nothing you have ever seen, save as hazy remembrances coming from a former incarnation. Lady Le Plongeon declared that Fra Winchewonder's work had never been equaled for subtle strength and suggestive beauty since Yucatan was young and civilization cooed in the crib. It is bold, barbaric, rarely beautiful, individual and peculiar, for when the Mara Wonder-Worker has completed a piece of art he never wants to see it again, his head, crowned with its secondary sexual hair-cut, being full of something better, dimly discerned on the dunes of the Ideal, and after this new love our Aztec is soon a-chase.

¶ Hence Roycroft Jewelry is never duplicated in design, being the product of the head, hand and heart of an Artistic Grouch, with a houchee-couchee ambidexterity, wedded to his work.

## Jewelry, All Silver Set w

### *Scarf-Pins*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Lapis-Lazuli | $ 8.00 | $ 9.00 |
| Jade | 8.00 | 9.00 |
| Jasper | | 8.00 |
| Amnolite | | 10.00 |
| Turquoise Matrix | | 10.00 |
| Tiger's Eye | | 7.00 |
| Amazon | | 7.00 |
| Topaz | | 8.00 |

### *Rings*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Amazon | | $12.00 |
| Green Sod | $10.00 | 12.00 |
| Jade | | 12.00 |
| Lapis-Lazuli | 10.00 | 12.00 |

### *Brooches*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Topaz | | $10.00 |
| Green Sod | $12.00 | 15.00 |
| Amazon | | 10.00 |
| Lapis-Lazuli | 10.00 | 18.00 |
| Jasper | | 10.00 |

### *Belt-Pins*

| | |
|---|---|
| Lapis-Lazuli | $12.00 |
| Green Sod | 12.00 |
| Amazon | 12.00 |
| Engraved | 10.00 |

### *Pendants*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Turquoise Matrix | | $20.00 |
| Amnolite | $20.00 | 25.00 |
| Jade | | 15.00 |
| Lapis-Lazuli | | 20.00 |

### *Watch-Fobs*

| | |
|---|---|
| Jasper | $10.00 |
| Roycroft Mark | 10.00 |
| Moss Agate | 10.00 |
| Jade | 10.00 |

### *Paper-Knives*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Engraved | $ 3.00 | $ 5.00 |
| Green Sod | 8.00 | 10.00 |
| Amnolite | | 10.00 |
| Key-Rings | | $ 1.50 |
| Veil-Pins | | 5.00 |

THE ROYCROFTERS.

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God must dearly
love the fool;
otherwise he would
not have made
so many of us them

—Elbert Hubbard

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THE EDUCATIONAL NUMBER

# THE FRA

NOT·FOR·MUMMIES

A·JOURNAL·OF AFFIRMATION

VOL. V. SEPTEMBER, 1910 No. 6



PUBLISHED·MONTHLY·BY·ELBERT·HUBBARD
EAST·AURORA·ERIE·COUNTY·N.Y.
25·CENTS·A·COPY·2·DOLLARS·A·YEAR

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# The Steady White Light

Once a Rayo user, always one



Once a Rayo user, always one

## The Famous *Rayo* Lamp

is a low-priced lamp. There are lamps that cost more, but there is no better lamp made at any price. Constructed on absolutely scientific principles.

There is nothing known in lamp-making that can add to the value of the Rayo Lamp as a light-giving device. It contains among other features the celebrated Rayo Burner. This is the easiest burner to re-wick. It is sure, simple and practical.

A perfected Chimney-Holder, which may be raised for lighting without removing the chimney, and a strong, durable Shade-Holder that keeps the shade on firm and true are some of the other improvements found only in this lamp.

The Rayo Lamp is made of solid brass throughout, with a handsome nickel finish. Pleasing in proportion and appearance. Suitable for any room in any house. You can not get a better light at any price.

Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest Agency of the

**Standard Oil Company**
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# THE FRA

A JOVRNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. 5 SEPTEMBER, 1910 No. 6

The Closed Mind is at Enmity With God

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign Postage: 75 Cents Extra

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, EAST AURORA, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER
ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT POST-OFFICE DEPT., CANADA
TRADEMARK REGISTERED.

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# THE OPEN ROAD

## AFOOT WITH THE FRA

### The Higher Education



EDUCATION is growth. It means the culture, evolution and development of the whole individual.

How to secure this growth and evolution and a high degree of effectiveness is the question. One thing is sure, we no longer separate mind from body in our endeavors to educate. We realize that body acts on mind and mind reacts on body. A sound, safe mind in a sick body is an anomaly. Human mind, so far as we know, does not exist apart from the human body. The body is the instrument of mind. And to make the body an obedient, effective and useful servant is now our ambition. ¶ The object of education is the welfare and happiness of the individual, here and now, and through this the ultimate good of the whole race.

As for another world or a life after this, we know nothing. And not knowing, we neither affirm nor deny; but if there is another life we assume that the best preparation for it is to live this present life up to our highest and best.

Safety and sanity for us lie in human service. And while our aim and desire is for individual happiness, we realize that to go in search of happiness or to focus on happiness is not the way to be happy.

Happiness is an incident or a result of right living.

Our happiest moments are those when we forget self in useful endeavor. But to hold this interval of happiness by clutching and con-

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templating it, and thus to live it over and over is impossible.

Always and forever we hear the warning voice, "Arise and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest." Happiness is only possible through a life of activity, the life of constant endeavor.

The "happy habit" is the possession of those alone who have habits of industry and wise economy

And so we say that happiness hinges on habits; because habits rule our lives.

Our habits put us to bed and they get us up in the morning. They seat us at the table, and they set us to work. And the quality of our work turns on the kind we are in the habit of doing. Slipshod, lazy, indifferent, careless, reckless habits do not produce good results; they do not secure the respect of good people, the confidence of society, nor the approval of one's own conscience

And happiness to such a one is far afield.

There are three habits which seem essential to the well-rounded life. These are the Health Habit, the Work Habit and the Study Habit. ¶ Herbert Spencer said, "The first requisite is to be a good animal."

Without dissenting from this dictum, we say, "The first essential is that the individual shall earn his own living." No man can be called educated who is a parasite on the community, a care to other people, a burden to his relatives, and a menace to society.

Sobriety, sanity, health, good cheer and positive usefulness to humanity are all primal requisites in education. Any system of education which tends to reduce human efficiency neutralizes and destroys human happiness and is to that extent vicious and objectionable. Moreover, any system of education that is not a positive moving force for good is bad.

### The Rise of Universities

THE universities have grown up out of the monasteries. And the monasteries were built on the Eleusinian Mysteries, where knowledge was concealed in windowless temples, behind lock and key. ¶ To a great degree, the monastic idea and the idea of the esoteric still survive in our big colleges.

The Higher Education is largely mendicant. The colleges are constantly importuning the public for gifts. They are on the side of expense, not production. Many of them supply blank forms for bequests, and these blank forms are passed out to the alumni, lavishly.

The original intent of the monastery was to educate men away from the world of work. The clerics, or clerques, kept the records, and instructed the people. All the people were allowed to know was what the priests taught them. Any facts which the people gained themselves were carefully concealed by the discoverers for good and sufficient reasons. Read the life of Copernicus!

Thus the world was divided into two classes, the educated and the uneducated. One class did all the thinking; the other did all the work. ¶ President Thwing, according to his own definition in the "North American Review" for April, Nineteen Hundred Ten, desires to perpetuate this plan. He wants to educate one man out of twenty to think. This shows us how the college president is yet only a vicarious priest, and how when you evict error through one door it comes in at another.

The "frat" idea, which still obtains in all the big colleges, comes down from the days when the best in knowledge was secret. It is also a rudimentary survival of the Eleusinian Mysteries

All Secret Societies are close to the religious concept

The rites of Baptism and Confirmation are merely forms of initiation, or polite ways of riding the goat. Secret societies catechize their members and require them to memorize flubdub and oxaline. Yet every man of intelligence now knows that no "secret society" holds a caveat on truth. Secrets are things to give away. And moreover, truth is not a thing which can be imparted.

Truth is an achievement, not a gift.

Granting, for argument's sake, the hypothesis that college training gives its possessor a firmer hold on the tools that make for success in life, the plan is vicious at heart and tends toward caste and class hatred.

If it is good, let all have it!

Its desire is to escape responsibility and corral honors and immunity. It demands for itself the "Benefit of the Clergy," and harks back to a time when the man who could read and write was made exempt from the result of his own misdeeds. His claim was that because he could read and write he was something more than "a mere man," and therefore should not be treated as one.

The clergy, as a class, have always demanded chicken-pie for themselves, and congratulated

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the many when they got hog and hominy. They took the best here, and promised that you should get yours after you were dead.

### Time and Money

TO secure the plain degree of B. A., the smallest entrance into the temple of the Higher Education, requires at least four years' time, and an expense of five thousand dollars. ¶ The cost can be safely figured, but the results are conjectural.

Of course I am aware that some college courses can be compassed in three years, and possibly in two, but including "preps" four years is the average. The cost of five thousand dollars does not include the loss of four years of productive time, and the five thousand dollars per pupil is considered a fair statement by all college officials. There are students at Yale and Harvard who spend five thousand a year.

Here comes in the glib reminder that many students work their way through college. And this is true. Also, President Hadley is credited with this saying, "The boy who gets the most out of Yale is the one who works his way." ¶ Thus does President Hadley prove himself a pragmatist, and pays tribute to those who earn their living, instead of depending upon the labor or bounty of others.

To earn your living is quite as essential as to parse the Greek verb. Also, to earn your living is a very necessary part of education. But the amount of ashes to sift, and the number of buggies to wash, and cows to milk are limited. The fact that a few college students work their way is owing to this one fact: that there are only a few students who try it.

If many tried it, all would fail. And the more who try it the harder it is for all.

All honor to the boys who work their way through college! But they are too exceptional to claim our attention, save at Tuskegee.

When the fashionable and heavily endowed colleges make work compulsory, and give degrees on competence, they will have answered the arguments here put forth. But to point out single and exceptional cases where boys are earning a living and going to college at the same time is to evade the issue. You might with equal reason show me a youth from Columbia who does not smoke cigarettes, or refer me to a Harvard sophomore whose system is not a culture-bed for gonococci. Or, if you please, prove the value of a college course by pointing out J. Pierpont Morgan, as is often done, stating the fact that he is a Harvard alumnus. ¶ Mr. Morgan is a great man. He is a Harvard man, an Episcopalian, and he has a good eye for a Gainsborough—three facts which are equally unrelated to his success as a financier. Should it still be maintained that Harvard had much to do in shaping the success of Mr. Morgan, we might cite George W. Perkins, Mr. Morgan's partner and most trusted lieutenant, and let him testify that he was born in Illinois of poor parents, and never saw the inside of a college. Mr. Perkins is a graduate of the University of Hard Knocks, which is the Alma Mater of John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie, Mr. Morgan's only serious competitors.

Here President David Starr Jordan would probably interpose a demurrer, thus: "Oh, Andrew Carnegie and John D. succeeded in spite of their lack of college training—but what great men they might have been had they had it!"

To which we would have to say, "J. Pierpont Morgan succeeded in spite of his career at Harvard, and when he sent a thousand dollars to the Bowery Mission to use in helping college men to food and lodging he supplied the last link in our argument."

So the whole question seems to sum itself up thus: If a man has a college degree, or several of them, and still is a graduate and a post-graduate of the Down-and-Out Club, then his college degree did not save him.

Next, if a man who has had a college training succeeds, and other men who did n't have college training succeed equally well, then no sane man can say that college training is necessary to success.

The only safe claim that could then be made is that college training is a neutral entity, and is worth nothing either one way or the other. In which case, the answer follows that this thing which is neutral salts, and worth nothing either as merchandise or collateral, costs five thousand dollars and four years' time. Therefore, it is a vital and economic waste, founded on a false hypothesis and perpetuated in the minds of the many by those who have a personal and selfish interest at stake, being unable, for the most part, to earn a living in any other way.

### The Favored Few

THE Higher Education has always been for the favored few. It is not democratic, and is purely a monastic proposition, coming to us from the Old World.

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In this monarchal exclusiveness it has worked two great wrongs.

It has inspired the awe and envy of those who could not go to college, fixing in their minds the fallacy that they were being deprived of something.

And second, it has inflated the average graduate with the assumption that he had something which set him apart and fitted him to guide and govern. ¶ When you think you have got it, you have lost it.

Success for the man with a college degree lay in perpetuating the ignorance of the many, in order that he might protect and preserve his college honors.

Religions die through being found out.

And all colleges yet are semi-religious, when not avowedly so, in character.

All religious denominations have their colleges, and although there is no such thing as Baptist mathematics or Presbyterian geography, yet no educational concern depending on popular support dare eliminate the fetich. Even Girard College, which of course is only a college in name, whose founder provided that no clergyman should enter its walls, evades the injunction by having a layman repeat the Lord's Prayer and read from the Bible. Harvard calls itself undenominational, but escapes the displeasure of the many-headed by inviting, in turn, clergymen from each and all of the denominations to speak from its chapel pulpit. ¶ To the simple mind, a strange and unfamiliar language contains truth, which can only be obtained by acquiring this strange language. ¶ To know the secrets of Greece and Rome, you must know Greek and Latin. Therefore, those who know Greek and Latin are wiser than those who do not—this is the reasoning. That truth, beauty and love are beyond language, and that words are only a scheme or plan for expressing emotions, is a thing we have yet to learn ✍ A person may speak half a dozen languages, and yet have no ideas to express in any. This is a fact which all who have dealt with the European courier know full well.

The custom of reading or speaking from the pulpit in a dead language is a species of pretense designed to overawe the listener. The habit of physicians' prescriptions being written in a dead language is to impress the patient with the thought that the doctor is in possession of wisdom rare and power peculiar.

### The Dangers of Division

THE division of the world into ignorant and educated, literate and illiterate, bond and free, saved and lost, all tends toward tyranny, hate, strife, separation, dissolution, death ✍ ✍

The punishment of the liar is that he eventually believes his own lies.

And so the fallacy of the Higher Education for the few, and the struggle for the many, slips the knockout drops of weakness into the pedagogic formula, and Fate, like the Grave, puts all on a parity.

It was Emerson who first told us, and that only yesterday, that it is no calamity to be cheated, "But have a care that you do not cheat another!"

The persecuted live on and on, but the persecutor and his whole family and tribe go down to "the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust."

To educate a few and leave the many in ignorance is a temptation for the so-called educated to piece out knowledge with pretense. And pretense is a remedial move on the part of Nature to lay the pretender low.

And so this Supreme Energy balks the hypocrite, weakens the arrogant, halts the rich. And always and forever the country boy who has warmed his feet on October mornings where the cows have lain down, goes up to the cities and takes them captive. Boston with her culture, books, beans and pedigree is ruled by the sons of Irish emigrants grown great on spuds and hard times. New York is in the hands of Jews, who divide their power with the big boys from Nebraska, Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana. And the Scotch, born in cottages on wind-swept heath and heather, oatmeal and haggis fed, battling with hardship and deprivation, bring their red-headed industry and economy to bear and get their full quota of every good thing, everywhere.

And thus are the vain attempts to monopolize wealth, power, knowledge and the good things of the world, ever frustrated by Nature ordering a new deal. What we want, and actually what we get, is equality of opportunity. But this would not be so if the Higher Education were a fact, not a barren ideality. "There is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will."

The college gives honors where there is no merit; position without character; rewards the

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unworthy; inflates the foolish; makes mention of the mediocre and advertises nullity. As Robert Ingersoll said, "It polishes pebbles and dims diamonds."

It imparts to a nobody the standing of a somebody; and as such, supplies a service which will, probably, long be in demand.

### The Advantages of a Degree

HOWEVER, there are three distinct advantages in the college degree. The first is, it gives the person a chance to perpetrate his limitations as a teacher.

Next, it admits a man of mediocre ability into a certain society on a basis which a person of similar attainments could never otherwise reach. And this, it should be explained, is the society of affectation, pretense, cheese-straws, tiddledy-winks and vacuous nothings, from which men and women who have work to do, flee as they would from a tsetse-fly

The third advantage of the college course is that it reveals to the discerning student that there is nothing in it.

The man of genius is everywhere welcome: all doors fly open at his touch. He who has the talent to instruct, amuse or entertain needs no passport. But the person who can neither create nor produce, who can do nothing that the world wants done, and has nothing to say to which the world will listen, requires a certificate

This social Letter of Credit, the college undertakes to supply. It used to give out letters of Marque and Reprisal, but now the college degree is more or less of a pleasantry—valuable only to those who need it. One who is without either character or personality need not feel abashed so long as he has his degree—he can yet join a University Club, proudly wear the pin of his frat and rah-rah-rah! when the mood is on. ¶ Says Herbert Spencer in his Essay on "Education":

"The remark is trite that in his shop, or in his office, in managing his estate or his family, in playing his part as director of a bank or a railway, the college graduate is little aided by his knowledge he took so many years to acquire—so little that generally the greater part of it drops out of his memory.

"If we inquire what the real motive is for giving boys a classical education, we find it to be simply conformity to public opinion. Men dress their children's minds as they do their bodies, in the prevailing fashion.

"A boy's drilling in Latin and Greek is insisted on, not because of their intrinsic value, but that he may not be disgraced by being found ignorant of them—that he may have the 'education of a gentleman'—the badge marking a certain social position, and bringing a consequent respect.

"To get above some and be reverenced by them, and to propitiate those who are above us, is the universal struggle in which the chief energies of life are expended.

"Not what knowledge is of most real worth is the consideration, but what will bring most applause, honor, respect—what will most conduce to social position and influence—what will be most imposing. As throughout life, not what we are but what we shall be thought, is the question; so in education the question is not the intrinsic value of knowledge so much as its extrinsic effects on others. And this being our dominant idea, direct utility is scarcely more regarded than by the barbarian when filing his teeth and staining his nails.

"But we that have but span-long lives must ever bear in mind our limited time for acquisition. And remembering how narrowly this time is limited, not only by the shortness of life but also still more by the business of life, we ought to be especially solicitous to employ what time we have to the greatest advantage. ¶ Before devoting years to some subject which fashion or fancy suggests, it is surely wise to weigh with great care the worth of the results which the same years might bring if otherwise applied."

### The Rooster Crows

ROSTAND'S rooster began to crow about an hour before sunrise. He kept crowing until the sun came up.

Then he explained to the hens that if he had not crowed, the sun would never have come up

The hens believed it, for this is the whole duty of a hen. They cackled it back to their liege. ¶ This to him constitutes proof, and thereafter he cites the hens, and the sons of hens, as reference

A body set in motion continues in motion until overcome by a stronger resistance.

Error set in motion continues indefinitely, unless challenged. And then the mangled bodies of the challengers are piled deep and high before the juggernaut is stilled.

Macaulay says that a literary reputation once attained is never lost, and the more

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stupid it is the longer it endures—the reason being that it is much easier to admit a thing than to disprove it. You agree rather than read the stuff. Especially so, if to assent means honors and ease, and to dissent spells the loss of your head, official and actual ✍ Sequence and coincidence are always construed as proof by the many.

To succeed, hitch your wagon to a lie. Don't flag a scorching falsehood—flatter it. Gadzooks! Yes, or we will not buy with you, trade with you, pray with you, or dine with you. No man who depends upon a local community for a living can afford to attack a popular superstition.

If the community can not kill him, it will call him "scab" and starve him. It will socially ostracize his wife and children and make of him an outcast.

Get in line! Fall down to the fetich!

If a rooster tells you the sun would not come up if he neglected to crow, take his word for it—especially if he has spurs.

Success for you consists in referring to his wattles as His Worship.

Next to the Religious Trust, which having failed to continue its hell hereafter, would fain fix your place in society here, is the fetich of College Education.

Most college presidents or professors decline yet to debate the issue. They are as dead-sure of their position as Rostand's rooster was of his. And their proof is as flimsy. And although the Supreme Farmer is coming around the corner with an ax, they calmly continue to scratch in the barnyard of their own conceits.

Ask them to name you the points which cover the value of a college education and they will visit on you a silent, stony, supercilious stare or else laugh loud and long. They view the world through a monocle, and talk of the working classes and tradespeople like Professor Jarrett Bumball, who occasionally rides in a "tramcar" and studies the "masses."

College men do not have to prove their proud position—they admit it.

The various University Clubs to be found in all the principal cities symbol the prevailing attitude of mind. And it is one for which its better members continually apologize.

Two-thirds of the men who belong to a University Club are the sons of men who are not, or would not have been, eligible. And very often these club members are supported by fathers beyond the pale ✍ That is to say, the money which builds and maintains the average University Club was made by men not eligible to membership. ¶ I visit many University Clubs, and the average of intelligence to be found therein is not by any means equal to that which you will find, say, in the Engineers' Club of Harrisburg or the Railroad Club of New York.

### The Punk Party

THE dubb, the mutt, and the punk party who can do everything but make a living can be located by the dozen in any University Club. Also to be found there is the brass-plated, stiff, formal, highly cultured Anglomaniac who knows everything but the obvious; whose reasons are as two grains of wheat hidden in four bushels of chaff, and who reads eternally but never arrives. ¶ It would be absurd to say that the membership of the University Club is made up of incompetents; but the point I make right here is this: the fact that you are a sissy, a cigarette-fiend, a rah-rah, and a Remittance-Man does not disbar you from this club to which Thomas A. Edison, John B. McDonald, Paul Morton, W. C. Brown, George Westinghouse, F. D. Underwood and John G. Shedd are neither welcome nor eligible.

### The Dangers of It

THAT the dangers to the college youth are actual and not imaginary is shown by recent earnest efforts in several of the great colleges to protect the freshman from a drop into moral hades ✍ Living naturally, the responsibility of earning a living replaces the safeguards of home.

And our assumption is that a boy who is old enough to leave home is old enough to earn his living. But in the big colleges, nineteen out of twenty have everything supplied, and Satan, not Culture, is just around the corner ✍ ✍

President Lowell of Harvard has invited a conference of College Presidents to devise ways, if possible, to segregate the first-year men. The booze-bazaar and the red-light district of Boston lure thousands of these boys to ruin. That was denied, hotly, until a short time ago, and attention was diverted to the maternal pedigree of the man who would dare hint at the facts.

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Arnold of Rugby utilized the "First Bench" boys in taking care of the newcomers. President Lowell's proposed plan of segregation seems to show that the freshmen are initiated into vice by the seniors, otherwise why separate them? In the "North American Review" for April, Nineteen Hundred Ten, is an interesting symposium by Presidents John H. Finley, Charles H. Thwing and David Starr Jordan. ¶ I have quoted one very absurd statement by President Jordan, and now to show that the man is not so bad as he seems I quote another paragraph from his article in the "North American Review." Says President David Starr Jordan:

"The professors can not be police-officers, nor employ police methods. This goes without saying. It is necessary, on the other hand, that they should stand strongly against the student vices, against cheating, gambling, dishonest behavior, yellow journalism, and all forms of alcoholic conviviality. Whatever one's views as to beer and wine may be, there is no question that alcoholics are the curse of college life. Their use to promote good-fellowship among students is most fatal to everything which should be characteristic of University training. From the 'beer-bust' of the College to the red-light district of the town, the way is short and straight, and thousands of young men find themselves ruined for life from a single night of excess."

In this same symposium I find a statement from President Thwing as to the purposes of the Higher Education. Here it is:

"The primary intellectual purpose of the college is (1) to discover and to express truth and (2) to teach the student to think. With the second of these two purposes only have we now to do. To think: to see truth and truths, to relate truth to truth, to infer new truth, to judge, to weigh evidence, to compare, to assess a fact at a just value, to reason: that is to think. A secondary purpose of the college is to make the scholar. But it is not the purpose either primary, or secondary even, to create in the student a human encyclopedia of knowledge, nor a library of facts, be the facts never so important or interesting. To make the thinker is the comprehensive and fundamental aim."

President Thwing also says in the same article, "The most critical year of the four college years is the Freshman. It is made critical by the youth of the men, by their responsiveness to whatever is offered, by the newness of conditions, by the lack of friendships, by the want of certain standards, and by the lack of certain supports of intellectual and moral character. Most of these Freshmen are for the first time absent from their homes. The majority have come from the high schools of the towns or cities. Relatively few have come from such collegiate schools as Exeter or Andover, or from what may be called the cloister schools. Those who are graduates of the collegiate Phillips Academies are not new men in any such sense as are the men who come from the high schools of their own towns. These new men need—what?"

If I may be allowed to answer, I say that these "men" need the responsibility of earning their living, with a goodly dose of plain manual labor. Until then I suggest that he call them "boys" and not "men."

### About Who's Who

A FEW years ago President Thwing had an argument as a preface in "Who's Who," with intent to prove that the majority of men who have broken into "Who's Who" were college graduates. This constituted the most pretentious brief for the college man ever put forth. It, however, involved two fatal assumptions: one was that success in life consisted in breaking into "Who's Who"; and the other was the gratuity that all the college men who had not acquired a social jimmy effective enough to break into "Who's Who" were living modest, useful and effective lives in their various communities all over the world

As a matter of justice, if the claim is made that college is such a valuable adjunct in evolving men, beside "Who's Who," another book should be compiled of "Who Isn't," giving the whereabouts and social status of all college graduates, where the culture virus failed to take. This would involve giving the facts concerning all those college men who, according to Brother Bok, acquired habits and things at college that have absolutely wrecked their lives.

"Who's Who" is published by college men, and the rosters of University Clubs form the principal basis for their raw stock, a fact which Brother Thwing carefully omits to state. ¶ According to this latest formula of President Thwing as to the intent and aim of the college,

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it will be seen that he omits economic success and also character.

Seemingly, these two things—the ability to earn your living, and the will and wisdom to decide wisely on moral questions—he now admits can be obtained quite as well outside of college as in.

### An Exploded Idea

SO far as I know, no one claims that a college course makes for character ❧ That is an exploded idea. It only remains to explode one more fallacy—that of college as a "mental drill"—and the thing stands out in its true colors. The definition should stand thus:

College—a place that supplies a cheap form of decoration valuable only for social purposes ❧ ❧

Football, which makes cheating legitimate and finesse legal tender, has kicked character off the campus. Cigarettes, cubebs, booze and bromide, immunity from responsibility, and money-from-home, do not form a recipe for the making of thinkers.

Colleges are no longer advertised by their Alma Mater—they are advertised by their "Teams," by their Glee-Clubs, Dramatic Clubs and Frats.

Football is given a thousand times more attention, and excites a thousand times more enthusiasm, than books and ideas ❧ And football bears the same relationship to education that a bullfight does to agriculture.

### Technical Schools

IT will be noted that in my references to the Higher Education I have not differentiated between the Agricultural Colleges and Technical Schools, and the purely Academic or Classical Universities.

And so I want here to say that all schools where young men and women are taught to work with their hands, as well as their heads, and where self-reliance and usefulness are given a first place in the curriculum, are good and worthy.

Such schools reveal the protest of commonsense, everywhere seen, against the monastic methods founded on the idea of chastity, poverty and obedience, where no one was chaste, no one obeyed, and poverty was replaced by a lavish waste of other people's money gotten by hook or crook—mostly crook.

¶ The Agricultural Colleges are splendid, and the Technical Schools are looking in the right direction. But in many places the Technical School has shown a desire to pass for a Classic and has dipped its colors, groveled and compromised. This has been through its selection of College men as teachers, it being a fallacy still in the minds of many, both graduates and non-graduates, that only a man with a university degree is fitted to teach.

Put this man in as president of an Agricultural College and he in turn will make up his faculty, if he can, with university men, and cigarettes, seemingly, are made compulsory, and the original intent of competence is swallowed up by football. The beer-bust is imminent, and bitters and buchu are in demand. Thus do things move in circles.

That a Princeton graduate is supposed to be desirable for a teacher at Ames, is only proof that error has not only nine lives, but ninety-nine ❧ ❧

Friedrich Froebel was not a university man, and this was thrown at him as an indictment. And until we slough our cowardice and select teachers for Agricultural Colleges and Technical Schools on competence, character and personality, and not on college degrees, the Ideal will remain aloof on the far horizon and refuse to come to make her home with us.

### Some Minor Distinctions

THE difference between a college and a university has never been defined. That is to say, where one leaves off and the other begins is a line at which no stake has been planted ❧ ❧

The university is supposed to be a collection of colleges, at which a universal education is obtainable. In short, a university is a sort of department-store of learning. Of course, the term "university," now, is more or less Pickwickian, since a university degree does not carry with it any proof of competence. It merely certifies that the man got through. It does not explain how.

University graduates sometimes evolve into competent men; but many men are competent and have never been to the university. And while the world once thought that everything really worth while could be gained within the University, everybody now realizes that there is quite a world outside.

In this respect the Business College of the better sort is today ahead of the University—it will not graduate a pupil who can not earn his own living. And, in fact, I know of

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one Business College that is inaugurating the rule of giving a diploma to the student only after he has gone into a shop, factory or office and made good for a year.

The diploma is then to be signed by the employer, as well as the faculty.

### To Work or Not to Work

FOR the purposes of this inquiry I will not try to differentiate between the university and the college.

To simplify the matter, we will call any student a college man who is segregated, for educational purposes, from the actual, practical world of work, and made immune from taking care of himself after he is sixteen years old, or after he is through the High School.

The argument then reduces itself as to when is the proper age for the child to be weaned.

At fifteen, sixteen or seventeen, the boy or girl is safely through adolescence, and physical maturity is at hand.

All agree that when parents do too much for a child they are unfitting him for taking care of himself. How long shall he be made immune from economic responsibility, and be shielded from the result of his own errors?

Is it safe, sane and sensible to take the boy at seventeen and for four years make of him a Remittance Man in the name of education?

¶ This four years' course constitutes what is called the Higher Education. The question is, what desirable thing do these four years give that could not better be gained elsewhere!

There is a fixed investment of over five hundred million dollars in America devoted to this Higher Education.

And of all the men employed in utilizing this vast sum of money, no one yet has undertaken to show us what the Higher Education is doing or has done for the world.

The university men are content to say, "Oh, everybody knows that college is a good thing —look at Dr. So-and-So!"

To secure in fixed form the argument for the Higher Education, Robert T. Crane, of Chicago, organized a bureau and set about to give every college president in America an opportunity to bring forward his facts and figures on the subject. Mr. Crane also sent out letters to over five thousand college graduates, asking them to show where, when and how the college had benefited them.

The net result of all Mr. Crane's work seems to be that some college men succeed and some do not. Some are healthy, and some are not. Some are happy, and some are miserable. Some are in positions of honor, and some are in jail. Some are rich, and some are inmates of almshouses.

Dean Cooley of the University of Michigan disposes of the subject by the modest assertion, thus: "This man Crane is an ass."

President Van Hise of the University of Wisconsin agrees in the sentiment so well expressed by Dean Cooley, and refuses to read Crane's interrogations or even to look at them.

The completeness of the argument in favor of the Higher Education was shown in remarkable degree by the single, flat statement of one college president, "Our graduates occupy positions of honor and trust wherever they go."

¶ A few of these letters from college presidents reveal an assurance that would send a business man to prison or to quick bankruptcy at least, if continued as a business policy. The worst offender seems to be President David Starr Jordan, who gaily and glibly says, "Of all the business men in the world, those sent out from the American Universities are the most alert, the most enlightened, the keenest of mind and the most effective in action. These are our great Captains of Industry. The young fellows who have worked their way from the streets to the countingroom as cash-boys, errand-boys and apprentices must continue, a few individuals excepted, to plod along in the ranks."

And yet Dr. Jordan is neither a wilful falsifier nor a confidence man. He is just a good man who does not stop to think. He does not know or see the truth. And probably he doesn't want to see but one side of the question. That is, he is a man ignorant of all the facts which do not fit into his case.

### Jordan and Rostand

DR. JORDAN is as sincere as Rostand's rooster. And it is the recitation of such gratuitous assumptions that has kept alive this great waste of time, money and human energy called the Higher Education.

There is not a particle of evidence to be found that the Higher Education is benefiting the race intellectually, morally or physically, in the slightest degree.

Get the testimony of all the college presidents, and of all the graduates who can be interrogated, and it amounts to this: "Some college men succeed in a high degree."

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But over against this we discover that everything which college men hold dear and for which they strive, is obtainable, and is being obtained in what seems to be a greater degree, by men who have never been to college.

The Higher Education demands time and money. The Natural Education, or getting a living and an education at the same time, seems to add at least four years to your life, and in great degree avoids the pitfalls of disease and excess which threaten the freshman and the sophomore.

In his book, "The Empire of Business," Andrew Carnegie says, "In my own experience I can say that I have known few young men intended for business who were not injured by a collegiate education. Had they gone into active work during the years spent at college they would have been better educated men in every true sense of that term, and how to so manage as to live a life of usefulness has become the chief question with them.

"I have inquired and searched everywhere, in all quarters, but find small trace of him as a leader in affairs, although not seldom occupying positions of trust in financial institutions. Nor is this surprising. The prize-takers have too many years the start of the graduate—they have entered for the race invariably in their 'teens—in the most valuable of all the years of learning—from fourteen to twenty.

¶ "The almost total absence of the graduate from high positions in the business world would seem to justify this conclusion that college education as it exists seems almost fatal to success in that domain.

"A captain of industry is one who makes his all in his business and depends upon success for compensation. It is in this field that the graduate has little chance, entering at twenty, against the boy who swept the office or who begins as shipping-clerk at fourteen. The facts prove this."

### Some Hundred-Point Men

THAT some men who have received the Higher Education succeed, is admitted.

¶ The only claim made in this essay is that some men who go to college fail in life, and that some men who have not gone to college have succeeded.

Among inventors the Higher Education seems to be a positive handicap. Fulton, Stephenson, Arkwright, Ericsson, Howe, Corliss, Baldwin, Goodyear, James Oliver, Cyrus McCormick, Westinghouse, Edison, were all essentially "self-made."

Shakespeare, Robert Burns, Paganini, Beethoven, Chopin, Mozart, Rembrandt, Gainsborough, Franklin, Bismarck, Lincoln, Count Witte, William Herschel, George Peabody, Mayer Rothschild, Alfred Krupp, Lord "Bobs," Kitchener, Spinoza, Joseph Parker, Henry Ward Beecher, Andrew Carnegie, Marshall Field, James J. Hill, Melville Mix, Robert Ingersoll, Henry Irving, were all boys who fought their own way to success, unheralded, and without help, save as it came in recognition of services rendered and deeds performed.

Would college training have made them better and stronger men? How can we logically say so when, of all the thousands who went to college, none has equaled these in their respective fields of endeavor!

### That Five-Foot Shelf

SPEAKING of his famous shelf of "five feet of books," Dr. Charles W. Eliot practically admits the uselessness of college training when he says:

"It is my belief that the faithful and considerate reading of these books, with such re-readings and memorizings as individual taste may prescribe, will give any man the essentials of a liberal education, even if he can devote to them but fifteen minutes a day."

Among college presidents no modern man has approached Dr. Eliot in breadth of view. He has boldly and persistently pointed out various flagrant faults in the college course. And in changes for the better he has gone just as far as he could go and yet not offend his clientele to a degree where they would put him on the toboggan. Indeed, Dr. Eliot's temerity brought a rebuke from Bwana Tumbo; and in turn Bwana was referred to as "the man who never grew up"—a phrase that will live in letters.

In the Harvard Catalog, Dr. Eliot urged parents to get their boys into college as young as possible. He also advocated cutting the college course down to three years. He emphasized the fact that when you take a boy out of life in order to educate him for life, you run a risk that you will never get him back into life.

And to lessen this risk he wanted the college course shortened. He pointed out that in the boyhood of Ralph Waldo Emerson, boys were often sent to Harvard when thirteen years old and thus graduated at seventeen. Now the freshman year begins at seventeen and ends

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at twenty-one. ¶ Doctor Eliot realizes that a man of twenty-one, or past, will probably not wash windows. Moreover, Doctor Eliot says that to do every part of the work in a business, if you are eventually to manage that business, is a very desirable thing.

Before you are fit to give orders, you must be willing to take orders.

The leader of the orchestra has always been a man who has played second fiddle.

The curse of college is that it educates the man to lead the orchestra, when what the world wants most is an efficient janitor for the hall. ¶ To tell of the airy-fairy, lofty ways of certain college graduates who enter business would be trite, and also unkind. Things that are pitiable are not funny. Every manager of a big business has had his trials with the man educated beyond his work who wants to "take charge."

People who want specific information along this line would do well to write to Mr. Norvell of the Norvell-Shapleigh Hardware Company of St. Louis, and at the same time subscribe for Mike Kinney, Teamster, His Gimlet, published by the same concern.

### A Personal Experience

AS for myself, I hesitate to dwell on this subject, for it brings up too many dark-brown memories. I have hired ex-convicts, defectives, insane people, and women eighty years young, and have gotten pretty good work out of them all; but the man who gave me tragic tic-douloureux was a college graduate who smoked cigarettes in bed, wrote odes in Latin, and offered to correct my MSS. and run my business for ten dollars a week and board. ¶ I compromised with him on his own terms, by paying him a month's wages in advance, and let Ali Baba conduct him, gently, safely, but firmly to the Four-o'Clock Train.

Of course I admit that this one instance proves nothing; but it is typical, and the employer whose experience has not paralleled mine has been wise and stuck close to the sledded Polacks, the Slavs, the Huns and the boys from Missouri Valley.

Doctor Eliot has shown the danger of waiting too long before getting your boy out of college, and he has also shown the error of trickery and dishonesty in college sports. He says it is a mistake to allow a boy to be dishonest on the campus and to expect him to be manly and truthful in the classroom. Again and again, he has said that what the college needs is physical culture and not athletics.

Everywhere one travels are to be found banks, stores, shops, factories, elevators, mills that have been built up and are owned by hard-headed men, graduates of the University of Hard Knocks. These men who have arisen from the ranks often imagine that they have missed something by not having a college training, so they send their sons to college and "give them an advantage which I never had." What is the result? Why, the working manager of the place is a man who went into the concern at the same time the son of the proprietor was sent to college.

I know of dozens of cases where the father would like to put his son in as superintendent, but he dare not, and so the young man is sent to Europe, on trips to this place or that, is given a job compiling statistics, or bosses a fence-gang up on the farm—anything to get him out of the way where he will do the least possible amount of harm. The youth thinks he is useful, because what you do not know you are not aware of. But the discerning around the place all realize the facts, and, on your life, never mention them.

When the son is the actual working inspiration of the place, it is where he has put on overalls and wampus and got busy at fifteen or sixteen, with no favors asked or given, and stayed right on the job. It is work and responsibility that make men, not immunity and pocket-money. Honors must be incidental, not an end or aim.

### Tolstoy's Opinion

LEO TOLSTOY says, "Do these things for your children: Let them do all they can for themselves; carry their own water, fill their own jugs, wash up, arrange their own rooms, clean their boots and clothes, lay the table. Believe me, that unimportant as these things may seem, they are a hundred times more important for your children's happiness than a knowledge of French or of History.

"These things train the children to simplicity, to work, and to self-dependence.

"If you can add work on the land, if it be but a kitchen-garden, that will be well.

"Believe me, that without that condition there is no possibility of a moral education, a Christian education, or a consciousness of the fact that men are not naturally divided into the classes of masters and slaves, but they are all brothers and equals."

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# Kate Alexander Lentz



THE idea of friendship is old—ages old. It has for its basis intellect, understanding. It is the result of the desire for oneness—a manifestation of monism. Ideal friendships have existed between man and man, and between woman and woman before lovers were recognized. Friendship is reputed to be more unselfish than love between man and woman, and therefore of a higher nature.

It is the accepted thought that a person worthy of the name of friend is of noble birth, a rare spirit of great power. Such an one is strong enough to live without his friend, says Emerson, before he is capable of friendship.

He asks nothing from his friend. His only desire is to benefit. The thought of his friend inspires him to noblest action, and he would enter his presence as a Hebrew worshiper went into the Holy of Holies.

But the most perfect friendship is that between man and woman who are also lovers.

A man and a woman mated intellectually, who have interests in common, who use their brains in working out similar problems, and who become lovers, make a friendship so great that nothing in classic literature can compare with it. They work together, they dwell together in the high places of thought, in the most sacred sentiments that man can know.

A oneness of heart, mind and interests such as I have tried to suggest was the rare and blessed experience of John J. Lentz and Kate Alexander Lentz.

They were companions and roamed the fields of literature together, gathering a harvest of wisdom and practical knowledge which they used in their work.

Mrs. Lentz was superior in every relation of her life, daughter, sister, wife, mother, friend. Her heart ever went out to the depressed, to those who struggled, to those whose efforts were to right wrongs.

Mrs. Lentz was woman's friend. She gave liberally to help educate people to recognize the fact that women are individuals, born to be free and independent even as men.

The desire nearest her heart was that woman shall work out her own salvation and thereby evolve the race. She believed that the greatest need for humanity now is economic freedom for women, free mothers, that women may live and give life.

Our beautiful friend has passed from our sight. We do not know where she has gone, but we do believe that she Is somewhere, because she has been traveling rapidly for nearly half a century, and each year she has gone farther and faster in this journey of brain and soul development.

She has lived with superior people for many years. She has been on intimate terms of friendship with the great of her own time and with the noble minds of all ages.

And in this, the greatest era of faith the world has ever known, I feel we can say with much certainty here and now that Kate Alexander Lentz is with the great and the noble, who also have passed from our sight into the Celestial City of fine minds.

Susan B. Anthony said, "No woman has a right to die until she has done something for womankind."

Our friend has earned her right to fold her hands in rest, in view of the work she has done to free woman's mind from superstition and the bondage of traditions. For Mrs. Lentz never allowed an opportunity to pass without giving her encouragement and help to women.

¶ Mrs. Lentz was a worker, an independent worker, who knew when woman took a step forward into the Promised Land of Freedom, that man, too, advanced and every child was nearer his divine birthright.

Mrs. Lentz has earned her right to rest from her work, for few women have done more for woman than has she.

But she was so fit to live, so equipped with superior qualities of soul and brain, that we mourn in grief her passing.

One said of Bjornson, not long ago, that not a cell of his brain was undeveloped. I feel this is true of our friend. There was no power of her mind but what was exercised!

Could the gods expect more of man than this?

¶ The destiny of the race is to evolve. Our beloved friend was evolved to a wonderful degree.

We glory in what she has attained. We congratulate her for her triumphs. But we mourn with those who will need the vital help of her presence, her counsel, her strength of soul,

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her fearless initiative. ¶ I know and love my friend. I know that her heart and brain went out to every woman who was doing her work, and she was indifferent as to what that work might be.

If unusual difficulties presented themselves to man or woman, no matter on what plane of life that worker might be, Mrs. Lentz seemed to know that help was needed, and she gave her heart in encouragement and her hand in strength. When she could not carry her message in person, she wrote and her letters were always strength and blessing.

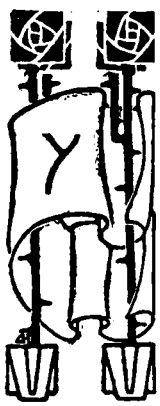
How rich is this woman! She belonged to the select class who stood shoulder to shoulder with the great men and women of history. These were her friends. We know people by their friends. She lived with them. She introduced us to them. She enriched our lives. She leaves the world better than she found it. Great, rich, blessed are we because we are able to say that this woman was our friend; that we knew her; and that we loved her.

We have laid her tired form away in the earth, but her spirit abides. We say, "Farewell, until we meet again."

Her soul has joined the "Choir Invisible whose music is the gladness of the world."

We grow through expression—if you know things there is a strong desire to express them. It is Nature's way of deepening our impressions—this thing of recounting them. And happy indeed are you if you know a soul with whom you can converse at your best.

## The New Education



YOU will remember that we used to be told, very often, that, "Children should be seen and not heard."

We know better now—let the babies talk. God bless 'em!

The healthy, active child is full of impressions, and that he should express himself is just as natural as for a bird to sing. It is Nature's way of giving growth—no one knows a thing for sure until he tells it to some one else. ¶ We deepen impressions by recounting them, and habitually to suppress and repress the child when he wants to tell of the curious things he has seen is to display a two-by-four acumen.

Not long ago on a horseback ride of a hundred miles or so, I came to an out-of-the-way "Deestrick School," just such a one as you see every three miles all over New York State. This particular schoolhouse would not have attracted my attention especially had I not noticed that nearly half the school lot was taken up with a garden and flower-beds.

No house was near and it was apparent that this garden was the work of the teacher and the scholars.

Straightway I dismounted, tied my horse and walked into the schoolhouse.

The teacher was a man of middle age—a hunchback, and one of the rarest, gentlest spirits I have ever met.

Have you ever noticed what an alert, receptive and beautiful soul is often housed in a misshapen body?

This man was modest and shy as a woman, and when I spoke of the flower-beds he half apologized for them and tried to change the subject.

When, after a few moments, he realized that my interest in his garden was something deeper than mere curiosity, he offered to go out with me and show me what had been done. So we walked out, and out, too, behind us trooped the school of just fifteen scholars.

"You see," he said, "in Winter we have sixty or more pupils, but the school is small now. I thought I would try the plan of teaching out-of-doors half the time, and to keep the girls and boys busy I just let each scholar have a flower-bed. Some wanted to raise vegetables, and of course I let them plant any seed they wished. The older children, girls or boys, help the younger ones—it is lots of fun. When the weather is fine we are out here a good deal of the time, just working and talking."

And that is the way this man taught—letting the children do things, and talk. He explained to me that he was not an "educated" man, and as I contradicted him my eyes filled with tears.

Not educated? I wonder how many of us who call ourselves educated have a disciplined mind, and can call by name the forest birds in our vicinity?

Do we know the bird-notes when we hear them? ¶ Can we with pencil outline the leaves of oak, elm, maple, chestnut, hazel, walnut, birch

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or beech trees, so others familiar with these trees can recognize them?

Do we know by name or on sight the insects that fill the Summer nights with melody? Do we know whether the katydid, cricket and locust "sing" with mouth, wings or feet? Do we know what they feed upon, how long they live, and what becomes of the tree-toad in Winter?

Do we know for sure how much a bushel of wheat weighs?

I wonder what it is to be educated.

Here was a man seemingly sore smitten by the hand of Fate, and yet whose heart was filled with sympathy and love. He had no quarrel either with the world or with Destiny. He was childless that he might love all children, and that his heart might go out to every living thing

The trustees of the school did not take much interest in methods, I found, so they let the teacher have his way; and I have since been told that the best schools are those where the Trustees or Directors take no interest in the institution

A rare collection of birds' eggs, fungi and forest leaves had been made, and I was shown outline drawings of all the leaves in the garden. This idea of drawing a picture of the object led to a much closer observation, the teacher thought. And when, on questioning some of the children, I found that the whole school took a semi-weekly ramble through the woods, and made close studies of the wild birds and insects as well, it came to me that this man, afar from any "intellectual center," was working out a pedagogic system that science could never improve upon.

Whether the little man realized this or not I can not say, but I do not think he guessed the greatness of his work and methods. It was all so simple—he did the thing he liked to do, and led the children out and they followed because they loved the man, and soon loved the things that he loved.

Science seeks to simplify. This country school-teacher, doing his own little work in his own little way, was a true scientist. And he was also a great teacher: he was molding human lives, and filling the minds of his children with beautiful and useful impressions.

Fighting may test which side is the stronger, but not which side is nearest right.

## A Jailbird



ONCE upon a time there was a Jailbird in a small town in the State of Iowa.

This J. B. had had all that he wanted, and it was his firm intention, if he ever got another chance, he would show what he was made of.

Many other J. B.'s have made similar resolves.

After he got out, most everybody gave him the Icy Mitt, but finally he Accepted a Position (or as some might say, Found a Job) in a factory

He started in at four dollars a week, working with the boys, for jailbirds can not afford to be either fastidious or finicky.

They have to take whatever offers.

So the J. B. started to work.

Now, in every shop or store there is always some one—man, boy or girl—who knows where things are.

If you set ten girls at work in a room you will find by the third day that nine of those girls are asking the tenth girl these questions:

Is this all right?

Where is the thread?

What shall I do next?

And the tenth girl tells the others whether the work is right, and where to find things, and what to do next.

In one week this tenth girl will be on hand a little earlier in the morning, in order to lay out the work for the day; and at night she will stay a little later, in order to put things away.

And she will show in various ways that she thinks of the work outside of working hours—between the time she goes home at night and the time she returns in the morning.

Of course the quibbler will here interpose an objection to the effect that the probabilities are that the ten girls will be equally stupid, and one and all be absolutely listless unless inspired by the fear of the Blue Envelope, or the coming footsteps of the Boss.

I think, however, that the objection need not be seriously considered, for the fact is that at least one person out of ten is not only loyal, but has a goodly grain of executive ability that can be cultivated through exercise.

Responsibilities gravitate to the person who

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can shoulder them, and power flows to the man who knows how. ¶ And so it happened that before the J. B. was in the factory a month boys were going to him asking where things were. ¶ When they ran out of one kind of work they would ask him what they should do next; and he, knowing the sequence of the work, would advise them.

### J. B. and the Boss

NOW, there be employers who are Proud and Overbearing, but others there be who have Commonsense. And it so happened that the man who owned the factory where the J. B. worked had a modicum of Commonsense. Seeing that the J. B. knew where things were and what should be done next, and that the J. B. put the work away at night and got it out in the morning, and planned things at home, and picked things up instead of walking over them or kicking them aside, why the Boss encouraged the J. B. and raised his wages.

So the J. B. evolved into a Right-Hand Man, and in time came to know a deal more about the details of the business than the Boss, and I believe eventually married the daughter of the Boss, inherited his money and became sole owner of the Factory, but of these things I am not certain, so I do not record them.

But the little incident I am about to record really happened.

One day the Boss saw two girls who worked in the factory coming in with a basket of wild clematis. These girls proceeded to festoon the pillars of the big room with the beautiful plant. ¶ "Who told you to do that?" demanded the Boss

"Why, Mr. So-and-So," referring to the J. B.

"Did you send those girls away during working hours after weeds?" asked the Boss shortly after of the J. B.

"Certainly," was the answer; "you see, I noticed those particular girls seemed very white and not very strong, and sort of nervous and worn—they say they have things tough at home—and I just thought I would try to improve their complexions and spirits by giving them a run out in the sunshine."

"Oho, you thought they were getting prison-pallor, did you?"

"Yes, you guessed it—I was thinking of prison-pallor."

"And so contrived an excuse to send the girls on a two-mile walk across the fields?"

"Yes."

"Had prison-pallor yourself, eh?"

"Yes."

"Used to look into a pocket-mirror and thought it was a ghost?"

"Possibly."

"Never saw the blue sky except through a grating, or when walking lock-step across a stone-paved courtway?"

"You have it."

"Well, look here, J. B., don't stand around here keeping me from work—I wish t' Lord I could find a few more J. B.'s to help run this shebang. And, say, make a little list of the pale, nervous, yellow and scared girls and send them out by turn for clematis whenever the sun shines. Don't stand around keeping me from work—don't you think I have anything to do myself? Go on with you!"

A SECT IS MERELY A POINT OF VIEW.

## The Inner Light



EACH man is born with peculiar possibilities, which, developed, make him unique and strong, a necessary man to his generation. And a man loses himself to the extent of his seeking outside strength. It is easy to be taught, to accept rather than to attain. But you only know what you have seen and thought, you are only what you have felt and hoped. You must walk your own way, must go it alone, and going alone is only apparently slow. Whitman, ignoring academic literary values, was forced to publish his first book at his own expense; twenty-five years later he was regarded in Europe as one of the few spiritual products of America worthy of consideration. Cromwell was an unnoticed English gentleman for forty years, and it is not recorded that he studied political science at Oxford before starting to make history. And the accounts of Mohammedanism are strangely lacking in reference to the Prophet having first completed a college course on the cure of souls; he began by converting his wife. ¶ Cherish the potencies within you. Men become mighty by inner development.

To subjugate another is to subjugate yourself.

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# The Problem of Time



IME has always been a strange and baffling puzzle to philosophers.

They could never explain, or account, or trace its beginning and end.

While we can calculate the end of worlds and of solar systems, time stretches away illimitable, unfettered and uncontrolled.

The principal thing that differentiates man from the animals is his cognizance of time. Animals know when they are hungry, but they never look at the sun or make any sign which shows that they are speculating about time.

Birds and fowls go to roost when it grows dark, and get busy when light returns.

When a total eclipse happens, chickens accept it as a matter of course, and hunt their roosts; while we foretell the coming eclipse by the use of a watch and a calendar.

And what of the eyeless fish in caves and in the depths of the sea, that see no light?

Time must pass as it does to a prisoner in darkness, who soon loses the power to even approximately measure time.

Prince Peter Kropotkin, in describing the horrors of solitary confinement, says the kind jailer who allowed him to keep his watch, thereby saved him from insanity.

We divide life up into periods of time, and thus make it endurable.

You lend a man money and in a year he pays you back with something additional—or he does n't. Anyway, he should.

Where did the extra money come from?

Time produced half of it?

Such is the power of time. Time mitigates all grief, cures all sickness, satisfies revenge, equalizes the high and the low.

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# An Advertisement

## BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Shakespeare says, "What is time but the shadow of earth on the background of eternity?"

The Bible contains nine hundred and sixty references to time.

Does time exist outside of our consciousness?

It certainly does.

It goes on just the same when we sleep, and if we should fail to awake it would still go on. It will go on when watches cease to tick, when all animal life ceases to breathe, when stars cease to shine and suns to set.

How can time cease? By no leap of mind can one imagine.

But all the time that the individual can call his own is while he lives.

When will Fate with her scissors clip the thread of time for me?

I do not know, and this very uncertainty makes me prize time and work while it is called the day.

To limit the shock of my passing, and to ease my affairs over the shallows when my hand and brain can no longer guide them, Life-Insurance comes in.

Death, for most, comes without warning. By Life-Insurance, those dependent upon us are cared for, and the result of our foresight and prudence is the possession of those we love after we are gone.

Life-Insurance is not a duty: it is more than that—it is a privilege.

Life-Insurance does not actually insure you against death, but it insures your loved ones against want when you are no longer here. That very fact gives peace, poise and power to the man who is insured. It makes for length of days.

Life-Insurance is an extension on time. And being wise we provide against the time when time shall be no longer ours.

## The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

"Strongest in the World."

The Company which pays its death-claims on the day that it receives them.
PAUL MORTON, President. Number 120 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE: None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there? There are great opportunities today in Life-Insurance work for the EQUITABLE SOCIETY

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## Poetry, History and Tradition



I HAVE been down to Antioch College, where I liberated a few rhetorical vibes.

Antioch College is at Yellow Springs, Ohio, a place where you wade knee-deep in tradition, and history hits you at every turn.

Yellow Springs derives its name from a chalybeate spring that gushes from a great cliff of limestone. This spring flows a hundred gallons of water a minute, and has, since the memory of the Oldest Inhabitant. The quantity of water never varies: in season and out, it flows its steady, big, busy, sparkling stream, coming from the Everywhere, going to the Nowhere.

The water running down the hillside and over the flat rocks below, leaves a marked trace of yellow iron—hence the name.

The first white man to locate Yellow Springs was Daniel Boone, who was led here by an Indian guide, that the great pioneer might drink of the waters and be cured of rheumatism. The Indians were not much on sanitation and prophylaxis, but they were heavy on dope. ¶ They had a scheme here that has Mudlavia skun a mile. Daniel Boone describes it.

The Red Brothers heated stones and placed them in a little tent made of hides fastened to the ground with pickets, within which the candidate was safely enclosed.

They gave him a sweat beyond the dreams of Battle Creek. When the patient was about smothered with the heat, they cut a hole in the tent so he could stick his head out. Then they gave him advice and spring-water, and usually he drank a gallon or more. Also hot stones were pushed under the tent to increase the sum of caloric and the world's stock of harmless pleasure.

In the meantime the Big Medicine Man walked round and round the patient and sang a Billy Muldoon melody to a Bernarr Macfadden two-step.

For a day and a night the candidate was kept in hoc signo Vincennes, Indiana. The plan really had much to commend it. All those who did n't die, got well. Daniel Boone got well, but he only stayed in the bath for six hours, giving up a squirrel-rifle, eight feet long, to get out. Evidently, the Big Medicine Man who had charge of the case was on to his job, and the traditions still survive in ethical medical circles.

In Eighteen Hundred Thirty-two, there was a tavern here, built of logs, and in front of the tavern was a pile of crutches that would shame the Lady of Lourdes and put Doctor Munyon far to the bad.

### Waters of Perpetual Youth

ABOUT Eighteen Hundred Forty-one, the man who owned the Spring had a big idea. He must have been a mentally fecund person, gifted in the art of advertising, and a true Adscripter by prenatal tendency. This most enterprising gentleman warned all married ladies who did not wish to influence vital statistics, to keep away from Yellow Springs, as the waters had a quick Malthusian effect on man and beast.

The result was a great influx of Has-Wases, male and female. Ladies of discreet age dared the Spirits of the Spring to do their worst. It became bruited abroad that here, if anywhere, were the waters of Perpetual Youth.

Two big hotels were erected: the Yellow Springs Tavern and the Neff House.

The latter was built by a Company, headed by Henry Clay. This hotel had four hundred rooms, and stables that accommodated a thousand horses. The colored quarters, where the servants lived, took care of five hundred negroes. These colored brethren proved all the admen claimed.

To run a hotel then was to have your work cut out for you. There was no calling up Cincinnati by telephone, ordering fifty cases of this or that. The Neff House had a farm which produced everything to feed and irrigate the throng, even to a distillery.

Yellow Springs is nine miles Southwest from Springfield, fifty miles from Columbus, twenty miles from Xenia, and one hundred miles from Cincinnati. It was on the direct stagecoach road between Columbus and the West and South. ¶ Travelers all stopped off a day or so for rest and recreation, and women old and young, with a recklessness worthy of a better cause, flung caution to the winds and guzzled, gulped or sipped, as mood inclined.

### Falling of the House of Cards

THE place prospered exceedingly, and there were rooms where the money stacked on tables by industrious gem'men with

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pasteboard proclivities made the colored waiters who carried trays in and out, turn white with astonishment.

But evil days were to come.

The Neff House had been built in three months with a penalty clause in the contract. Guests were living in tents waiting to move in. The hardwood timbers were green, and, according to the custom of the time, mortised and pinned. ¶ Such a frame is built for the centuries. An earthquake could not shake it down; no blizzard could blow it over.

It had but one drawback. The green wood would warp. In time, the floors of this hotel looked like the ground-swell of the ocean after a storm. The Colonels swore that in places the floor flew up and hit them. To dance in the dining-room, you had to skate up hill and slide down. Beds were tilted by the right oblique. At night there were loud R. G. Dun reports of cracking, creaking timbers "letting go." No table stood on four legs. The colored folks gave it out that the house was haunted. And the Yellow Springs Tavern people whispered industriously that the Neff House was unsafe.

### Publicity Methods

ABOUT the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty there was no resort West of the Atlantic as popular as Yellow Springs, save the Mammoth Cave, alone.

At the Mammoth Cave there was a hotel very much like the Neff House, and no doubt Henry Clay and his colleagues stole a deal of adcraft thunder from Mammoth Cave. Both places were advertised in many ingenious ways.

A reasonable amount of humbug is always allowable, and, in fact, is in demand where idle people much do congregate. Ice was stored up at Mammoth Cave, where visitors were shown it hidden away in a cavern.

The temperature in the Cave never falls below fifty, and how the ice could form there was a question which long puzzled scientists, and caused much hot and angry debate among the Solons, until a nigger testified that he carried it in from the icehouse every morning.

Ice was also carried into a cave dug out under the gushing waters at Yellow Springs, and long gave a thrill of awe and breathless ohs! and ahs! to bridal couples and such.

### Horace Mann's Ideal College

HERE came Ralph Waldo Emerson to lecture in Eighteen Hundred Forty-nine; for culture and cards, suh, were the happy possession, suh, of the Best Society of the South and West.

Emerson carried back to New England tidings of the growing metropolis.

Next came Theodore Parker.

At that time the Transcendental Movement was at its height. George Ripley, Henry Thoreau, Horace Greeley, George William Curtis, Wendell Phillips, Horace Mann and the Alcotts were firing their shots heard round the world.

Brook Farm had failed for want of a business head, but a big crop of ideas had been produced and sent out for seed purposes.

Horace Mann was quite the most level-headed and consistently safe man in the group.

He was a graduate of Harvard, a lawyer who turned schoolteacher, and became principal of one of Boston's public schools. He had read Froebel and studied the methods of Arnold of Rugby. His ideas of education had been tinted by the Brook Farmers until his faith in the Classics had about departed.

He would bring men and women up to be useful, not ornamental.

Also, he stood for co-education, at a time when to do so was to be regarded as eccentric—I use the mildest word that was applied at that time to those who dared advocate the education of young men and women together.

"I want a school where a brother and sister can go and graduate from the same platform." ¶ This remark doubtless cost Horace Mann the Presidency of Harvard.

However, as a consolation-prize, his friends got together and elected him to the State Legislature—or General Court. He was chosen Speaker of the House, and served with distinction. The following year he was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts. The nomination was equal to an election, but Horace Mann declined it. He had other ambitions. He was quietly raising money to found his Ideal College.

Horace Greeley, Peter Cooper, George Peabody, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Edward Everett Hale were on the Board of Directors.

### Antioch College

A HUNDRED thousand dollars in cash was raised as a "nucleus."

This college was to be the Harvard of the West—only it was to be an improved Harvard, a Harvard with all Harvard's flummery omitted, and all her virtues conserved.

Yellow Springs, Ohio, was chosen as the place.

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The fact that the wealth and fashion of the West and South converged at Yellow Springs was the casting vote.

A college must have a constituency—it must be braced by Society.

Yellow Springs—yes, certainly.

And Yellow Springs it was.

The hundred thousand dollars were invested in buildings, with as little delay as possible. The style of these buildings was worthy and right. They were built to last. In every appointment they were complete.

Brickkilns were erected, and the brick for the buildings was made on the spot. This brick-making was to become a part of the regular college work, and a planing-mill was installed with similar intent.

The school opened with a thousand applications for entrance. Only half of this number could be accommodated.

But matters went swimmingly.

The faculty was made up of Harvard men, disciples of the "New School of Thought."

Many of President Mann's old friends came out to see him, including Emerson, who on one visit remained a week and gave lectures every day to the students, and to the people from the hotels who packed the hall.

Emerson was n't in very good repute at that time—even fair Harvard had disclaimed him. ¶ He had given a goodly part of his library to the College. Theodore Parker had made similar gifts. These books are now in the library, and are spoken of by some of the townsmen as "that Infidel Library."

Curiously enough—or not—the patrons of the hotels, the folks who came to drink the waters, were orthodox—very orthodox. Instead of helping the College they criticized it.

Horace Mann was an Abolitionist—all his friends were Abolitionists. It was rumored that the place was simply a station of the underground railroad.

Then the idea of setting people to work and of education for human service was beyond the Colonels ❧ ❧

"We don't want our son worked, we want him learned," wrote a fond Mamma to President Mann ❧ ❧

The good old idea of education for show and as a means of evading hard work was strong ever in the minds of many who intellectually assented to the new regime.

At first, the name of the school was to be simply The Horace Mann Institute, this on the suggestion of Peter Cooper.

Horace Mann, however, objected to having his name used so prominently, and insisted on the title, "Antioch College." Success of a product, no matter how good, turns often on the name you choose. It was declared that Horace Mann was not a Christian, and now as a sort of disclaimer he stuck to the word Antioch. "And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch," says the Bible. The name was a subtle form of defense, and a mistake all around. Horace Mann was truly great, but like that good man mentioned by Carlyle he had his limitations.

He should have let the world come to him, as it would have done.

In order to put his college in first-class shape, he accepted a loan of forty thousand dollars, at five years, from the orthodox local nabobs; for nabobs who run horses, fight cocks and manipulate the pasteboards, when they are religious are very religious.

### The Shipwreck of Mann's Hopes

IT 'S a sad story—a story of the shipwreck of all the high hopes of as noble a man as the world ever saw.

The world was not ready for the New Education. And certainly it was not ready for the New Religion.

The student body dwindled away, debts piled up, the mortgage became due, for that is a way mortgages have.

And Antioch College was sold under the auctioneer's hammer.

Peter Cooper and several other men of means came to the rescue and bought in the property, turning it over to a self-perpetuating board of trustees, and arranging by a new charter that the place should never again be mortgaged.

Horace Mann continued the work with shortened sail. The stigma of failure was upon the enterprise.

Work, worry, debt, unkind criticism undermined the health of the brave founder. He knew his days were few. On a certain day all the students, a bare hundred, came to the President's house at his request. They filed by the bedside of the stricken man, and each one pressed his hand. He called each by name, gave all his blessing, and closed his eyes to open them no more.

So died Horace Mann.

His worn-out body was buried on the College

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Campus, and there a monument to his memory now stands.

A few years later, his bones were exhumed and taken by kinsmen to Rhode Island, where the good man and great was born

It was the last sordid blow at Antioch, given by the cheap and unthinking. They would n't let the College which the man founded and for which he died, have even his dust.

And yet Antioch College still lives—and lives, too, the unselfish soul of Horace Mann.

### A Land of Promise

THE country around Yellow Springs is of rare beauty. Surely God has smiled upon the place. Such diversity of landscape one seldom sees. Gentle, undulating pastures, studded with noble, solitary oaks; fertile fields that laugh a harvest on sight of an Oliver Plow; woods as wild as Nature made them, lining the bluffs of the Little Miami River—woods that house a hundred kinds of birds, and hillsides that form a herbarium which would have delighted the soul of Linnæus.

These bluffs reveal the strata, touched by the tooth of time, of great masses of limestone, from which run in steady streams inexhaustible springs of pure and sparkling water.

No wonder that the Indians called it a Sacred Place where the Great Spirit made his home. ¶ There is everything here that might appeal to the savage heart, the soul of a poet, or the heart of a lover.

Also, there are ruins here—and has not the taunt been thrown at America by blase Englishmen that we have neither a leisure class nor ruins? ¶ But, suh, I 'd have you know, suh, that we have both!

John Bryan of Ohio, King of Cranks, recently bought the property where once stood the Yellow Springs Tavern, in order to preserve it, as Kenilworth Castle is preserved, just for the ruins. I think it cost him fully five hundred dollars

The Tavern was destroyed by the devouring element, as the village editor would say, about forty years ago. Many of the bricks have been carted away by the colored brothers, who here constitute a true leisure class. But the remains of wide fireplaces yet stand, and toppling chimneys, which refuse to fall, wring from us our pity for the days agone.

In these old chimneys, thousands of swallows make their homes. Where the kitchen once stood is a cellar so well built of stones that it affords a refuge for skunks who drove out a family of foxes, and now rule by right of squatter sovereignty.

On the spacious lawn, or what was once a lawn, groundhogs gambol and defy the colored population. There are the long strings of white-washed cottages, and the remains of what was once the great barn, most of the wood having been carted away for fuel.

Down in the valley are the jutting ruins of a beautiful stone wall where the spring was dammed to make an artificial lake. The size of the lake can be safely gauged by stone steps, with big rusty iron rings where rowboats were moored and tied.

The great stone steps worn deep by the feet of travelers as they entered the Tavern are there, but there is no tavern.

The fountains are filled with watercress, fresh and crisp, over which the spring-waters flow, and where frogs and turtles sun themselves on the low wall and laugh softly in derision at the pomp and pride of men.

Verily the tumult and the shouting have died away, and the captains and the kings have departed.

There is a dance-hall across the creek, once reached by a picturesque suspension-bridge, and over which lovers lingered late in the moonlight

The dance-hall is now a cow-shed. The ruins of the distillery still stand, but no still is there, although through the place dance the waters that gush from the hill. Evidently there will be water here, even when whisky is no longer in demand.

In Yellow Springs there is now no hotel or inn for the tired traveler, but I was directed to a boarding-house kept by "a widow-woman," who offered to house and feed me for four dollars and fifty cents a week, being as how I was a college professor.

But while the hotels which once were mints of money are all gone, done into dissolution by the devouring hunger of moth, rust, and the death of the advertising man, the Antioch College buildings are in good repair.

This speaks well for the trustees.

They have not made a great success of the college, but they have held the plant intact over against the day when a strong man would come and pick up the work of Horace Mann where the great teacher left it.

And so the Messianic instinct never dies.

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And surely Antioch College will be redeemed. Its buildings are noble; its site is lovely beyond compare; its traditions are splendid and inspiring. Here we tread the boards where have stood Tom Corwin, Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell, Wendell Phillips, Horace Greeley and Peter Cooper. All these men had a great and loving solicitude for the place, because they loved Horace Mann.

Antioch College and Horace Mann stood for the New Education, the education for usefulness; and for the New Religion which is the religion of the Now and Here.

These things worked the downfall of the Institution. But now the world is catching up with Horace Mann. Every great college is in degree patterning its work after the philosophy which he expressed. And the orthodox theology of our day is the Unitarianism of Eighteen Hundred Fifty-six.

Horace Mann, the abolitionist, died the year that John Brown was hanged, and the year when Darwin issued his "Origin of Species."

The next year died Theodore Parker, in far-off Italy, an indictment hanging over his head for treason and conspiracy.

There was none to seize the standard as it fell from the dying hand of Horace Mann. It fell, and was trampled over by the hurrying rush of armed men.

During the War the place was used for a hospital for returned Union Soldiers, and as a storehouse for the Sanitary Commission.

Since the War, several denominations have tried to maintain it, and all with a degree of success. Surely an Alumnus of Antioch College should be proud of his Alma Mater!

There are forty colleges in Ohio which come within the scope of the Carnegie Foundation. In truth, no State in the Union has been so blest and benefited by the small college, where every professor knows every student and the personal touch is not a theory.

Doctor S. D. Fess, the present President of Antioch College, left a position that paid him five thousand a year to work here for one thousand dollars a year. He is a strong, earnest and tireless worker—a man of brains, all ballasted with commonsense. He is a teacher and a teacher of teachers.

Other teachers who could command two or three thousand dollars a year struggle on here for six or seven hundred. They love the place, and eventually they hope to tow the barque into the fairway of popular favor, where her sails will catch the breeze.

Just now they need help.

But poor little Antioch, so rich in memories, so noble in traditions, is without the pale for lack of a paltry two hundred thousand dollars' endowment

When Horace Mann had passed beyond the reach of praise or blame, as a sort of tardy recognition of the ideas for which he battled, his successor, Thomas Hill, was called from Yellow Springs and made President of Harvard. Hill was the predecessor of Charles W. Eliot.

¶ What a pity that some Harvard man—aye! or some Ohio man—does not think to render himself immortal by stepping into the breach, writing his check for two hundred thousand, thus putting this splendid old place on its pedagogic pedals!

There is just one thing wrong with Antioch College—just one and no more—and that is its name. It should be The Horace Mann Memorial.

### The Horace Mann Memorial

THE trustees have the legal power to change the name, and I believe that if this were done it would give the place a new lease of life.

Antioch was a city in Asia Minor. Long ago it crumbled to dust. There is only one thing that can consecrate a place and that is man. We are all hero-worshipers. But we only reverence places because great men once lived there. The word "Antioch" has a significance that grows dimmer as the days pass, but the name of Horace Mann is a coming quantity.

In Yellow Springs, Ohio, lived and passed out a great and noble and unselfish soul—one of the world's great teachers. From this on let the school born of his hope and love bear the name of The Horace Mann Memorial.

DAVID H. MOFFAT, "Colorado's Empire-Builder," was a messenger-boy in a New York City bank sixty years ago. Today, at the age of seventy, he is president and principal owner of the greatest bank between the Missouri River and the Pacific; director of two of New York's big banks; connected with other large financial institutions; many times a millionaire, and actively identified with the construction of every railroad in Northern Colorado. His dream of years, which has been to connect Denver with Salt Lake City by a direct railroad, has become a reality.

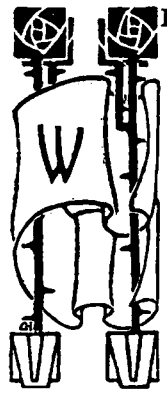
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# OUR COVER PAGE

## CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

BY ALICE HUBBARD

Children, like adults, are not alike, but infinitely different; the object of education, as of life, is to bring out the innate powers, and develop to the highest possible degree the natural and acquired capacities of the individual.—Charles W. Eliot.



HEN Charles William Eliot was born, March Twentieth, Eighteen Hundred Thirty-four, his father was mayor of Boston. This office of the father then gave to the family honors which that distinction does not now give ✍ ✍

All that refinement, culture, schools and travel could give were bestowed upon or achieved by this child of fortune, who is now President Emeritus of Harvard College.

We are fond of tracing greatness to surroundings of poverty and ignorance, because we know it is the exercise, the struggle, the effort, that develops the individual, and such a beginning gives hope to the many ✍ Yet we know that better conditions should not be a disadvantage, or why are we striving to change the environment of the poor and unfortunate?

It seems that inherent within the child are, or are not, the possibilities of development. Whistler said of Art, "No hovel is safe from it"; and we add, no palace is safe from it either ✍ When we ask why one person is capable of greatness and another is not, what environment will produce a great man, we are asking about the Unknowable. Certain conditions make for better living, we believe, but no man has yet been wise enough to know how surely to secure that divine fire in the soul of man.

No one can tell why Charles W. Eliot was not content with the pleasures and luxuries that might have been his; why he was not blended into the opinions, customs and ideas of the scholars and cultured men of his time. Why was he not content—this gentle man of peace—to keep to himself the conclusions of his learning and wisdom? He has been a student all his life. He knows all that books have stored. He knows all that teachers can tell. He knows the value of all modern culture. He has received all the benefits of travel and the intercourse with the most talented and the wisest of all countries. He has been justly named, "America's first citizen." All the honors that our country could show to the most honored President of its most elaborate and largest institution of learning were bestowed upon President Eliot. Why was not that enough to satisfy one man? Why does the Divine Energy in Doctor Eliot insist upon his making plain to any who can read, that the modern race is fast passing from its childhood and adolescence into its maturity?

Doctor Eliot tells us that we are passing out of the age where brute force rules, into the age where brain is the power. America is demonstrating this fact to civilization. He says that, in one hundred and seven years, "the United States have been a party to forty-seven arbitrations—being more than half of all that have taken place in the modern world." ¶ War disregards all the rights of the individual ✍ ✍

The welfare of the individual has become dear to us, and we protect him. Man has the right to think and to act for himself, to live his own life and to be happy.

Individualism was never so dear to the race as now. The race was never so dear to the individual as now.

The tendency of the times is to give equal opportunity to each man and to all men ✍ Doctor Eliot knows the history of humanity; what race has evolved and declined, its infancy, its childhood, its manhood, its old age and death; how one civilization differs from another; and that this present, modern race shows that we, as we are entering upon

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our maturity, "are heirs to all the ages" in that which makes for a perfect and permanent civilization

Knowing these things, Doctor Eliot sees that necessarily we shall have a new religion, and it will be a religion that shall appeal to the intellect, to the brain of man Hitherto, religion has had emotion in excess. Religious wars are proof of this statement.

Reason, pure brain action, has taken the lives of very few men or animals.

It is the heat of passion, the unguided emotions, which kill.

Doctor Eliot knows that with the evolution of humanity everything has changed, and that this will continue to be a world of change, for life is motion.

There is a current that has forever moved us on, until we need different surroundings, different customs, different laws, different government. Now, at last, we dream of a time when each shall be a law unto himself and do the right without pressure or persuasion —that cause of quarrels, of wars, of the bloodshed of the world.

Man is developing all the powers of the brain. Ultimately, man will think before he acts, and his actions will be controlled by brain and not by passion.

Brain must be fired by feeling, but brain must not be consumed by feeling.

The race is reaching a period in its development where it is becoming rational. The mental attributes will be developed and be active in proportions that will give sanity.

The time is coming when the idea of sacrifice, the shedding of blood, will be abhorrent to us, and we shall no longer ascribe to an All-Wise Power a taste or desire for anything of that nature. When man emerges from the childishness of wanting to be cared for, of desiring gifts without giving an equivalent in value, he will make a new religion, save himself, and so cease to sin through ignorance of common knowledge.

If man needs an ideal, a hero, he will take for his example a natural man, one who, like Bjornson, has developed to its best every muscle and nerve of his body, every cell of his brain.

### Our Chief Citizen

THE appellation of "Chief Citizen" is a title which belongs to Doctor Eliot. The United States is in name a country for the individual, a universal House of Lords, with no King, no House of Commons.

Some one said of Whitman, "He is Democracy." He did talk and write gloriously of democracy, of the divinity of the individual and of his divine rights and privileges. But Whitman's poetry and life have the lilt and meter of iconoclasm, not of construction.

Doctor Eliot is "democracy" in a truer and greater sense than was Whitman Doctor Eliot's life and teaching are positive and constructive throughout.

Build! Build! is the overtone that you detect in all he says.

"How Build?" Build for individual development, for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. This can be done only through universal brotherhood—treat others as you would be treated

In Doctor Eliot's teaching there is no lack of sentiment; he suggests as much as does Whitman; but Doctor Eliot adds intellect. He gives a ratio of mental attributes that is more stable, possibly more safe to build upon.

Doctor Eliot says, "Self-sacrifice is not a good or a merit in itself; it must be intelligent and loving to be meritorious, and the object in view must be worth its price."

This introduces the qualities of wisdom and judgment. A man recently risked and lost human life to save the life of a dog.

In the fighting of duels, one life must be the price of that elusive something called a man's honor. If one man said that another had lied, a challenge, a fight, a death was the consequence. ¶ Doctor Eliot says, count the cost, use your brain.

Truth-telling has not yet become an established custom in the world, nor can all the bloodshed of all time make it so.

Only the love of truth, the desire for truth, can do this. This love and desire can come only when we understand that truth is best for each individual. Mythology can not save us, nor fairy-stories.

The world has not been saved by brute force, nor by will-power, nor by emotionalism, though all three have been tried singly and together. Nor can intellect save us alone. But just now we do need to use more intellect, wisdom, in the power that we are using to save the world. ¶ Doctor Eliot's teaching is that of self-reliance. Develop yourself so that you do not need to ask another to pay your debts,

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wash away your sins, or give you a passport into Paradise. People have been promised mansions afar off, salvation hereafter. But only a narcotic has been administered; the disease remained.

Doctor Eliot teaches that "repentance wipes out nothing in the past, and is only the first step towards reformation, and a sign of a better future."

He does not wish to have "men and women reconciled to present ills by promises of future blessedness, either for themselves or others. Such promises have done infinite mischief in the world by inducing men to be patient under the sufferings of deprivations against which they should incessantly have struggled. The advent of a just freedom for the mass of mankind has been delayed for centuries by this effect of compensatory promises issued by the churches."

### "The New Religion"

THE sharpest and hardest criticisms that have been made on Doctor Eliot's "New Religion" are about what he has said concerning that of which man knows nothing—the unknowable, as Herbert Spencer calls it.

Doctor Eliot says, "In the new religion there will be no supernatural element. In all its theory and in all its practise it will be completely natural. In the new religion there will be no deification of remarkable human beings! It will admit no sacraments, except those which are the visible, spiritual grace, or of a natural, hallowed custom."

Doctor Eliot prophesies that the human race will evolve a natural, rational religion.

Then both Catholic and Protestant say, "This is not Christian and this idea of a new religion is not that of a Christian religion." They speak of it as a "PROPOSED" new religion, and call it "Atheism or Pantheism."

In rejecting the supernatural, they say he has rejected God who is thoroughly supernatural, and they add, "Without a belief in the supernatural there is no possibility of true worship, and without worship there is no religion."

It had not seemed that Doctor Eliot was "proposing" a new religion. Doctor Eliot is a seer, and simply gives expression to what he sees inevitably coming to us ✍ He has prescience—a longer view than most people.

We are all travelers going into an unknown country. Our eyes are of different focus. "America" (Roman Catholic) sees its own diocese, and so does "Zion's Herald," "The Christian Advocate," and others ✍ They are deep in the primeval forests of their ancestors' thought and can not see beyond ✍ Doctor Eliot is on a mountain-top looking out upon a beautiful future of light. To those in the forest, what he sees is not in existence, and it seems impossible, undesirable, that any one should see these things. ¶ There is a story that when Cleopatra's messengers, sent out to bring her tidings of Mark Antony, brought back news she did not want to hear, she had them killed ✍ But their tidings were true.

A few people before Doctor Eliot's time have affirmed what he has ✍ They have become prominent because of these statements. But the popular religion tried to dispose of them quickly by putting upon them the labels, "Infidel" and "Atheist," and the greater number of them were killed. Oblivion and opprobrium were theirs, so far as their being taken as authority by the many.

Doctor Eliot had become authority as a leader of thought among men, "the most eminent teacher and scholar in America," before he gave the memorable address before the Harvard Summer School of Theology, in Nineteen Hundred Nine. The effect of the address is profound. So far as I know, no one has dared call Doctor Eliot names, but his statements have caused a little reclassification of people and ideas.

It has been a year since the address was made, and that year has seen a wonderful advance in freedom for thinking men and women. The timid have taken courage. The bold have become confident that freedom is even at the door. Doctor Eliot is a scholar and a gentleman. His language is the language of culture, so that orthodox parents are not too startled to send their boys to Harvard where the influence of the great man still lives.

### Reward and Punishment

WHEN Doctor Eliot says, "The modern man would hardly feel any appreciable loss of motive power toward good, or away from evil, if Heaven were burned and Hell quenched," he speaks the truth that all thinking men and women recognize. The next generation will speak of these unpleasant myths as the nightmares of adolescence.

Even now, people who are able to analyze motives of action and influences that cause or restrain conduct of life, know as Macbeth says,

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"We'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases we still have judgment here."

It has long been, and is today, the immediate consequences of an act that men consider—from what their neighbors say to what is the extreme penalty of the law for a misdeed ℘ Humanity as a whole works for reward and to avoid punishment. The threat and promise are still potent and will be for some time to come. ¶ But our myths, legends, literature and traditions have, for so many ages, assigned one cause for action—whether good or bad—that it is with difficulty that men can think in any but the ancient terms. ¶ The sweet sentiments of the lullaby are enmeshed in our mind with the folk-lore concerning angels and the good, devils and the evil.

The love of truth which science fosters is affirmative, positive and beautiful for the generations to come. The beauty, the poetry, the food for the imagination are all in truth, scientific truth, and can be had for the looking, provided one has eyes that can see.

The child-mind finds joy in the fantastic pictures of Milton, of Virgil, of Homer. Children brought up with the idea of Santa Claus are frightened to face the fact that there is no such fairy. But grown to manhood, away from the childhood where sweets, toys, things and pastimes fill the mind, Santa Claus is pronounced a foolish joke of very doubtful good even for young children. That the truth is better is the consensus of opinion.

### Effect of Doctor Eliot's Prophecy

DOCTOR ELIOT'S prophecy concerning the new religion was printed and criticized in the Summer of Nineteen Hundred Nine. It was read widely by students, scholars and thinkers then. It is of more interest today than it was a year ago. More people recognize the truth Doctor Eliot expressed in this address, and more people see the prophecy being fulfilled before their eyes.

The churches are giving their thought more to bettering the temporal conditions of people, and less to promises and threats.

Churchmen are making their effort more to reconcile religion to science, than in repressing or warping the truth of science to the mythology in the Bible.

### A Teacher of Teachers

DOCTOR ELIOT stands to us supremely as a teacher. He graduated from Harvard in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-three. Then he became tutor, assistant professor, studied for two years in Europe, then for four years was Professor of Chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

In Eighteen Hundred Sixty-nine, after Harvard was reorganized, Doctor Eliot was made President and continued in that office until May Nineteenth, Nineteen Hundred Nine.

At the beginning of his work as a teacher he saw the demands for changed conditions that the march of civilization makes. He was always a reformer. Harvard took the lead in making courses elective instead of prescribed. Then Doctor Eliot shortened the college course so that a young man might not be taken too long out of life before being put back into it, lest in the meantime he might have forgotten how to live. ¶ Doctor Eliot saw, too, that in youth is the time to learn by doing and not by contemplating. The young should be living, working, doing, and the old should go to college to see how life compares with theory and history.

College is a place to contemplate, retrospect and speculate—activities which belong naturally to old age.

Doctor Eliot is a financier. He has had millions of dollars to take care of, to invest wisely and well ℘ ℘

He has added to literature an inestimable wealth. His thoughts, experiences, wisdom and learning are unique in their value. He tells only that which is truth, and his expression is accurate and exact. You quote his statements as authority, because you know they are authority ℘ ℘

He knows politics, government. He can compare the present with the past, and knows what progress we have made in this strange unit we call national life.

He has been at the head of a great institution for forty years, and knows humanity, collectively and singly.

The family extended gives an institution, the institution multiplied by many gives a government. The needs of the government or care of the institution are the needs in kind of the nation ℘ ℘

It is soul that leads and controls nations, just as it is soul that leads and controls institutions ℘ ℘

Doctor Eliot puts a premium on the simple virtue of developing yourself, body and brain, and his work and teaching is to show us that life more abundant is within our reach.

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# Women as Economic Factors

By Booker T. Washington



WHETHER for a career of motherhood or of single life a young woman receiving her diploma from Tuskegee leaves equipped for a life of usefulness and self-support. Our trades of millinery, dressmaking, tailoring, housekeeping, laundering, dairying, gardening, poultry-raising and the like, coupled with a thorough academic training in elementary branches, place them in demand among both races in the South. A large number of our girls on finishing become teachers, a good per cent goes into business or into professional life, others become managers of homes; but everywhere they exercise a helpful influence on their surroundings, and represent, both in earning and in saving, real economic factors of the race.

I emphasize "saving" because it is in this capacity that the woman stands for great economic force or for family bankruptcy. The woman who makes none of her own clothes, who does not understand the value of foods and of housekeeping—in a word, who is simply a money-spender—is far on the road towards bringing poverty into the family; while she who sews for herself and children is almost as much of an economic factor as is the one who goes out and earns so much for a piece of work or so much by the day.

### All Training is Education

BELIEVING that all training is education, we seek to make our academic and trade work tongue and groove. Today a young woman studies and practises dressmaking; tomorrow for her lesson in English she describes what she has been doing. Today she has the theory and practise of cooking a meal or of separating cream; tomorrow her problems in Arithmetic employ the same material for subject-matter. Thus she keeps on the ground with her training, and her work in all her subjects will have a vital meaning to her and to all whom she will meet in after life.

It is with this same practical idea in mind that we require all our girls to have a knowledge of cooking and of table service, in addition to their special trade and academic work, before they leave school. In this, people have often misunderstood us, thinking that by this kind of teaching we were holding up an ideal of servitude, an ideal of a career in some white woman's kitchen. Quite to the contrary, we seek to better those conditions which already exist. Believing that all work is noble, we take the position that since a large number of our colored women do this kind of work they should do it intelligently, thus commanding a better position, a better salary, and at the same time making themselves in every way better women. More than this, should they never see a white woman's kitchen, as a good per cent never does, it is quite certain that most of them will see somebody's kitchen before they have been in real life very long. Should they become teachers, the education of the day is demanding that all girls have this sensible kind of training. If they marry, no matter how rich or how poor they may be, they will, like all housewives, be brought face to face with the problem of cooking and serving a meal in the proper way. And what is education good for, if it is not going to help women when they get into real life?

### The Trained Nurse

AGAIN, a large number of our girls become what is known in the South as nurses, meaning in this sense that they earn their living by caring for little children, mostly for white children. You have only to walk the streets of any of our Southern cities to attest this fact. Since, then, they do this work, we give them training whereby they may do it more intelligently, commanding greater responsibility, better salaries and greater respect. Thus, at Tuskegee, we have a child-nurture room in which we teach the care of children. We teach them how to bathe children, what clothes to put on them at certain ages, what foods they may eat, what medicines may safely be given, how to put them to bed, what songs to sing and what stories to tell them. Thus taught, our girls are of far greater service to every life they touch, to their own families, to their schools if they become teachers, and to themselves in earning an independent support.

¶ One of the best advertisements for Tuskegee in recent years is our trained nurse. In caring for the sick she is doing as much as any force I know of to help solve the so-called race problem. Wherever she enters the sickroom of a white person she raises the esteem of the white race for negro education, because she

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shows that her education means something. Wherever, on the other hand, she enters a colored home, she teaches even a greater lesson. In the first place she convinces her own race that her schooling is of some real value. Then she completely changes their mode of living and thinking. The average negro family used to feel that fresh air was very poisonous to the sick. Hence all the doors and windows of the sickroom were kept closed. They used to feed the patient all kinds of foods, bury him in quilts, and admit his friends to see him at all hours. The trained nurse changes all these conditions in the colored home and in the colored community, when she takes care of a case. Thus she, too, becomes a real moral and economic force, earning and saving for herself and teaching others to earn, to save and to be better men and women.

### Learning by Doing

SEVERAL of our most useful industries are carried on in the mattress-making division. When, some years ago, Susan B. Anthony visited our school, she was so impressed with our efforts that she gave even out of her scanty means the first money for the purchase of a machine for making brooms. Perhaps with her keener vision she saw far better than those near at hand the real value of this undertaking. It is here that we try to teach the young women to take the simple, inexpensive things at hand and turn them into articles of beauty and of use. Out of the corn-shucks which the horses and cows often refuse, they are making doormats, mops, hassocks, scrubbing-brushes and broad-brimmed Summer hats. By using the shucks for a center and putting a layer of cotton on either side, the girls also learn to make very comfortable mattresses. They take the ordinary dry-goods boxes and turn them into chairs of every description, using for springs a portion of cast-off bed-springs and upholstering them with any covering desired. Out of dry-goods boxes they also make dining-tables, study-tables, washstands, chiffoniers, hall-seats and the framework of beds. They take ordinary cheese-cloth and stencil it, making beautiful curtains, sofa-pillow tops and couch-covers, thus again learning to be simple, useful and economical

Going out from us with this kind of training our girls are doing a remarkable work all over our Southland. Wherever they settle down to work, in the home, in the schoolroom, in the shop, they stand for a life of usefulness and self-support. Accepting conditions as they are, these young women seek to make brighter the lives of others, to show by their example that education is living a clean, wholesome, independent, helpful life.

Do not go out of your way to do good, but do good whenever it comes in your way.

## Co-operative Gardening

By A. G. Crane



A SMALL but successful experiment in school flower-gardens has been carried on in Jamestown, North Dakota, for the past two years, and bids fair to survive yet longer. Jamestown is a lively little city of seven thousand people located on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railway. In true Dakota style the city has built up along the railroad until the depot stands nearly in the center of the business section. Just West of the depot and surrounded on the other three sides by busy streets and the passenger-platform is a small plot of ground about one-fourth the size of a city block. The history of this particular piece of real estate has been most varied. It has been successively the site of the village calaboose, the depot, railroad-tracks, open-air livery-stable, public thoroughfare and street-urchins' athletic park. Its varied history was evident in the cosmopolitan character of its soil. Stones from the old foundations, and cinders, scrap-iron and gravel from the railroad-tracks mingled in democratic friendliness with harness-buckles and street cleanings All this did not at first appear, but has become evident by degrees. However, the availability of the location and the need of improvement suggested that a school flower-garden might improve it. In the language of a neighboring merchant, "You won't make it any worse, Professor, whatever you do."

### A Woman's Work

MRS. A. M. BURT, wife of the Northern Pacific Division Superintendent, first devised the plan of using this particular plot of ground, and through her influence with the

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railroad authorities on the one hand and with the Ladies' Civic Improvement League on the other secured not only the free rental of the ground but necessary funds from the League. Superintendent Crane of the schools then took up his part with the children and in the planning and organizing of the scheme. The gardeners are all volunteers from the third to the eighth grades of the public school, and there has never been need of any drafting or conscripting. The volunteers have always exceeded the available room.

The garden is laid out into small individual plots about five by ten feet, and the flowers are planted so as to give each student several varieties and colors and yet allow of some general color-scheme. To prevent some few children out of one hundred planting marigolds in the poppy row required some thought. To handle, out of doors, one hundred healthy, shouting bundles of animate energy, each with his full share of human propensities for mischief and mistakes, was no picnic. Strings, sticks, labels and volunteer teachers succeeded, however, in directing this regiment of embryo gardeners so successfully that they put in their total of one thousand or more packets of seed of many varieties in as many different places, and made remarkably few mistakes. The gardens were all planted by the end of the school year, but only a few transplanted plants relieved the view of sticks and strings, as none of the seeds came up till June.

Instead of showing a diminution of the children's interest, the long vacation evidenced an increase. Many came daily from June to September to water, prune and cultivate the flowers, and on the regular Saturday morning, gardening-day, very few were ever absent. The second year, thirty out of one hundred sixteen missed but one Saturday from May to October, and that was due to adverse weather conditions. Record is kept of the attendance on these Saturday mornings, and it is indeed a glorious sight to see seventy-five or one hundred boys and girls each intently at work among his flowers. Good-fellowship, happiness, and love of things beautiful appear to radiate from both flowers and children with a sort of universal good will, which seems reflected in the faces of the numerous passersby who stop a moment to watch the sight. The oversight of the garden in the summer during the absence of Mr. Crane is taken by Mrs. Burt and Mrs. Boyden. Their loyalty and interest in children and flowers has never flagged, and much of the success of the project is due to them

### Products of the Garden

NOTHING but flowers is raised in the garden and the preference is given to annuals of easy cultivation. Pansies, phlox, California poppies, pinks, snapdragons and asters have proven the most successful, though about twenty varieties are planted each year. Each child is given plants, seeds and bulbs, thus teaching him the care of these three classes of flowers. The verbenas, pansies, asters and the like furnish the plants, and the gladioli the bulbs, which are the delight of each gardener.

When the flowers are in the height of bloom a committee of disinterested citizens judges the flowers, as well as the layout of the garden. An award of prizes is then made at a mass-meeting in the Fall, and appropriate speeches are made by prominent merchants of the city. These prizes are solicited by another committee of the League headed by Mrs. Charles Rathman, wife of one of the prominent merchants of the city. The merchants consider the work to be of great benefit to the town, both educationally and esthetically, and it is a great advertisement.

### Force of a Good Example

THIS is a story of co-operation, and the schoolmaster who runs it declares he never undertook a project where he met so much cordial help, with no perceptible opposition. Everybody has been anxious to assist. The railroad furnishes the ground, fences it, pipes it for water and patrols it. The city donates the water. Interested friends subscribe for implements and hose. The Ladies' League buys the seeds and plants, and solicits and distributes the prizes. The merchants donate the prizes and the papers publish the notices. Mrs. Burt, Mrs. Boyden and Professor Crane manage it, and one hundred loyal, laughing children do the work of planting, weeding, tending and loving the flowers, which seem to know that this is a co-operative scheme, and accordingly, under the blessing of God's Dakota sunshine, fairly outdo themselves in bloom.

The result of this experiment has been widespread. Pictures of last year's garden won first prize in a national photographic competition conducted by a Cleveland seed-house

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which caters to the trade of school-gardens. Pictures in this contest were submitted from many States and localities, and that prairie North Dakota should win speaks well for the character of the co-operation.

The object-lesson to the town, and the stimulus to improve and beautify are greater results; but by far the greatest is the knowledge and the love of beautiful flowers engendered in the hearts and minds of the children.

This is a busy world, and the age is calling for men who can help bear its burdens, who can do things, whose faces are turned toward the sunrise. There is no place for the man who lives in the squabbles of the past.

## Sunday Strawberry-Picking

By K. C. Russell



THE trial of four Seventh-day Adventists, on the charge of picking strawberries on Sunday, took place in the Courthouse at Greenville, South Carolina, some few months ago, in the presence of several hundred people. It appears from the testimony that a little more than three years ago Sullivan Wareham, with his wife and four children, journeyed from the State of Montana to South Carolina, where they located on a few acres of land in a quiet and secluded place on the outskirts of the beautiful city of Greenville, which has an estimated population of thirty-five thousand people. In a humble, quiet manner they have succeeded in supporting themselves by what they have been able to produce from their little piece of land.

During these years they have won the confidence of all their neighbors, with the exception of one person. This man has seemed to be possessed of a spirit of religious bigotry and prejudice since the Warehams became his neighbors, because of their strict observance of the seventh-day Sabbath.

As a result of this prejudice, he has continually hounded the tracks of his innocent seventh-day-observing neighbors by talking unkindly about them, spying about to catch them at work on Sunday, and repeatedly threatening them with arrest.

### Christian Truthfulness

THIS venom of religious spite and enmity finally made itself manifest in the securing of a warrant against Mr. Wareham and wife and their fourteen-year-old son, besides six other Seventh-day Adventists, consisting of three women, two men and a fourteen-year-old girl, for the crime (?) of picking strawberries on Sunday. The warrant was served upon only six of the nine persons against whom it was issued, owing to the fact that the other three had left the community before the warrant was served.

A jury consisting of six Greenville business men was empaneled, and the trial was in charge of Magistrate Samuel Stradley, whose rulings were fair and impartial. There were no attorneys employed by either side. T. H. Jeys and the writer, however, assisted the defendant in trying the case. Three witnesses for the prosecution, including the complainant, his son and a neighbor, testified that they saw the defendants picking strawberries on the day named in the warrant. It was shown, however, that one of the parties whom they swore they saw picking berries at that time was a hundred and fifty miles away. Thus an alibi was easily established in this case. According to the law of South Carolina, children under fifteen years of age are exempted from the penalties of the law in performing Sunday labor. Two of the children against whom warrants had been served were therefore excused by the Court on that ground.

### What Is Sabbath-Breaking?

IN summing up the case, T. H. Jeys showed the jury the weakness of the testimony of the witnesses who stated that they saw the defendants picking berries. The magistrate took occasion to instruct those who were to make the pleas, not to discuss any religious or theological question in order to prove which day of the week was the Sabbath, and added that the law of the land had defined that Sunday was the day to be observed. It had been decided that the writer was to make the plea in behalf of the defendants, but the reader can easily imagine the embarrassment under which we were placed in view of this instruction from the Court. We must not bring religion into the plea, and yet but for religion there would have been no case to try. We assured the Court that we had no desire to disregard the instructions it had given, but in discussing the question he

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would observe that the warrant itself had specified that the charge against the defendants was that of "sabbath-breaking," and therefore it was a religious question, for the only authority for Sabbath observance is found in the Bible, which is wholly religious. We showed, further, that the enforcement of Sunday laws upon those who observe the seventh day of the week is out of harmony with the Fourteenth Amendment of the United States Constitution, which says:

"No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of the citizens of the United States."

Sunday laws are also opposed to the Bill of Rights in the South Carolina Constitution, which says:

"Section 9. No person shall be deprived of the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience; provided, that the liberty of conscience hereby declared shall not justify practises inconsistent with the peace and moral safety of society."

### Unequal Rights

IT was further shown that the enforcement of Sunday laws requires the observers of the seventh day to rest upon the first day of the week in addition to their conscientious observance of the seventh day, and therefore they would have only five days to devote to labor, while those who observe Sunday would have six days. Hence, it will be seen that the equal rights of those who observe the seventh day of the week are abridged. We brought to the attention of the Court and jury the fact that the State can rightfully have to do only with civil things, and not with those which are religious. It was shown that the picking of strawberries was not an uncivil act, but a proper and legitimate one; therefore the State can not rightfully prohibit such work on any day of the week if it keeps within its proper sphere. We acquainted the jury with the fact, which was established by the witnesses, that the defendants were good neighbors and upright citizens. The following statements in reference to Seventh-day Adventists, quoted from the Washington "Post," were read to the jury, which show that they are a moral, upright and law-abiding class of citizens:

No other sect can show a better citizenship. They are industrious, frugal and peaceable ✍ If all other men were no more prone to evil than they, the grand jury would have little to do, and Courts, civil as well as criminal, could take a vacation on at least six days of the week, and have little to do on the seventh. ¶ It is a fact that nobody who knows them will attempt to controvert that the members of the religious sect that is designated as Seventh-day Adventists make up a good citizenship. Their cardinal idea is to harm no man, and as a class they are honest, sober, diligent and frugal. The persecution of the Adventist people is a reminder of barbaric ages, when fanaticism ruled in councils of State, and set up the gibbet and the stake at every crossroads to vindicate the gospel of Jesus Christ through tyranny, pain, malice, and murder.

### Adventists Model Citizens

A PROMINENT United States Senator, in speaking of the Adventists, says:

It has been my privilege to live among Seventh-day Adventists, and I can truthfully say they are a very honorable, intelligent, upright class of people. They are patriotic and loyal citizens of the government.

In the plea we placed great emphasis on the dangers of Sunday laws, because they can be used as weapons by persons who are actuated by a religious prejudice to vent their spite upon God-fearing and devoted Christian people, merely because they observe the seventh day of the week instead of the first as the Sabbath. We called attention to the fact that these godly women and children had been compelled to come to the court that morning through the mud and rain, as common criminals because a neighbor, filled with religious prejudice, could take advantage of the existence of a Sunday law to persecute his neighbors.

After the plea, the magistrate read a short charge to the jury, and they retired. The jury, after being out for half an hour, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." This verdict was received with almost universal satisfaction and approval by those present. We feel certain that the prosecuting witness in this case is not a representative citizen of Greenville County, South Carolina. This case, however, illustrates the malicious character of all religious legislation ✍ ✍

✍

America has the soil and it has the men and women. Everything we need we can produce. And by shaping our political policy so as to work for peace—keeping out of all Old World complications—we can set the nations an example of beauty, civilization and manhood such as this tired old earth has never seen.

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# Where the Danger Lies

By Stanley E. Bowdle



IN National Life, as in Individual Life, the Evils that destroy come from Within.

Men and Nations destroy themselves. As Edmond Kelley well says, "Rome was eaten by a concourse of most politic worms before the Barbarians took her."

¶ It takes no eye at all to see some large maggots at work on the United States ✍ A crisis is approaching us, and it is not on the Pacific or the Atlantic. Yellow Men are not making it ✍ We white men are making it. And no Navy can defend us from it.

I have tried to show woman's important part in the production of that crisis, nor am I entirely through with the specific counts in the indictment. Here is something women are doing as yet untouched upon—something that will cut an immense figure in our national history ✍ ✍

It is startling to reflect that within the past few years great fortunes—American fortunes—have been carried abroad, or brought within foreign power, by the marriage of a number of our American Women with foreign Dukes, Lords, Counts and titled worthies and unworthies ✍ ✍

Any one in an instant can recite a considerable list within his recollection: Mackay, Goelet, Vanderbilt, Gould, Thaw, Shonts, Stetson, Zimmerman—these I can name with a moment's thought. There are many others.

¶ These have carried great fortunes or parts of fortunes to England, France, Germany, Italy, Poland and Portugal ✍ The Stetson fortune of fifty million dollars was carried to Portugal last week by the widow of the great hatmaker. Of course, I know that the visible property composing those fortunes still remains here; but this makes the situation the worse, for the American workers, who pay the dividends, are made to mutter over the fact that the fortune is enjoyed by foreigners.

## The American Man

COULD these women have taken their fortunes bodily abroad it would have been better for the peace of America. As it stands, our poorly paid Americans appear as supporting foreign parasites as well as American parasites.

This is a fact in American life filled with grave danger to the republic ✍ Ponder well this spectacle! Here we have American women, the freest in the world, forgetting America and her institutions, and turning up their noses at American men, for the sake of marriage to a title! And they are continuing to do this in spite of the fearful experience of some who have married the decadent fungi of Europe.

I insist that in this our rich women are preparing a crisis for all America.

Now, please observe that the men of America are in this matter faithful to America. It would be most difficult to name one American man who has chased a princess about Europe intent on marrying her. Our American men have married American women ✍ However rich themselves, they have married American women ✍ ✍

The other day a lawyer, highly cultured and much traveled, told me that in a recent tour of Europe it was most interesting to observe how envious European women seemed of the American women of his party. It was due to their apparent freedom and to the gallant treatment accorded them by their men and American men generally.

## Whence Came Freedom?

WHERE did our American women get their freedom? Did it come from the clouds? No. American men secured it for them. American men wrote their freedom all over the statute-books. That freedom seemed to belong to our mountains, our plains, our very atmosphere. Women have enjoyed it as men have enjoyed it. And I do not begrudge it to women ✍ ✍

Multitudes of them are worthy of it. Some should have more. But a large number of our women are showing no gratitude for what they enjoy—no patriotism. With a million or two, they simply snub our men, and with a rustle of petticoats rush with their poodles for a steamer, a duke and a castle. The symptom is bad.

Women, I say, do this. Men do not do this.

✍

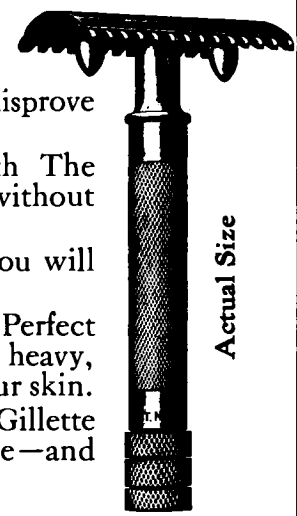
The soul grows by leaps and bounds, by throes and throbs. A flash, and a glory stands revealed for which you have been groping blindly through the years.

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# In Five Minutes, You, Yourself, Can Shave Yourself with *The Gillette* Razor

Many men doubt their ability to shave themselves.
Due to failure with the old-style, swinging-blade Razor; due to cuts, and scrapes, and gashes, slips and digs; they believe they lack in shaving skill.
To themselves they attribute faults, which in reality are only defects of the Old-Style Blade.
Every day, everywhere, you hear men say:
"I can't shave myself."
"My Hand Shakes—I can't control the Blade."
"My face is too tender." Or—
"My Beard is so tough it turns the edge of any steel."
But the Doubtful Men are those who have never tried The Gillette Safety-Razor.

## *Any Man* Can Shave With THE GILLETTE




Here is a Fact that must stand as a Fact till you disprove it by Fair Test.
"You—*You*, *yourself*, can shave Yourself with The Gillette Razor—easily, quickly, smoothly—without discomfiture or inconvenience."
You may have failed many times before, but you will not fail with The Gillette—you can't.
The Blades are tempered, ground and honed to a Perfect Edge; the adjustment is for any beard, light or heavy, and the safety-guard keeps the Blade Outside your skin.
The Gillette costs $5.00—$6.00 Complete. The Gillette will save *twenty* minutes for you on Every Shave—and leave your face in fine shape.
Can you *afford* not to Own One?

**ON SALE EVERYWHERE**

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*Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.*
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# Guide to Autology

BY

## EDMOND R. MORAS, M.D.



Dear Sir: I have read your Autology with care. It has been of unusual interest throughout. Your words on the power of environment agree with my experience exactly.

The whole work, from beginning to end, makes a splendid environment for producing active thought.

Yours sincerely, LUTHER BURBANK,
Santa Rosa, Cal.

To any man or woman who would know more about his or her body—who would take more intelligent care of that body—Dr. Moras' book can not fail to be of greatest value.—DR. LATSON, Editor of "Health-Culture," New York.

Dr. Moras has written a Commonsense Book on Autology, and by so doing, placed the Standard of the Creed of Health farther to the front than any man who has lived for a thousand years.

ELBERT HUBBARD

I say this is a book. There are men and men: but there is much difference. When it comes to measuring men by an ideal standard there are but few: the same is true of books. Autology, by E. R. Moras, M. D., is a book.—DR. J. H. TILDEN, Editor of "A Stuffed Club," Denver, Colo.

## Well or Sick, You Need AUTOLOGY

**Autology** is no theory, no fad, no creed. It deals with the practical business of your **body and brain** as you have learned to deal with the practical business of your home affairs, plants and flowers, your land and grain, your dollars and cents.

With it there need be no such thing as pain or sickness in your life. Do you realize what that means? That you may see and know for yourself write for my free, **absolutely free.**

## "GUIDE TO AUTOLOGY" FREE

**Valuable books containing priceless information that everybody needs.**




**I ask you nothing,** absolutely nothing, for this valuable little work, which, it is said, contains more truths and good sense and valuable, practical advice and information about men's and women's and children's bodies and brains in health and sickness than are obtained elsewhere.

### EVERY CHAPTER IS A GEM

The editor of **Health Magazine**, published in New York, whose opinion is eagerly sought by thinking people all over the world, has this to say on the Chapter on Digestion: "It is a veritable gem, and will prove a blessing to untold thousands." There are over thirty such gems as fine as you ever want to read, and they cost you nothing, absolutely nothing, now or later—just the time to read them at your leisure. So valuable are they that you'll refuse to lend the "Guide" to even your nearest relative for fear of not getting another.

**Every subject** is treated not only in a unique way, in plain, every-day language, as interesting as any novel, but it is as vital to your well-living as breathing and eating. Send for it and judge for yourself. It is free, absolutely free, and sent postpaid.

Address your request for a **FREE** copy of **"Guide to Autology,"** containing a wealth of information whose **health and brain value** can't be reckoned in dollars and cents, to

E. R. MORAS, M. D., DEPARTMENT 772, HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

Harvard University Medical School, '88; College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago) '89; Formerly House Physician and Surgeon in Cook County Hospital (Chicago); Professor of Obstetrics College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago); Member of Chicago Medical Society, etc.


YOU can dissolve everything in the world, even a great fortune, into atoms. And the fundamental principles which govern the handling of postage-stamps and of millions of dollars are exactly the same. They are the common law of business, and the whole practise of commerce is founded on them. They are so simple that a fool can't learn them; so hard that a lazy man won't.—Philip D. Armour.

VACCINATION does not stay the spread of smallpox, nor even modify it in those who may contract that disease after vaccination; it introduces into the system and therefore causes the spread of consumption, cancer and even leprosy; it contributes to make more virulent the epidemics of smallpox and to make them more extensive; it does just what inoculation did: causes the spread of smallpox.—Dr. Walter M. James, Philadelphia.

A PRECIOUS gem may fall into the dust;
And baubles made of glass
To honored places may by chance be thrust
And for the moment—pass.

This not extenuates the false, God knows,
Nor yet the true condemns.
Time tells. The market season shows
That glass is glass and gems are gems.

—Marie White.

Truth is the opinion that still survives.

The idea that you have enemies is egotism gone to seed. It is poison in your system, and like any other poison you must eliminate it or suffer. Don't bother to forgive your supposed enemies—just forget them.

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I CAN not help believing that we have come to the point at last, where, with two thousand years of the New Testament struggling up through the human spirit, it is time for men to begin to believe that a man may be good enough to be rich ❧ Times have changed. It is coming to pass, even before our eyes ❧ The very children can look up and see that times have changed. We are going to have more rich men in the world, not less ❧ What with the introduction of machines and of sudden inventions, millionaires can not be helped ❧ We might as well make the most of it. For every new value thrust upon the world, some new man is going to be obliged to be rich, whether he knows how or not ❧ There is no telling which of us shall be chosen next—if we keep thinking of things. And every man must be ready. The world must be full of visions. It must weld itself great faiths for the rich ❧ I drink daily at this belief.—Gerald Stanley Lee.

❧

Ingratitude is often the portion of the man who does well; and a fight with the fox you have warmed into life is imminent.


# Twelve Silver Pieces FREE



Here are twelve beautiful pieces of silverware, bearing your initial. It will cost you to get them merely the packing and carriage charges, amounting to 10c each.
Every one is made up in the beautiful Armour Lily Pattern, a pattern designed for Armour & Co. exclusively. There is nothing like it in the stores—nothing so beautiful. The Lily Pattern is very popular now.
To buy twelve pieces of equal value in the stores would cost you $6, for they are all genuine Rogers AA Extra Plate. There is, of course, no advertising on them.
There are teaspoons, after-dinner coffee-spoons, bouillon-spoons and butter-spreaders. You can have twelve alike, or have them assorted. ¶ This is the way to get them:
For each piece that you want send us 10c and the blue paper certificate from under the top of a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. If you send two certificates send 20c, and so on. Always send 10c with each certificate, and mention the piece you desire.
Start making up this set today.

## Armour's Extract of Beef

You 'll find the Extract a marvelous help in the kitchen.
It saves its own cost many times over in making "left-over" meats appetizing. Half the meat you now buy is thrown away. Extract of Beef will save that. It adds a wonderful flavor to soups, gravies and all meat dishes.
No chef of note goes one day without it.
Armour's is four times the best of all Extracts, for Armour's has four times the strength.
The directions are always, "Use one-fourth as much."
Extracts costing a trifle less go but one-fourth as far. Just try one jar of Armour's. Learn at least some of its hundred uses. ¶ Decide if you 'll ever again go without it.
Get one of these beautiful initialed silver pieces. See if you want a full set.
When sending the certificate for the silverware, address Armour & Co., Chicago, Dept. F. U.
This offer is made only to those living in the United States.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Save the library slips in Extract of Beef Jars and use them to get your favorite Magazines free.


I RESOLVE
To keep my health,
To do my work, to live.
To see to it I grow and gain and give.
Never to look behind me for an hour.
To wait in weakness and to walk in power,
But always pointing onward to the light,
Always and always forcing toward the light,
Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen wide astray,
On with what strength I have
Back to the way.—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

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*Let Me Tell You About My Pen*

# The Parker

# Lucky-Curve Fountain-Pen



THERE is one fountain-pen made today that DOES N'T LEAK. Writing Folks, Admen, and Others of the Guild, who spend much of their time "slinging ink," should know the Parker Pen—that of the Lucky Curve. ¶ You may toss a Parker Pen about in your Pocket, upside down, downside up; you may scribble or scratch, backhand or splash, and all that you get from the Parker is an EVEN FLOW. ¶ The Parker will never dump its load in the Center of your fairest thought or finest aspiration



## Parker's Jack-Knife Safety Pen

CAN'T LEAK

**$2.50** UP  TO **$5.00**

Designed to be carried flat in the vest-pocket, like a lead-pencil, but may be carried loose in trouser-pocket with keys, money and knife. ¶ Ladies find it a wonderful convenience for the Purse or Shopping-Bag. ¶ Requires no Watching—just use it when you're ready. *Can't Leak.*



I KNOW fountain-pens, or I would not be in the Business. I know a Good Fountain-Pen from a Bad One, or I would not be Successful—as I am. I know that no one else makes so good a Pen as The Parker, or I could n't afford to let you try it for ten days, with a chance for comparison, and at *my expense*. ¶ You must believe everything I say to you—or else accept my Pen from a Parker Dealer and try to Prove my statements false. ¶ In either case I win. ¶ For after you have used the Parker Pen for ten days, not a dealer in Christendom could take it from you for an equivalent to the Parker Price. ¶ There are many styles of Parker Pens—all with the Lucky Curve (the Non-Leak Feed), from One Dollar Fifty Cents Up. Also, there are Twelve Thousand or more Parker Dealers, that will turn over a Parker Pen, for your Ten-Day Trial, with never a Kick or Question.

### SEVERAL STYLES OF PARKER PENS

No. 20½ *Price $2.50.* Our best seller. For efficiency, nothing better. May be ordered fancy chased barrel and plain cap. No. 24½, two sizes larger, *$4.00.*

No. 42½ *Price $4.50.* Neat, simple, elegant. Middle gold band has space for owner's name.

No. 15 *Price $7.00.* Barrel covered with tinted pearl slabs held by gold bands; cap covered with gold filigree. Space for owner's name.

No. 46 *Price $10.00.* Especially beautiful in design. Intended particularly as a lady's pen. 18K. gold-filled filigree design; corrugated tinted pearl slabs; space for name.

No. 41 *Price $8.50.* Gentleman's large-sized barrel, covered with 18K. gold-filled filigree design. Space for owner's name.

No. 40 *Price $20.00.* Barrel and cap covered with solid 18K. gold. Artistic design in deeply carved relief-work. Comes in plush or morocco box. A gift De Luxe for gentleman or lady.

***If You Can't Find a Parker Dealer, Write Direct***

PARKER PEN CO., 11 Mill Street, JANESVILLE, WIS.

GEO. S. PARKER, President

***A beautiful and instructive catalog awaits your request if interested***


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# POETS, PENCILS AND PERICLES

An Advertisement By ELBERT HUBBARD

¶ Robert Southey was Poet-Laureate of England. He succeeded a worthy gentleman by the suggestive name of Pye. ¶ Robert Southey and Samuel Coleridge married sisters. The quartet ran away one fine moonlight night, captured by the cosmic urge.

Southey and his wife were happy ever afterward; excepting when Coleridge came to visit them, which he once did and left his wife in the care of her sister, and never came back. They lived at Keswick, where the water comes down from Lodore.

Right near the foot of the waterfall, or where the waterfall is supposed to be when the stream is running, is an old lead-pencil factory, founded by the grandfather of the man who now runs it.

It is a clean little shop, and in this shop, Mrs. Coleridge worked for a stipend of twelve shillings a week. Every visitor at Keswick now visits the old pencil-factory, and has his name stamped on a lot of pencils while he waits.

I bought a dozen of them, and every Christmas now the man who owns the shop sends me a dozen more gratis, and I send him a Roycroft Book.

They are splendid pencils, almost as good as those made by the father of Henry Thoreau—who made splendid, good pencils that were pushed successfully by his son and by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Great literature is always written with lead-pencils—I always write with a lead-pencil, and before I start away on a little journey I pocket a dozen Blaisdells, and then lie in wait for ideas.

My business is to transmute a feeling into a thought; and in this process I have been greatly aided, abetted and blessed by the Blaisdell lead-pencil. If there is a better pencil than the Blaisdell, I have never discovered it. Even a woman can sharpen one!

Blaisdell Paper Pencils come in grades of lead suitable for all purposes, from writing advertisements to checking lumber. Also made for special business uses, for art-work, photography, copying, etc., *and in nine different colors.*

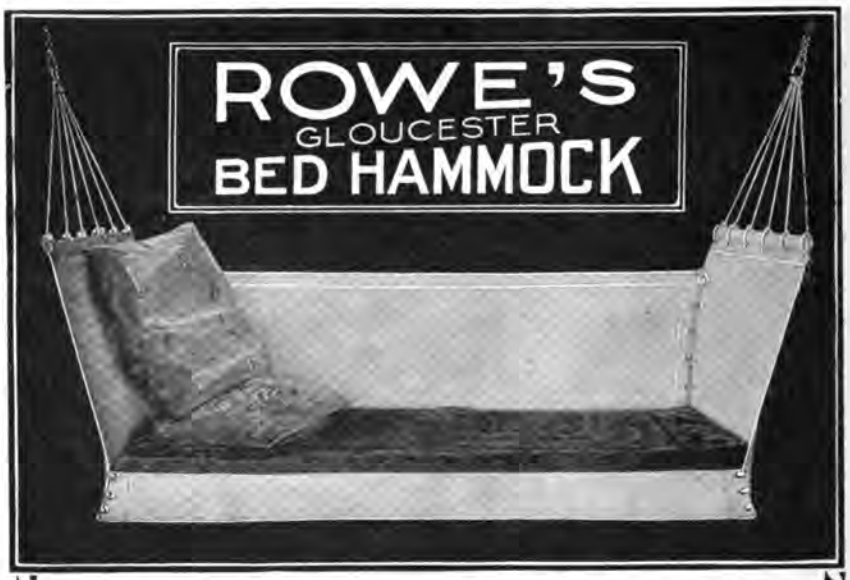
Any two of the best grade of Blaisdell Pencils will be mailed to you, postpaid, for Ten Cents. State purpose intended for, or color desired. Address

## The Blaisdell Paper Pencil Co.

4405 Wayne Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.


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*For Verandas, Porches, Lawns & Indoor Use*

Combines Hammock, Couch and Swing-Settee

*The Perfect Couch for Outdoor Sleeping*

A THIRD of a century's experience shows that ROWE'S HAMMOCKS can be depended on to give Ten Years of continuous out-of-door service. From the model and of same weight canvas (white or khaki) as made by us for years for U. S. Navy. Strong wood frame, with or without national spring, thick mattress, with sanitary, removable cover. Holds six persons. With or without windshield (see cut) which folds flat under mattress. Complete, with lines and hooks ready for hanging, delivery charges prepaid in United States, carefully packed.

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

AND PRICES OF DIFFERENT STYLES AND SIZES
Small silk name-label is on every ROWE HAMMOCK

E. L. ROWE & SON, Inc., 232 Water St., Gloucester, Mass.
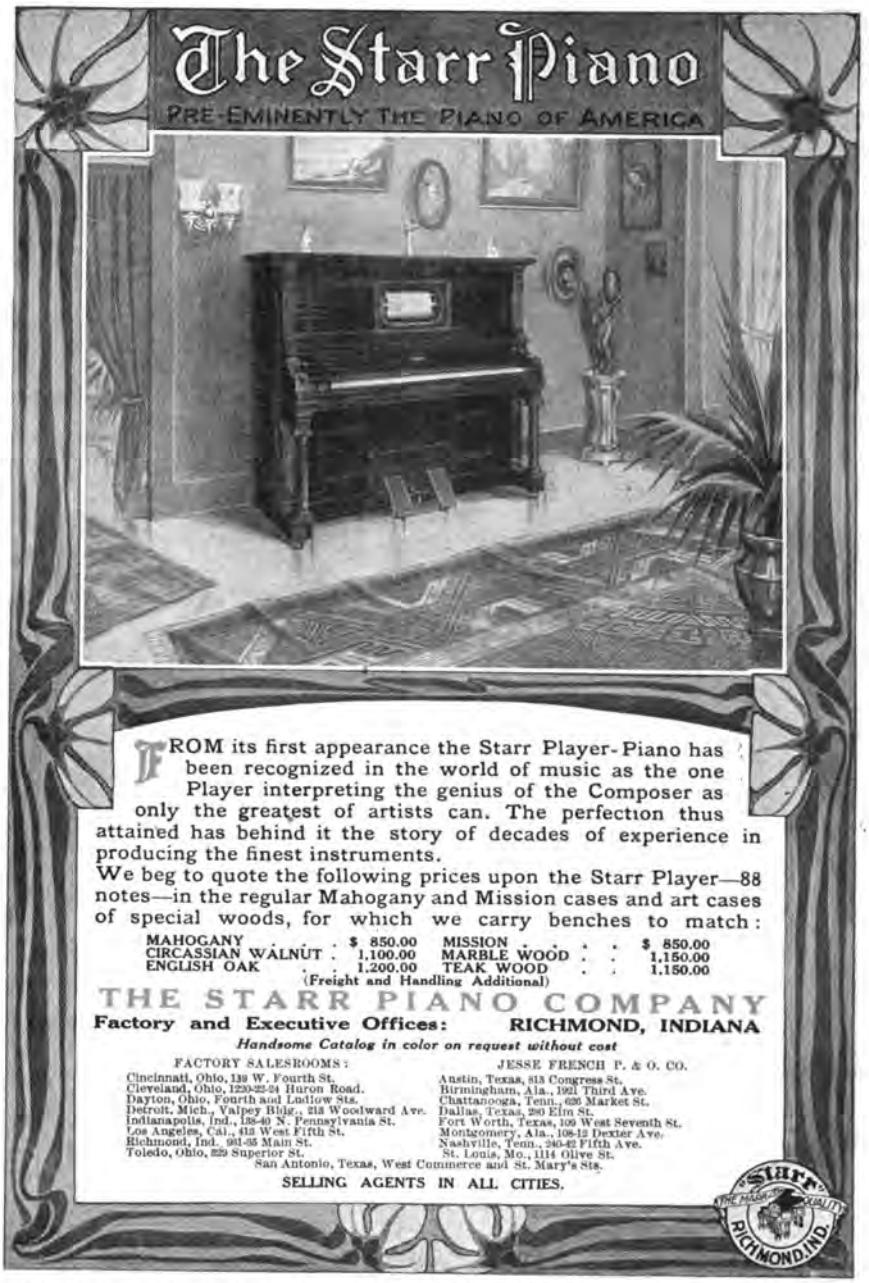
THE man who hesitates to utter that which he thinks the highest truth, lest it should be too much in advance of the time, may reassure himself by looking at his acts from an impersonal point of view. Let him duly realize the fact that opinion is the agency through which character adapts external arrangements to itself—that his opinions rightly form part of his agency—is a unit of force, constituting, with other such units, the general power (the world process) which works out social changes, and he will perceive that he may properly give full utterance to his innermost conviction, leaving it to produce what effect it may.—Herbert Spencer.

THOUGH days be slow
And nights be dark,
'Twixt days that come and go,
Still pluck will win;
Its average is sure.
He gains the prize
Who can the most endure;
Who faces issues,
He who never shirks,
Who waits and watches
And who always works.—H. Smith.

SHOULD you ever get in trouble
And perplexed at what to do
Just drop a line to me and I
Will surely comfort you.
I 've had it all, the nether stone
Has been my usual place,
Though burred, creased, seamed, pushed in, awry,
The smile locates the face.—Bramley Kite.

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MEN have come to speak of revelation as somewhat long ago given and done, as if God were dead ❧ The assumption that the age of inspiration is passed, that the Bible is closed; the fear of degrading the character of Jesus by representing Him as a man, indicate with sufficient clearness the falsehood of our theology ❧ It is the office of the true teacher to show us that God is, not was; that he speaketh, not spake. ¶ Once leave your own knowledge of God, your own sentiment, and take secondary knowledge, as St. Paul's or George Fox's, or Swedenborg's, and you get wide from God with every year this secondary form lasts—and if, as now, for centuries, the chasm yawns to that breadth that men can scarcely be convinced there is in them anything divine.—Emerson.






❧

THE prophets we need are those who encourage all efforts and talk little about what can not be done. The one who reaches for something with persistence may get something better than he thought, as Columbus discovered America though he set out for the Indies.—A. C. Dolbear.

LONGFELLOW sang of the children,
Bryant of nature and Pan.
But Whitman told of his fellows,
And the Brotherhood of Man.—C. D. Smith.

❧

If you 've got a devil, put him to work.

❧

A MAN without mirth is like a wagon without springs, in which one is caused disagreeably to jolt by every pebble over which it runs.—Beecher.

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# Here It Is

# An Automobile

# Within the Reach of all—$600

**The car for which the World has waited. A high-grade, reliable, business runabout. Costs less to keep than a horse and buggy—does the work of three.**

**When not in use expenses stop. A horse eats all the time—this MAXWELL is vastly more economical.**

SALE OF MAXWELL CARS TO DATE

| | |
|---|---|
| SOLD TO FEBRUARY 28, '10 | 23,229 |
| SOLD DURING MARCH, '10 | 1,723 |
| MAXWELLS IN USE TODAY | 24,952 |

WATCH THE FIGURES GROW

MAXWELL-BRISCOE MOTOR CO.
RUBY ST., TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

NEW CASTLE, IND.
PAWTUCKET, R. I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
KINGSLAND POINT, N. Y.


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# Which Kind of Socks Do You Pay For?

SOCKS IS SOCKS—when they are. ¶ But the great majority Are Not.
That is, you buy socks with all the faith, hope and trustfulness of your Nature, and you pay a Fair Price, and you know you Pay a Fair Price. But this does not cover the Hole nor stem the tide of your Indignation, when you discover some few weeks hence the undisputable sign of unearned wear and quick demise. ¶ Socks of Unknown or Undesirable Make are generally Unworthy of Your Attention, which same you most frequently discover after you have Paid the Bill. ¶ This kind of thing makes it imperative that you know HOLEPROOF SOCKS.
You take no Chance with HOLEPROOFS. They are GUARANTEED to stand you and to withstand you for SIX MONTHS.
Now here 's an Introduction in Brief:

FAMOUS

## Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN
The Original Guaranteed Hose

FIRST UNDERSTAND, that we have had thirty-two years of hose-making experience. The "Holeproof" process is the result. ¶ Then, we know the best yarns, and buy only the best, regardless of what we must pay.

### WE NOW PAY AN AVERAGE OF SEVENTY CENTS

The grade of the yarn is the very best we can buy—made from the choicest Sea Island and imported Egyptian cottons. ¶ We use a selected three-ply yarn of very fine individual strands. ¶ We could buy coarse two-ply yarn for thirty cents a pound less than ours costs and save many thousands of dollars a year. ¶ But three-ply is stronger, finer and softer. We now spend $33,000 a year simply for inspection—to see that each pair is perfect after completion. Such is our pride in the hose.

### SIX MILLION PAIRS

The demand for "Holeproof" today is so great that we make twenty thousand pairs a day. ¶ That means six million pairs this year—the largest business of its kind in the world.

### SO LOOK FOR "HOLEPROOF" ON THE TOE

If you want the genuine, you must be sure to do that. ¶ There are, of course, imitations. And most of them are wrongly called "holeproof hose." If you merely ask for "Holeproof" you may get hose made by an amateur maker—made with a two-ply yarn. ¶ Look on the toe for the name "Holeproof."

### SOLD IN YOUR TOWN

The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We 'll tell you the dealers' names on request. Or we 'll ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance

WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOK, "HOW TO MAKE YOUR FEET HAPPY"

**Holeproof Sox**—6 pairs, $1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl-gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.
**Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)**—6 pairs, $2.00. Mercerized. Same colors as above.
**Holeproof Lustre-Sox**—6 pairs, $3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl-gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh-color and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12.
**Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox**—6 pairs, $3.00. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.
**Holeproof Silk Sox**—3 pairs, $2.00. Guaranteed for three months—warranted pure silk.
**Holeproof Stockings**—6 pairs, $2.00. Medium weight. Black, tan, black with white feet, pearl-gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.
**Holeproof Lustre-Stockings**—6 pairs, $3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl-gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.
**Boys' Holeproof Stockings**—6 pairs, $2.00. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.
**Misses' Holeproof Stockings**—6 pairs, $2.00. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., Dept. F, Milwaukee, Wis.


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# The Practical Value of Mental Training



Principal Dickson School of Memory. The Largest and Most Successful School of Mental Training in the World.

**Read what WALT MASON, the Poet Philosopher, has to say about it.**

*Reproduced by permission from the Chicago Daily "News" of Feb. 15, 1910.*

## UNCLE WALT, The Poet Philosopher

The merchant said in caustic tones: 'James Henry Charles Augustus Jones, please get your pay and leave the store; I will not need you any more. Important chores you seem to shun; you're always leaving work undone, and when I ask the reason why, you heave a sad and soulful sigh, and idly scratch your dome of thought, and feebly say: 'Oh, I forgot!' James Henry Charles Augustus Jones, this world's a poor resort for drones, for men with heads so badly set that their long suit is to forget. No man will ever write his name upon the shining wall of fame, or soar aloft on glowing wings because he can't remember things. I've noticed that such chaps as you remember when your pay is due; and when the noontime whistles throb, your memory is on the job; and when a holiday 's at hand, your recollection is n't canned. The failures on life's busy way, the paupers, friendless, wan and gray, throughout their bootless days, like you, forgot the things they ought to do. So take your coat, and draw your bones, James Henry Charles Augustus Jones!''

**Stop Forgetting**

Copyright, 1909, by George Matthews Adams.

What James H. C. A. Jones needed was a practical course of Memory Training; with that behind him he might now be in partnership with the merchant, instead of hiking for another job. No matter whether you are employer, employee, student, business man or Book-Agent, you are not Making Good if your Memory is on the Job only Half the Time. The Man with the Wandering Mind is a drug on the Market —he has too many competitors. The Great Men of all ages are those who grasped the ability to concentrate. YOU can acquire this ability. **How?**

Send coupon for my FREE Booklet.

*The Dickson System has been highly recommended by Elbert Hubbard, Professor David Swing, Doctor Latson and many others.*




Memory the Basis of All Knowledge

Stop Forgetting

THE KEY TO SUCCESS

Prof. Henry Dickson
963 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Send me free, "How to Remember."

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....


> WERE I a Nightingale, I would act the part of a Nightingale; were I a swan, the part of a swan.—*Epictetus*

I AM a weaver, and the cloth I am weaving is my own dear life. And this cloth shall be finer than cloth of gold. And it shall be as permanent as Eternity itself. And it shall be worn by the fairest of men in all the ages that follow. And they shall be glorified thereby and shall glorify me. And the woof and the warp of this fabric shall be all the gifts of the Years. Shall be all the griefs and the sorrows and heartaches. All the joys and exultings and honors. The bitter words of my enemies and the dangerous mouthings of flatterers. The gentle and generous kindnesses of friends that are true, and the depths of vice of my own soul and its flights of divine aspiration. All these shall be woven into this cloth that is finer than cloth of gold, and shall be left for the honor and glory of men who shall follow. For I am the weaver and I have foreseen that the Fates have given me all these fragments to weave into beautiful fabric. And that none is better or worse than the other. And that my mission is not to choose, but to weave and accept what is given, and call it the best that could come. And so I accept, with heartiest thanks, the all that is given, nor will I depart until I have praised every giver and told him that he was as kind and as worthy and useful as any other.—George Bicknell.

A sorry compromise beats a good lawsuit.

TO know the pains of power, we must go to those who have it; to know its pleasures we must go to those who are seeking it; the pains of power are real, its pleasures imaginary.—C. C. Colton.

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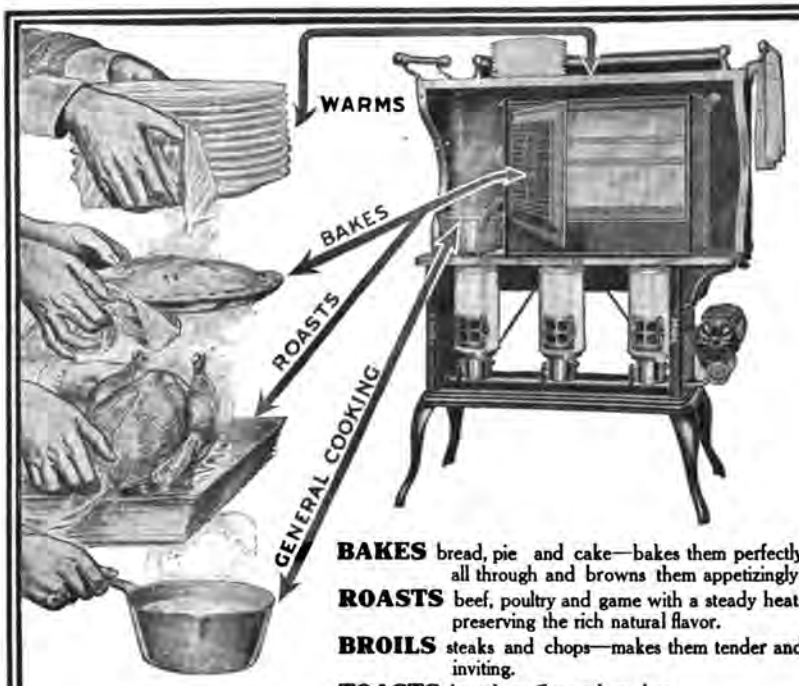
ALL kinds—from the one who gruffly says, "Double po'tion of everything, waitah—a glass of milk, a cup of coffee, and another glass of milk," to the dear, delicate youth of twenty who orders "one scrambled egg and a muffin"; people with shoes that squeak in the grass; others attached by chains to many varieties of dog—all these you may find at odd intervals at The Roycroft Inn. But this seems necessary to bring one to the realization that the East Aurora manufacturer of men and women begins very often with very raw material to work the charm of self-culture.

Be sure of this: among all the several hundred employees there is not a freak on the place. All dress as they choose, and they choose garb which their particular work seems to demand for comfort. ¶In fact the elegance of sweet, clean people and things make the Roycroft establishment a marvel of our land.

Elbert Hubbard without his pen, without his gift of eloquent gab, would still remain a most remarkable man. To believe this you need only to pass through his workshops and note the immense amount of things turned out—things of beauty made so honestly that if there is a better way, they will be the first to know and use it.

The shops are as quiet and neat and inviting as one of those outside Inn rooms—and when I say that, I express the happiest combination of environments for a tired man that my wealthiest dream ever pictures.

Plain, honest, sanitary, substantial and picturesque are the people and things at Roycroft place.—Harry R. Detweiler.


**BAKES** bread, pie and cake—bakes them perfectly all through and browns them appetizingly.
**ROASTS** beef, poultry and game with a steady heat, preserving the rich natural flavor.
**BROILS** steaks and chops—makes them tender and inviting.
**TOASTS** bread, muffins and crackers.

No drudgery of coal and ashes; no stooping to get at oven; no smoke, no dust, no odor—just good cooking—with greater fuel economy. Water in washboiler and irons always good and hot.

**New Perfection**
WICK BLUE FLAME
**Oil Cook-stove**

has Cabinet Top with a shelf for keeping plates and food hot. Drop shelves for the coffee pot or saucepans and nickeled towel racks are added conveniences.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove very attractive and invites cleanliness.

Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet. **Cautionary Note:** Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "NEW PERFECTION." Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

**Standard Oil Company**
(Incorporated)


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# The World of Printing

Do you want to know what is going on in it?

Are you anxious to put your work outside the "blacksmith" class and keep it there. Then profit by what our manipulators of printers' ink are thinking and doing—learn the application to your business of Commercial Art, Designing, Photo-Engraving, Lithography and Bookbinding.

You'll find it all in

## The American Printer

This journal is a compendium of information on things the printer, publisher and advertising man ought to know—a thesaurus of practical information—the employer's guide in difficulties and the *vade mecum* of the enterprising employee. Its pages afford opportunity for the helpful interchange of ideas and suggestions.

Wherever and whenever any new process is developed to save labor or perfect results, whether it comes from New York or London, Cologne or Kamchatka, you read about it first in THE AMERICAN PRINTER.

Naturally, the men and firms who have things to sell to printers use its advertising pages. The universal testimony of the biggest and best concerns making and handling printers' supplies is that it's a mighty profitable medium.

If you are not reading THE AMERICAN PRINTER regularly, slip a dollar to the publisher and get the habit for six months—sample copy 20c; yearly subscription $2.00; Canadian $2.50; foreign $3.00.




**Oswald Publishing Company**
**25 City Hall Place**
New York, N. Y.

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# The Wonderful Apple Orcharding Industry

## *AN ADVERTISING ANNOUNCEMENT BY ADRIAN G. HANAUER*

IN this page Announcement I am going to talk to you "right off the bat" concerning one of the greatest resources of the Northwest. I refer to the rich Washington Apple-Orchard Industry.

## GOOD APPLES ARE SCARCE

The apple production of our country has diminished from 69,000,000 barrels in 1896 to 25,000,000 barrels last year.

The only successful planting of apple-orchards is today going on West of the Rocky Mountains. There is n't a single owner of a ten-acre Washington apple-orchard who would exchange it for the best $5,500-a-year job in the East. An acre in bearing earns more than the interest on $5,000 invested in Government Bonds.

**Today a good apple is a luxury.** I don't refer to the apple that is sold by the barrel, but rather the box apple, the *only* kind that 's grown in the West for the Eastern markets.

## THE EARNING POWER OF AN ORCHARD

Seventy trees are planted to an acre. Each tree in bearing produces not *less* than five boxes of first-class fruit a year, during a period of 25 to 80 years, and which bring $1 to $2 per box, in the orchard. An acre in bearing is worth from $1,000 to $1,500; the net returns per acre average $250 and upward year after year over and above all operating expenses.

About harvest-time the apple-buyers from Chicago and New York come to the Northwest for the purpose of bidding against each other in an effort to procure a share of the annual crop. This is one of the reasons why the growers are independent, and always will be. The Northwest is the only section of the country in which the high-class apple may be successfully grown. The amount of ideal apple-land in the Northwest is limited, and in consequence values will advance yearly. That 's a hidden source of profit.

*The Meadow Lake Orchard Company*, of which I am President, ranks among the large orchard-operators of the Northwest, if not the largest. Our organization may be likened to that of any other corporation having trained men in charge of and supervising each department. "*Men who know*"—men who have made orcharding and horticulture a study for years.

## THE MEADOW LAKE DISTRICT

We handle our own property *exclusively*; in fact, cover every detail of the business from the time the young trees leave the nursery until the apples are picked, packed, and shipped to market. We own in excess of 10,000 acres in the *Meadow Lake District*, a considerable portion of which has already been sold, and is now being developed by us to such an extent that *Meadow Lake* is today the Home of the Largest Commercial Apple-Orchards in the Spokane Country. This district, selected by us as our principal field of operation, enjoys all the essential conditions of successful orcharding. It is located just ten miles Southwest of the city of Spokane itself, and is linked with Spokane by interurban electric-train service. In the heart of the district, surrounded by the orchards, we are building the *Town of Meadow Lake*, already a thrifty little suburb of Spokane. A few years hence in the large cities, perhaps in your own town, you will be buying apples grown in the *Meadow Lake District*. The same energetic advertising that we have done in the past will be exerted toward creating the best markets for our product. The "*Meadow Lake Pack*" will become famous. *Meadow Lake Apples* will be *asked for* and *demanded* by those who enjoy good, luscious, solid fruit, and "*who* WANT *a good apple when they* WANT *it.*"

The enormous annual production of our Company will, by reason of our being able to practise every economy, reflect on the annual net earnings of every acre under our care and supervision. That means larger profits for those associated with us—larger profits for every Unit-Owner.

## OUR COMPANY'S PLAN—The Unit System

Each Orchard Property sold under our co-operative profit-sharing plan—and there have been three of them so far, containing from 100 to 300 acres each—is divided into a number of parts called *Units*, two *Units* being created against each Acre. Each Unit has a value of $200, which covers the cost of the property, and all charges, until the end of the fourth year; namely, setting out of trees, cultivating, pruning them, and keeping the orchard in a high state of cultivation.

These *Units* of Orchard Property are sold on small Monthly Instalments of $5 each, payable during a period of 40 months. The Contract provides that The Meadow Lake Orchard Company must deliver the trees at the end of the fourth year in a sturdy, thrifty and healthy condition, and of course, to accomplish this, high-priced experts are in the Company's employ as stated above.

**Orchard Units may be purchased in two ways:**

**Class A: For Cash, less 5% discount.**

**Class B: In monthly instalments of $5 per Unit.**

Payments as made in both Classes A and B earn seven per cent interest per annum, *guaranteed*, payable semiannually, until the end of the fourth year, after which time the orchard is in bearing, and the Units which you then own, which cost you $200 each, will be worth $400 or more, and return you liberal interest on the enhanced value.

## THE ORCHARD COMPANY—AND YOU

If an increased income means anything to *you*—and it's surely your ambition to make *your* money earn more for *you*, *not* some one else—then do as I say, *clip this coupon right now*, and mail it to me. The moment I receive it I will promptly send you our handsome booklet descriptive of the industry—a book that will show *you* how to make yourself independent with your monthly savings, and at the same time will explain the practical business economy of our Unit System, all of which will prove vitally interesting to you.

**HANAUER-GRAVES COMPANY,**
**Representing The Meadow Lake Orchard Co.,**
**First Avenue and Stevens Street, Spokane, Wash.**

If $5.00 a Month or multiples thereof saved from my income will, without further attention from me, secure me an undivided interest in Orchard Property No. 4, of the Meadow Lake Orchard Company, guarded by a safe Trustee and operated by experts, I would like to learn more about it. Please send me *Free Booklet* descriptive of the Industry and your *Unit System*.

Without in any way wishing to obligate myself, please reserve for me _____ Units in Orchard Property No. 4, for a period of fourteen days from the date that you receive this *Coupon*, so as to insure the allotment of my Application, provided I am pleased with the facts submitted.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

*WHEN YOU SEND THIS COUPON write at the same time, inquiring as to our financial responsibility, to the Old National Bank, Traders National Bank, Spokane and Eastern Trust Co., and Union Trust Co., all of Spokane, Wash.*

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## San-KNIT-ary Towels Break Down Dead Tissue, Absorb and Carry It Away
## San-KNIT-ary Towels *Clean* the Skin

BECAUSE of a specially KNIT, wide, open weave, San-KNIT-ary Towels curry the skin caressingly and carry away every particle of surface sediment.

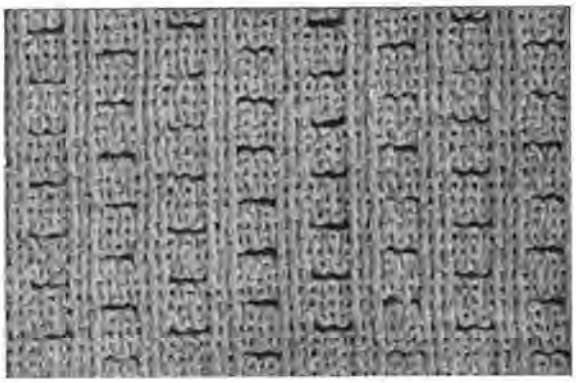
Towels of a close weave do not *clean* the skin; they merely move the deposits from hither to thither to yon, even as a glazed surface applied to a glazed surface.

To clean the skin you must do more than smear it. You must do more than mop the waste from one place to another. You must take the excretions off—and away.

'T is a grave mistake to employ half-way measures in cleaning one's body. Dust and dirt fill up the pores, and waste matter, deprived of natural Outlet, backs up and works Chaos within.

Don't ever forget that the skin is the direct auxiliary of the lungs and kidneys, and that the Health of all the Organs depends on it for aid.

This Is The KNIT



Of The San-KNIT-ary

## SAN-KNIT-ARY TOWELS ARE NECESSARY TO GOOD HEALTH

Every well-appointed Home, every traveling-bag should be equipped with a goodly supply of San-KNIT-ary Towels. They are light in weight, easily laundered without ironing, dried in a fourth the time it takes other towels to dry, and they are Priced Moderately.

San-KNIT-ary Towels never lint, or shed particles—and they wear and wear and wear.

**SAMPLE BOX $1.00**
**Express Charges, Prepaid**

One Heavy Bath-Towel—large size, 24 x 50
One Heavy Towel—medium size, 18 x 38
Two Face-Towels, 14 x 28, and a Wash-Cloth

After a thorough try-out, say a week's use, if you are not well pleased with San-KNIT-ary Towels—ask for your Money and You will Get It

Address: San-KNIT-ary TEXTILE MILLS, PHILADELPHIA
Department F, Tenth and Diamond Streets Contractors to the Government


TEACHING as a profession has been changing in character for many years. This applies to all grades, from university professors down. It has become too much a commercial calling, and not so much as formerly an honored profession—a lamentable state of affairs for which the public is largely responsible.

It is by no means an exaggeration to say that at present teachers are the most overworked, most undervalued and most underpaid public servants in the country, with the sole exception of the clergy, who seem to be in about the same category. Young men of promise are not entering the ministry in sufficient numbers, for the same reason that they do not enter the profession of teaching. The rewards are not sufficient, and the honor is no longer of its former importance. Clergymen and teachers are becoming mere hired men. They are expected to make bricks without straw, and they get few thanks for their pains. Just why people should pay physicians and other professional men so well and so willingly for their services, while they criticize the teachers who are looking after the welfare of their children, is one of the things no logical man can understand.

Consider the emoluments of the average teacher. Our annual expenditure for educational purposes, public and private, is about five hundred million dollars, making liberal allowance for possible defects in statistics. This figures out at about twenty-five dollars per capita for those merely enrolled, or about thirty dollars for the average scholar who goes with any degree of regularity. But only

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three hundred fifty million dollars is expended for public-school purposes, which means about twenty dollars yearly for each person enrolled. ¶ Of this sum, about one-fifth is expended for buildings, sites, etc., another fifth for miscellaneous purposes, and three-fifths for the salaries of teachers—about two hundred ten million dollars per year. This is a trifle more than four hundred dollars per annum for each teacher, male or female. It is of common knowledge that teachers in the higher schools, and all men, get better salaries than the four-fifths of the total who are largely women teachers in the grades. It is a fair estimate that the average salary for women is from three hundred to three hundred seventy-five dollars a year. It is more than this in the cities, and less in the villages and rural districts.

This sum is less than that paid good domestic servants in the larger cities of the country, where upwards of five dollars a week is given to cooks and housemaids, who also have perquisites which increase their income and lessen their expenses. This teacher's salary is about what the ordinary shop-girl gets at the beginning of her career. It is less than many girls make in mills and factories.

—Joseph M. Rogers.

THE professedly and professionally cheerful person is very depressing. The pessimist always has wit, for wit reveals itself in the knowledge of values. And the individual who accepts what fate sends, and undoes Calamity by drinking it all, is sure to have a place in our calendar of saints.


Ingersoll-Trenton

The BUILT Watch

THE I-T Watch is built according to a Standard and an Ideal. ¶ Every Part of an "I-T" is a plan, an achievement. Every Part represents sensible investigation in watch economics, selection, and a council of Wise Heads.
The I-T Watch is a Predestined Result.
Part by part it is produced, and assembled, by Specialists who make but the One Kind of Watch, and in the Most Modern of Modern Watch-Works. ¶ Before an "I-T" is stamped Approved, it is submitted to every possible endurance test, every shake-up that actual service may hold in store. Each finished I-T Watch must be So Good, or it never passes the Inspector's Hands.
For Five Dollars you can buy an I-T Watch that will keep accurate with the Most Expensive Watch made. That is, it will tell time truly, positively, perpetually. There are no stoppings, no miscalculations, no deceits.
And an I-T Watch will outwear nine out of every ten of the rinky-dinky frailties, for which you pay a Fancy Price.
I-T Watches are GUARANTEED.

Ingersoll-Trenton Seven-Jewel Watches

$5 in solid nickel case

$7 in 10-year gold-filled case

$9 in 20-year gold filled case

SOLD ONLY BY RESPONSIBLE JEWELERS

The I-T watch is sold only by Jewelers competent to regulate and repair it and who will sell it at the moderate prices advertised by us. If not locally obtainable, sent prepaid by us. Our booklet, "How to Judge a Watch," is a complete explanation of watch construction, which every man should understand: mailed FREE with names of local jewelers who sell the "I-T."

The Ingersoll Watches from One Dollar to Two Dollars are sold by Sixty Thousand dealers throughout the country.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.

Home Office, 99 Frankel Building, New York

New York Chicago San Francisco London Montreal

Note "I-T" Monogram on Dial




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# Sealy

## The Real Cotton Mattress

60 nights at our risk



Guaranteed for 20 years

SEALY MATTRESS COMPANY, Dallas, Texas

There are three reasons why the SEALY is the most comfortable mattress made.
FIRST: It is made without tufts or tying.
SECOND: It is made without layers, bunches or sections of any sort.
THIRD: It is made of pure white, genuine cotton.
In this advertisement we want to dwell on "reason THIRD."
Pure, long-fiber cotton is naturally springy, does not become soggy, and is clean.
But there is an adulterant—a cheap substitute for cotton, that is used in many supposedly cotton mattresses—especially the "felt" or layer sort. As the price of real cotton has gone up, the use of this substitute has naturally increased. The name of this material is "linters." Linters is the short, fuzzy scraping of the cotton-seeds. It is dirty, dusty and soggy, but cheap—costing a fraction of what good cotton costs.
On the cotton exchanges it is not regarded as cotton of even the lowest grade. It is not listed or quoted as cotton, being bought and sold simply as linters. Linters makes a heavy, soggy, unsanitary bed that bears no comparison to the pure white, clean, springy SEALY.
The SEALY way of making a mattress allows the natural resiliency of the long, curly, cotton fibers to have full play. Other processes "felt" and roll the cotton into layers before it is put into the tick—then tie the layers down and together by tufting.
The SEALY is made of one giant "bat" of cotton, air-blown into the correct size and shape for the mattress. The tick is simply a casing and does not confine the filling or retard its natural springiness. The whole story is too long for this space—SEND FOR OUR BOOK.

"The Real Difference In Mattresses"

This book gives new information on an old subject. It is a book of revelations to those who have not known the true inwardness of mattresses. It is a protection to the mattress buyer and user. This book will insure your getting full value in buying a mattress—which you can not be sure of without it.
SENT FREE. WRITE FOR IT TODAY


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# THE UPLIFTER

Not an Advertisement, By ELBERT HUBBARD

¶ IN Fall River, Massachusetts, lives W. D. Wilmot, known throughout New England, and more, as "The Uplifter." ¶ It is a wonderful compliment to be given such a title by the people in a man's own town. And Wilmot is not exactly the man either, that some folks would pick to uplift a whole town, as he certainly has done. Wilmot is a sportsman, an athlete, who for ten years or more barnstormed this country and abroad doing bicycle trick-riding on a high wheel. ¶ But while Wilmot is a sportsman, he is the right kind of a sport. He is like Muldoon, in that he has always respected his body. He has never gone the pace that leads to Bedlam. Incidentally, he has always had an eye for a good book, a choice picture, and his ear is attuned to beautiful music. ¶ Wilmot runs a sporting-goods store, where he sells athletic goods of any kind and description. ¶ Would you expect this man to write one article a day for a newspaper on "What can we do to make this town a better place?" ¶ Well, that is just what Wilmot has done—one column a day for three months in the Fall River "News." Wilmot signs himself "Secretary of the Uplift Club." ¶ He is the club, all of the officers, and the membership. ¶ He has asked for no subscriptions, and received no salary. ¶ He has done the thing for fun. Now they say a movement is on foot among the citizens to print Wilmot's Uplift articles in a book for a world-wide distribution. ¶ The argument of all the articles is, stand by your town, stand by your neighbors, stand by your better self. ¶ If you live in a bum place, why not make it better? Are your neighbors stupid and selfish? Well, perhaps you have helped make them so. But before we disparage, let us take an inventory of our advantages and blessings. ¶ There is a play called "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." A boarder in a second-class boarding-house redeems the whole beanery. Gradually, by his courtesy, intelligence and unselfishness, he introduces a new spirit, the spirit of good will and mutual service. But it is all a play—an airy, fairy figment of a poet's pigment. ¶ And it is a splendid play, too. No sermon ever preached teaches so fine and vivid a lesson. But Wilmot and Fall River are facts. And the strange part is that Wilmot is not aware that he has done anything. Yet, this he acknowledges—his business has been doubled. And not by trying to, but just as a natural result. Wilmot has siphoned the love of bootblacks, newsboys, working-girls, laborers, and big men of big brain capacity in his direction. ¶ He has made friends, not because he went in search of them, but as a result. ¶ The Dreadnought Policy will never redeem the world from its sin and sorrow. A Dreadnought dries no eyes, mitigates no pain, relieves no heartache, turns no bitterness to kindness, makes no man more generous and gentle. It does not replace fear with courage, nor love with hate. ¶ But an Uplift Club can. An Uplift Club is a club stuffed with good will and affection. ¶ In passing, I might add that Wilmot, among his other activities, has organized a Roycroft Fraternity Junta of twenty members, which meets weekly at Gay's Photographic Studio in Fall River. From this Junta, various others have sprung, and all this is simply a part of the tangible results of the work of W. D. Wilmot, The Uplifter. ¶ In uplifting his town, Wilmot has uplifted himself. In educating others, he has evolved and educated one man above all others, and that man is Wilmot. Look at his face! It mirrors gentleness, truth, purpose and noble endeavor

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# LOVE-TOKENS

FLOWERS are Nature's great advertising mediums. ¶ The exquisite colors; the geometrical forms; the pungent or delicate perfumes are for the purpose of attracting attention, and bringing about a certain result ✍ ✍

Then man takes up the idea, and by artificial selection and careful nurture, a wayside weed is transformed into a rare and beauteous creation, and a new breed of beauty is born. ¶ To gain the finest flower effects, Nature demands man's aid. In truth, however, it is all Nature anyway, for man is a manifestation of Nature, quite as much as is the flower. His ancestry is divine and we all trace to Sinai.

But today man is using flowers for a purpose all his own. Flowers, outside of the perfumer's use, have a value only as a symbol of sentiment. But this is a sufficient excuse. More flowers are being sold today than ever before in the history of the world. This tokens two things—one is that there is more sentiment in the world than there ever has been before, and the next is, that there is more money. ¶ The beauty of flowers has been sung since the days of Solomon and his Shulamite Maiden, and this was a thousand years before the time of Christ. Shakespeare's immortal work, if understood aright, was but a love emanation. Shakespeare has over three hundred references to flowers. "When daisies pied and violets blue, and lady-smocks all silver white, do paint the meadows with delight."

Flowers were sold on the streets of London in Shakespeare's time, but they were wild flowers, gathered in meadows, byways and hedgerows.

The domestication of flowers seems to have come in with John Wesley in the early part of the Eighteenth Century.

We hear of Wesley giving out flower-seeds and encouraging his converts to plant gardens, as a remedy and refuge against the lure of the alehouse.

Once, near Burslem, Wesley reined in his old horse, Timothy, to see a flower-bed in front of a house. Such sights evidently were not very common, for Wesley made note of it in his diary thus: "His name is Josiah Wedgwood. He is small and lame, but he has a flower-garden and his soul is near to God."

You see that John Wesley assumed that any man who raised flowers had a "soul that is near to God." He might truthfully have added that any man who loves flowers is in love with a woman; and that the love of man for woman and woman for man is the one thing which brings us near to God—but John Wesley never ventured quite that far, and his later experience did not bear out the assumption.

Flowers are Nature's nuptial decorations.

Flowers are lovers' properties, and well might lovers warn all else to keep hands off. "If I had but two loaves of bread I 'd sell one of them to buy White Hyacinths to feed my soul," was the remark of a man very much in love, whether he knew it or not.

Flowers symbol sentiment, and naught else. They can not be hypothecated nor preserved. They touch heart-chords like sweet music, or the memory of days agone.

Not only does all the world love a lover, but lovers love all the world. ¶ A certain pair of married lovers imagine that I have been of much benefit to them in a mental and spiritual way. They first met each other on a Philistine basis. She was riding in a street-car, reading

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An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

the Good Stuff. He got opposite; and taking a "Philistine" out of his side pocket, she glanced over and smiled.
That started it.
Every now and then they surprise me with a sumptuous gift of flowers.
¶ They keep track of where I am lecturing and then with the aid of Charles Henry Fox, the Violet-Shop man, they drop bouquets in upon me as I barnstorm the one-night stands.
Think of going to my hotel in Milwaukee, and finding on my dresser a bushel-basket of American roses! I go on to South Bend, and there on the stage is another rare and wondrous reminder of their love.
¶ I follow down to Evansville and again I find a floral tribute, with the card of my friends, and on the back these words, "We love you because you love the things that we love."
I sometimes think that no man in the world is so blessed with friends as I am. Of course I have a goodly list of the other kind, too, who having read extracts from the "Essay on Silence," refuse to go further. But I flatter myself that these are the folks who do not know me. ¶ That man Charles Henry Fox, the Flower Man, is a sort of lover's emissary. He is a psychic and an artist and a vicarious lover and the next friend of all lovers. His work illustrates two big facts in modern life. One is the safety of the mails and the sureness of the Express Companies; and the other is the love of a man for his business until he makes of it an art.
Send Charles Henry Fox five dollars—or up to fifty or a hundred if you prefer—and tell him the time, the place and the occasion, and the flowers will be there, and always your card is attached, and all charges prepaid.
Nothing is ever slighted, lost or forgotten. Every order has the personal attention of Charles Henry Himself.
When I am in Philadelphia I always go over to the Violet-Shop, there on Broad Street, opposite the "Bellevue," to gather inspiration. The place is not large, but it is exquisite in every detail. You may live in Oshkosh or Ottawa, but you can send your order in safety to Charles Henry Fox, and have flowers sent to your friend when he sails from New York, San Francisco or Liverpool.
Charles Henry Fox has correspondents in all the principal cities of America and Europe. Give him the order and the flowers are there, packed with the skill and care of an artist madly in love.
This man Fox is to flowers what Huyler is to candies—also he co-operates with Huyler if you say so, and the chocolates go smothered in violets. His name is a guarantee of the high ideal that finds its gratification in human service. Could John Wesley have foreseen a big business, grown out of a love sentiment, that circles the globe and fans a universal emotion? Hardly.
And it is a beautiful business, too, worthy of all the love one can pack into it.
Costly gifts are apt to be in bad taste, but flowers, for young or old, rich or poor, on occasions of joy or times of grief, always and forever symbol the love that cements human hearts and makes the whole world kin.
Weddings, christenings, anniversaries, Fox—descendant of George—hears and sees the Voice in the flowers—and knows what and when and how!

Charles Henry Fox The Violet-Shop
Broad Street, below Walnut, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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| Undivided Profits (Earned) . | 2,359,137.18 |
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In buying a bed, choose the one with permanency guaranteed—in both construction and finish.
Insist on the BARCALO—that is, if you care to have a bed guaranteed for thirty-five years, instead of just the ordinary kind.
You may not be going to purchase a bed just now. Yet it is worth while for you to investigate the BARCALO—so that you will always remember the name and trademark of this Guaranteed Unbreakable Bed.
Step into your leading dealer's brass-bed showroom. BARCALO DESIGNS will attract your eye at once.
¶ But the BARCALO construction is what will convince you that no other bed will do.
¶ You will never be satisfied thereafter to buy an ordinary bed, liable to snap at its brittle corners the first time it is taken apart.



YOU CAN'T BREAK A BARCALO WITH A HAMMER

¶ Just ask the dealer who shows you the Barcalo Beds to pound their corners with a heavy hammer. They can not be broken. Notice the "Guaranteed Unbreakable" Seal. It is on every corner of Barcalo beds.
¶ Indeed, if a BARCALO corner ever should break, we will give you a new bed.
Notice the BARCALO Finish Guarantee Seal on the head-bar of each BARCALO BRASS BED.
Make sure this Seal is on the bed you buy—so that you will be assured of not paying dearly for experience with a shabbily finished bed.
BARCALO BEDS give you the choice of the most exclusive and the handsomest designs in wide variety. Prices to suit every taste and purse.
Send for our catalog if you wish to select design before calling on the dealer.



Barcalo Mfg. Co.
Buffalo, New York
Station D-6

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Barcalo Buffalo


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# The Roycroft Fraternity

Questions from the April FRA. Use these questions for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. Members who are working for Certificates or Diplomas should answer the questions on separate sheets and send papers to us for examination and marking—no charge.

## Lesson Number One

1 Who is Edison and where was he born?

2 What are the object and the value of a patent?

3 What do you think of the United States Patent Laws?

4 What were the objects of and the results accomplished by the Centennial Exhibition?

5 What is electricity?

6 What is a wizard?

7 What is Edison's best contribution to civilization?

8 What is genius?

9 Who are the "educated men" of all ages?

10 Does a big head mean a big brain?

11 Who was Themistocles?

12 What is meant by the Savings-Bank Habit? Have you got it?

## Lesson Number Two

1 What is meant by "The Kingdom of the Mind"?

2 Is Canada a good model for the nations?

3 Should Canada have a Navy? If so, would it not be well for her to build ships that could sail the seas, run on wheels on land, or if hard pushed, fly?

4 Distinguish (a) foreigner, alien, stranger; (b) heathen, pagan, Gentile, Christian, Agnostic, Roycrofter.

5 Name the qualifications requisite to success in the legal profession.

6 What is humor? Is it a "saving grace"? Why?

7 Define sleep, giving one quotation from Shakespeare on sleep.

8 What is ingratitude? Is it epidemic?

9 What do you think of the Peary-Cook episode?

10 What is meant by judicial temperament?

11 What is the play-fair spirit?

12 Do you live up to your ideal?

## Lesson Number Three

1 What is Good Society?

2 Are married women debarred from teaching in your State? Why?

3 What is the attitude of insurance companies toward women? Is it justifiable?

4 Which is the least illiterate country on earth?

5 Is an increase in the postage rate desirable or necessary?

6 What is the Social Dead-Line?

7 Explain what is meant by the College Settlement. What is its purpose?

8 What do you know of the gentle art of making enemies?

9 What is a false prophet? Do you know of any such in America today?

10 What is a bluff? Is the bluffer an evil?

11 Is the cost of supervision an economic waste? How much supervision do you get and pay for?

12 Should literature have a commercial basis?

## Lesson Number Four

1 Give a critical estimate of the worth of Samuel Johnson's genius.

2 What is the King's Evil?

3 Who was (a) Boswell? (b) Adam Smith?

4 Where did the Biblical infallibility theory have its origin? What do you think of it?

5 Who is the greatest peace agitator in the world today?

6 What would be the advantage of having a "federation of the world"?

7 Is cheerfulness a virtue?

8 What do you know of the potency of a smile?

9 What are (a) the obligations of parents to children? (b) the duties of children to parents?

10 What nation is the greatest menace to peace today?

11 What are the aims and methods of Socialism?

12 What is the difference between Socialism and Anarchy?

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# HOW TO STOP USE OF MEAT

**Solving High Cost of Living Problem and Increasing Health**

**Foods That Nourish and Cure**

MEAT contains about 20 per cent protein, 8 per cent fat and over 70 per cent water. 25 cents a pound for water! "Christian's Protoid Nuts" contain 36 per cent protein, 49 per cent fat, 6 per cent starch, 5 per cent sugar and only 4 per cent water. Protein builds the tissue and cells of the body; fat, sugar and starch fill them with energy. The various pure foods manufactured by Eugene Christian, the well-known food-scientist, supply nearly everything the human body needs, and they are cleaner, taste better and the cost is one-third that of meat. If you use them you will neither need nor want meat.

Eugene Christian, whose address is Dept. 45, 7 East 41st St., New York, has prepared a valuable treatise on the meat question, giving a complete solution of the high cost of living problem. It has just been published in pamphlet form and will be mailed free, together with a copy of Mr. Christian's new book, "How Foods Cure," which tells the result of fifteen years' scientific study and experimenting with human nutrition. It is a fact that the best food, if improperly combined at meals, will poison rather than nourish the body.

If you have any kind of stomach or intestinal trouble, you can learn how to cure yourself. You don't need drugs, change of scenery or rest. What you do need is to know the foods that nourish, and how to select and combine them so as to produce Chemical Harmony in the stomach. When you learn this, all stomach and intestinal trouble will disappear, as will nearly every other disorder.






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To *bind* the leg with a strip of elastic hinged with metal is any man's method; to *clasp* the leg with a Tailored Garter is the prerogative of the Well Informed.

Paris Garters are *Designed* to fit the leg of Man, and to give the muscles Full Play. Paris Garters are *Tailored* with as much thought for the Service they are to Perform as a Custom-made Suit.

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With Paris Garters the fit is snug without shutting off Blood Circulation or furrowing the flesh.

## Incomparable for Summer Wear

With Knee-Length Drawers, Paris Garters are Incomparable. They hold the sock firmly, easily, without wrinkles or let-down.

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If you don't find Paris Garters at your Haberdasher's, forward twenty-five cents for an Immortal-like effect in silk




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THE doctrine of evolution has become perhaps the most important social force in the world in the last fifty years, and especially in our own generation. It is not merely a question of the development of species or the origin of man. The bonds of slavery in which science was held during former ages have been thrown off by the discovery of some of the fundamental principles of the universe which are at variance with preconceived notions. That an immense advantage has thus come to the human race is undoubted, but, as in the case of every other revolution, troubles have followed in its train.

Evolutionary doctrines are at the basis of all our present educational theories. The individual is being lost in the consideration of the whole state of society. The general principles are correct enough, but the difficulty comes with the personal application. It appears that educators are more concerned with the youthful mind as a general entity, and less with the individual specimens who are being trained. The doctrine of evolution has not set aside the fact that every human being differs from every other one in the world, although pedagogical experts are prone to think otherwise. On the other hand, every parent looks upon his own children as substantially the only ones in the world—at least, the only ones whose larger interests he is bound to consider. Thus we have a conflict of the first importance, and based on considerations of the very first importance. It is no wonder that there is so much friction.

There never can be established any system that is good for all the individuals in a mass,

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and in trying to reform our methods we have fallen into some grievous errors. Napoleon said that he would rather have an army of sheep led by a lion than an army of lions led by a sheep. That sounds well and is true enough in war, but in social life we are neither sheep nor lions, but ordinary individuals striving for success. The object of education is to provide a mental equipment for the individual so that he may not only use what he has, but develop it. It need hardly be said that a boy or girl who is shoved through the schools under conditions distasteful and generally discouraging leaves books with delight and with little desire to return to them. In a few years he may discover his mistake, and so we have night-schools and night-colleges, but the mass of men and women are by this time so enmeshed in domestic affairs that the time has too often passed for self-help. We give hostages to fortune very early in life, and are likely to spend most of our time in a sort of bondage to them.

—Joseph M. Rogers.

A drunken wise man is sillier than a sober fool.


# What To Read?

The Libraries of the World are cumbered with the Unimportant, and the Books Worth While are generally Out of Sight. Stacks of Paper and Cloth, gilt and leather, bear down upon us. The "Six Best Sellers" lure the Hesitating and the Well-Intentioned, and so the Great and the Good are side-tracked.

Now, Literature without Selection is a maze, a confusion, a babble of Voices; so the Student possessed only of a Hungry Mind finds himself confounded on the very Doorstep of Knowledge.

For these Ambitious men and women, The Globe-Wernicke Company has compiled a Book of "Lists." That is, they give, in concise form, the titles and authors of Books commended by the Highest Authorities past and present; and above all the Essentially Necessary Books.

No Man or Woman Looking toward the Light can conscientiously afford to be without this Book, for it represents the last word of Scholars—and their Critics.

Sir John Lubbock is Author of One List; Dr. Eliot is Author of Another (The Five-Foot Shelf); and Benjamin R. Davenport of Another. Even Roosevelt's African-taken Pigskin Library is listed.

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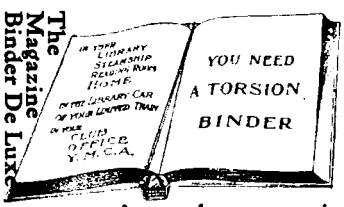
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ANY man is educated who is so developed and trained that, drop him where you will in the world, he is able to master his circumstances and deal with the facts of life so as to build up in himself a noble manhood and be of service to those that are about him. That is what education means; that is what it is for. Knowledge of foreign tongues, a list of historic facts concerning the past, information poured into a man's brain—these things are not education. These are learned fools.—M. J. Savage.

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# VIRGINIA Country Hams

THOSE of you who have once had the taste in your mouth of a genuine Virginia Country Ham—need no word from us to describe the toothsome toothsomeness ☞ But those yet to be initiated should read these few lines well and carefully. ¶ Now, Virginia Ham is not the ordinary smoked pork you buy at the corner butcher's. Virginia Ham is HAM. ¶ Cured Old Southern Style. Takes a whole year to properly prepare them. Buy direct from the Farmer.

**20 lbs. Virginia Country Ham . . . $6.00**
Express Prepaid
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Just this time treat yourself to a Sample of Old-Style Southern Cooking—Old-Style Cooking Recipes sent Free with Order.

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# The Story of My Mind

## *Or,* How I Became a Rationalist



A NEW BOOK
*By*
**M. M. MANGASARIAN**
*Lecturer for the Independent Religious Society of Chicago*
**50 Cents, Postpaid**

This latest book by the author of "A New Catechism" tells the story of his mental transition from Calvinism to RATIONALISM. In dedicating "The Story of My Mind" to his children, Mr. Mangasarian says: "I am going to put the story in writing that you may have it with you when I am gone, to remind you of the aims and interests for which I lived, as well as to acquaint you with the most earnest and intimate period in my career as a teacher of men."
Mr. Mangasarian was educated for the Presbyterian ministry at Robert College and at Princeton Theological Seminary. After graduation he became pastor of Spring Garden Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, which he left to enter the field of Independent thought. He now lectures every Sunday morning in the beautiful Theodore Thomas Orchestra Hall in Chicago to audiences that tax the capacity of the large auditorium.

*Send 10 cents for "Rome-Rule in Ireland, with Postlude on Ferrer," and a sample copy of "The Rationalist Bulletin"*
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First let me explain that the R. S. is the Best Motor-Cycle ever straddled by man. There are more sides to R. S. Value than anything I know at the same Price.
Of the LOOK of the R. S. One may only say that it exceeds even the Renowned Reading Standard Bicycles in lines and proportion.
The FRAME is put together for Touring—and no road, no matter how rough or muddy, will even loosen a joint.
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The STEERING-GEAR is Perfectly Balanced, and you guide the machine as easily as you turn over your hand. ¶ An R. S. Motor-Cycle is an Automobile for One, with the speed, power and surety of a Touring-Car but on the Individual Scale.
There is not a Place within the reach of the most Powerful Touring-Car that is too far for the R.S. And you can run along paths and climb, and leave the Beaten Track for Byways unknown to the Average Motorist ☙ The man who would take a Dash Off into the Country, when work is done, will find a New Enjoyment in piloting a Motor-Cycle.
Autos are merely get-in and get-out with a Cushion and a Black Cigar all the way. Better fun invites, where the luxury is less and the sport more. Any one who can ride a Bicycle, can ride an R. S. Motor-Cycle. The Machinery is simple, sensible and sure.

## The Reading Standard An Auto For One



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Agents wanted where we have no representative.

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Makers Renowned Reading Standard Bicycles
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# Great Business Men

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

## These Books for Your Boy—and Yourself

| VOLUME ONE | VOLUME TWO |
|---|---|
| ROBERT OWEN | PETER COOPER |
| JAMES OLIVER | ANDREW CARNEGIE |
| STEPHEN GIRARD | GEORGE PEABODY |
| MAYER A. ROTHSCHILD | HENRY H. ROGERS |
| PHILIP D. ARMOUR | A. T. STEWART |
| JOHN JACOB ASTOR | JAMES J. HILL |

WE all want success, and money is the measure of your power. Money isn't all, but the lack of it may be rather inconvenient. ¶ Money gives ability to travel, and buys you the leisure to study, read, paint your picture and write your poem.

Life is short. You can't go out and shoot in the air in the hope that a flock of wild ducks will be flying over. It is well to know how others have bagged good game.

Elbert Hubbard has made millions for others, and he has managed thus far to keep the sniffing wolf from his own door. Hubbard does not view life from the academic standpoint. He knows the game as well as most.

In "Great Business Men" he analyzes in his own graceful, rapid way, the elements and qualities that spell success.

The great finds of the future will be in the line of business. Business is the civilizer, the educator, the enlightener, the uplifter. The business man who can't get an education out of his work, while at his work, is immune from the microbe of success.

This book will be a pivotal point in countless lives. It will mean fame, fortune, faith and a forward march for thousands of boys who otherwise might grope and stumble. It uplifts and inspires. "Great Business Men" by Elbert Hubbard is an epoch-maker.

Bound handsomely in boards, leather backs. English Boxmoor paper, portraits from special drawings.

PRICE TWO DOLLARS A VOLUME

# THE ROYCROFTERS

## East Aurora, Erie County, New York


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# "Classics of The Bar"

Senator Alvin V. Sellers, of Georgia

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YOU hear the orator Beach, before a jury, lash without mercy Henry Ward Beecher in the damage-suit against him for leading another's wife astray ❧ You hear the brilliant Tracy in the minister's defense.

You listen to Ingersoll defending the client "with an intellectual horizon and a mental sky."

You hear the South's peerless orator Prentiss before a jury in Kentucky's greatest murder trial.

You hear Clarence Darrow and Senator Borah in the trial of Haywood.

You hear Merrick in the trial of Surratt for the murder of Lincoln.

You read of Richard Croker, Tammany's Chieftain, tried for murder—and acquitted.

You hear Susan B. Anthony's dramatic response to the Court that condemned her.

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IN the sweat of his face to eat bread was laid upon man from the beginning as a necessity, and to regard it as a curse or a blessing neither lessens nor increases the necessity. The chief problem of today—one which so far has hardly been guessed at—is the problem of securing the opportunity for such earning work. The great increase in the number of disemployed workers forces this problem on our attention.

The only solution offered by the average successful man is more charity, an increase in the number and variety of institutions for those who can not earn their own living, or that more insidious form of charity, "work created for the purpose of providing employment for the unemployed." ❧ Only one form of charity has ever succeeded in making its recipients prosperous, namely, "special privileges," and these are never given to the poor, but to rich and powerful individuals or corporations, by tariff legislation, by public franchises, or by such legal fictions that one man should possess land to the exclusion of all other men, even though he hold it idle.

The application of labor to land is the only means of satisfying the actual needs of all men, so that special privileges can be bestowed upon a few only by robbing the many. This sort of charity fosters industry at the expense of humanity.

That many men must depend upon the whim or bounty of one to supply employment is a proof that we have not attained true civilization. We protest against a king's holding the issues of life and death in his hands, but by special privileges we enable a few to do just

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that thing ❧ Exact justice is the only road to ideal conditions. He who asks special privileges should pay to the community their full value. No great upheaval in modern life will be necessary to bring about this change. It is the natural course, and already partially applied in some places. No one will lose by it even one penny which is rightfully his, and no one will take from another what he has not given an equivalent for.

All wealth, including capital, comes from land through labor, therefore labor should be free to apply itself to land without other payment than that which it honestly owes the community which creates the value of the land. A tax on land values would make it impossible, because unprofitable, to keep needed lands and willing hands idle, and would, therefore, solve the problem of want and unemployment.

—Bolton Hall.

❧

If a man has faith in his power, he can wait.

❧

A GREAT deal of the joy of life consists in doing perfectly, or at least to the best of one's ability, everything which he attempts to do. There is a sense of satisfaction, a pride in surveying such a work—a work which is rounded, full, exact, complete in all its parts—which the superficial man, who leaves his work in a slovenly, slipshod, half-finished condition, can never know. It is this conscientious completeness which turns work into art. The smallest thing, well done, becomes artistic.

—William Mathews.

❧

To picture great men you must be a great man.


CRAB-APPLE MEN

WHEN Nature made man she expected to take Personal charge of him herself and evolve a pippin. But with the years man fought the issue, and accepted unto himself Other Gods; hence a race of Crab-apples ❧ But the tendency is to return to the Wise Old Dame: Nature's call is ringing in our ears.
Man needs to be Burbanked—and knows it.
Aided by man's newly-found intelligence, the slant toward age, decrepitude, decline of stature, posture, loss of suppleness can be successfully bolstered. ¶ The thousand-and-one sensations, professionally called "diseases," are but accidents of thought or the lack of it. They arise in some spinal, muscular, skeletal, arterial or nervous irregularity which we ourselves induce.

THE REMEDY IS RELAXATION

Take off the brakes—the tension—and Nature will put you right ❧ These Ideas, once amusing, have been made respectable by the foremost doctors of medicine, osteopathy, chiropractise and physiculture. Well or sick you should know more about yourself ❧ Write for Commonsense Pointers, concerning How to Keep Well. Address

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Every drop of blood in the body circulates through the colon twice in 24 hours, and taking up by absorption the poisons contained in the waste, distributes them throughout the body. This is the cause of indigestion, headaches, palpitation, dizziness and even more serious ills. It weakens the system and renders us subject to countless other diseases, either by contagion or otherwise. It is the immediate cause of appendicitis. ¶ The world-famous Prof. Metchnikoff has been widely quoted as stating unqualifiedly that if the colon which contains these waste products were removed, people would attain twice the age that they now do. ¶ Our treatment cleanses the colon and makes removal unnecessary.

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# What Tree Surgery Is, and What It Is Not

Tree Surgery, as perfected by John Davey, is a scientific treatment of trees that have become diseased or decayed or injured in any way. It is the knowledge gained by him during years of patient study and experimentation. It does for the trees what dentistry does for the teeth, or what the physician does for ailing humanity. By the Davey methods of tree surgery any tree can be cured of its diseases, strengthened in its weak parts, its decay cut away and the cavity filled, and further harm to the tree stayed. Trees do not die if they receive attention in time from the Davey Tree Experts.

Tree Surgery is not the indiscriminate butchery of the trees. It does not employ the hacking and sawing methods of persons calling themselves tree doctors. It is not simply the filling of hollow trees with cement, regardless of conditions. It is not the scheme adopted by adventurers to extract money from persons who want their trees preserved and who know nothing about the nature or needs of the trees.

## Who the Davey Tree Experts Are and Who They Are Not

The Davey Tree Experts are a company of practical men trained in tree surgery under the personal direction of John Davey, in a school established by him for the purpose of perpetuating his methods of saving the trees. They operate under his supervision, and employ his methods exclusively. They go to the trees and examine them and treat each tree according to its own needs. They are responsible in every way, and operate upon safe and sane principles.

They are NOT the irresponsible people who are seeking to make money by taking advantage of the fact that people want their trees preserved. They are NOT the people who attempt to imitate others; they have their original methods. They are NOT the fellows who go about the country professing to be tree experts, but who really know nothing about tree surgery.

**"Our Wounded Friends, the Trees,"** an illustrated book showing the Davey methods, will be sent free to tree owners in the Mississippi Valley and Eastward.

**THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT COMPANY,**

**Main Office, Kent, Ohio, Eastern Office, Tarrytown, N. Y.**

**(Operating the Davey School of Practical Forestry)**

*Representatives in all principal cities in the Mississippi Valley and Eastward. Send all inquiries to the main office*

MR. MARTIN L. DAVEY, *New York, July 3, 1908.*
The Davey School of Practical Forestry,
Tarrytown, Westchester Co., New York.

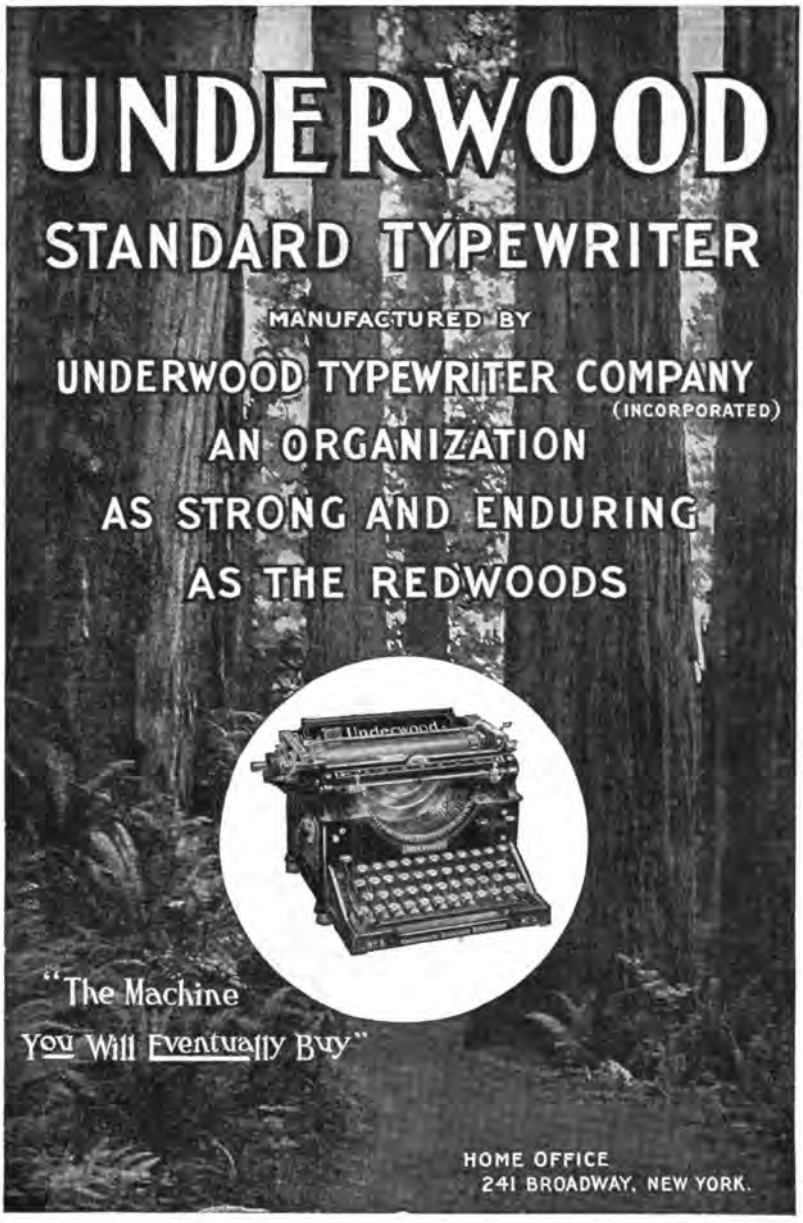
Dear Sir: I am much pleased with the work on my trees at Scarsborough. It has been most intelligently and effectively done. I confess that before you undertook the work on my place I had no conception of the attention and care that trees require. I desir: also to express to you my appreciation of the very efficient workmanship and the courtesy and excellent behavior of your representatives who carried out the work. I am, with kind regards, yours very truly,

EASTON H. SCHWAB.


THE people who make a failure of life always have some good excuse; a common one is that they have had no opportunity for advancement, yet every human being has had opportunities. The men who succeed are those who open the door when the good dame knocks, as the late John J. Ingalls made plain in his admirable poem ❧ When the Archduke Johann, of Austria, was a young man, he seemed condemned to a useless career at court. The future seemed to hold nothing for him but the laying of corner-stones, and the delivery of addresses to delegations of fatburghers, and the establishment of a new style in side-whiskers ❧ The chief occupation of an Austrian archduke is to change his uniform at stated periods, and to have a new photograph made every other day, and to marry some blonde princess from the Schleswig-Holstein country ❧ The chief industry of that country is the production of fat princesses who eat schweitzer cheese and do up their hair in abominable fashions ❧ The archduke did n't like the program a little bit. The Mecklenburg-Schweringen-Holstein princesses had no charms for him, and he could n't see any sense in changing his uniform once an hour for life or in carrying around a sword, and being prohibited from carving people with it. Yet there seemed no way out ❧ If ever a man was shy of opportunities, it was the Archduke Johann ❧ But he was a man of determination and courage, and finding no mail-order opportunities in stock, he went to work to carve out some for himself. He shocked all Europe by eloping with an opera-singer. For years it was supposed that he was dead,

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that he and his beautiful bride were down among the dead men at the bottom of the sea, but he was not given to such frivolities as death, and he survived tempest and shipwreck, and devoted himself so assiduously to productive toil that when discovered a few days ago he was earning fifteen bucks a week in a machine-shop in Ohio. It is reported that he is one of the best machinists on the payroll, and out of his wages he has saved enough to buy a suburban lot, upon which he will build a bungalow, with the aid of the Building and Loan Association. The idle, loafing princes of Europe ought to be ashamed and humiliated when they consider the career of Archduke Johann. They, also, might do some good in the world, and hold respectable jobs as machinists or salesmen in livery-barns, if they would forsake the habits of sloth and indolence, and the cheese-fed princesses of the Schleswig-Holstein brand, and buckle down to hard work like Johann and the rest of the boys.—Walt Mason.




He is no wise man that will quit a certainty for an uncertainty.—Samuel Johnson.

MAN is not the simple and single manifestation that he looks. In fact, nothing is as simple as its surface would indicate. All nature's works are exceedingly complex. The nut presents a smooth surface on the outside, but within are many different folds and layers. So man is complex. He is a being of many layers, planes and spheres.—Bruce Calvert.

In order to stand success you must be of very stern fiber, with all the gods on your side.

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# STEIN-BLOCH
## WORLD-WIDE STYLES
## SPRING–SUMMER
## 1910

¶ In their world-wide styles for Spring and Summer, 1910, Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes are ready.

¶ This announcement interests you as a man.

¶ By many thousands of American men from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the spring announcement of Stein-Bloch is awaited.

¶ They know that Stein-Bloch have been bending every energy and every resource in two hemispheres to gather from the great style-centers the true style features of the fashion world. To sift them—to tailor them into American clothes that will satisfy your every clothes need from daylight to darkness—for business—for outdoors—for society—all attested by the Stein-Bloch label—all made to fit—to endure—to give you the confidence that crowns a man who knows that he is dressed by tailors unrivaled in the fashion world.

¶ These Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes are ready for you to look over—to try on—before the mirror of your Stein-Bloch clothier. Go to him and try them on.

¶ "Smartness," the Stein-Bloch book of photographed style for Spring and Summer, is free. A post-card brings it. It shows you why this label means 55 years of Knowing How.




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NOTICEABLE Elegance of Style and Superb Quality distinguish Knapp-Felt Hats.
Knapp-Felt Derbies and Soft Hats are made in two grades, Six Dollars and Four Dollars.

Your newspaper probably has the announcement of a hatter who sells Knapp-Felts. *Write for "The Hatman."*

**THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.** **Broadway and 13th St., New York**


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# Life in Abundance



THE supreme prayer of my heart is not to be learned or "good," but to be Radiant.

I desire to radiate health, cheerfulness, sincerity, calm courage and good will.

I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy or fear. I wish to be simple, honest, natural, frank, clean in mind and clean in body, unaffected—ready to say "I do not know," if so it be, to meet all men on an absolute equality—to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unafraid and unabashed.

I wish others to live their lives, too, up to their highest, fullest and best. To that end I pray that I may never meddle, dictate, interfere, give advice that is not wanted, nor assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people I'll do it by giving them a chance to help themselves; and if I can uplift or inspire, let it be by example, inference and suggestion rather than by injunction and dictation.

That is to say, I desire to be Radiant—to Radiate Life.

*Elbert Hubbard*

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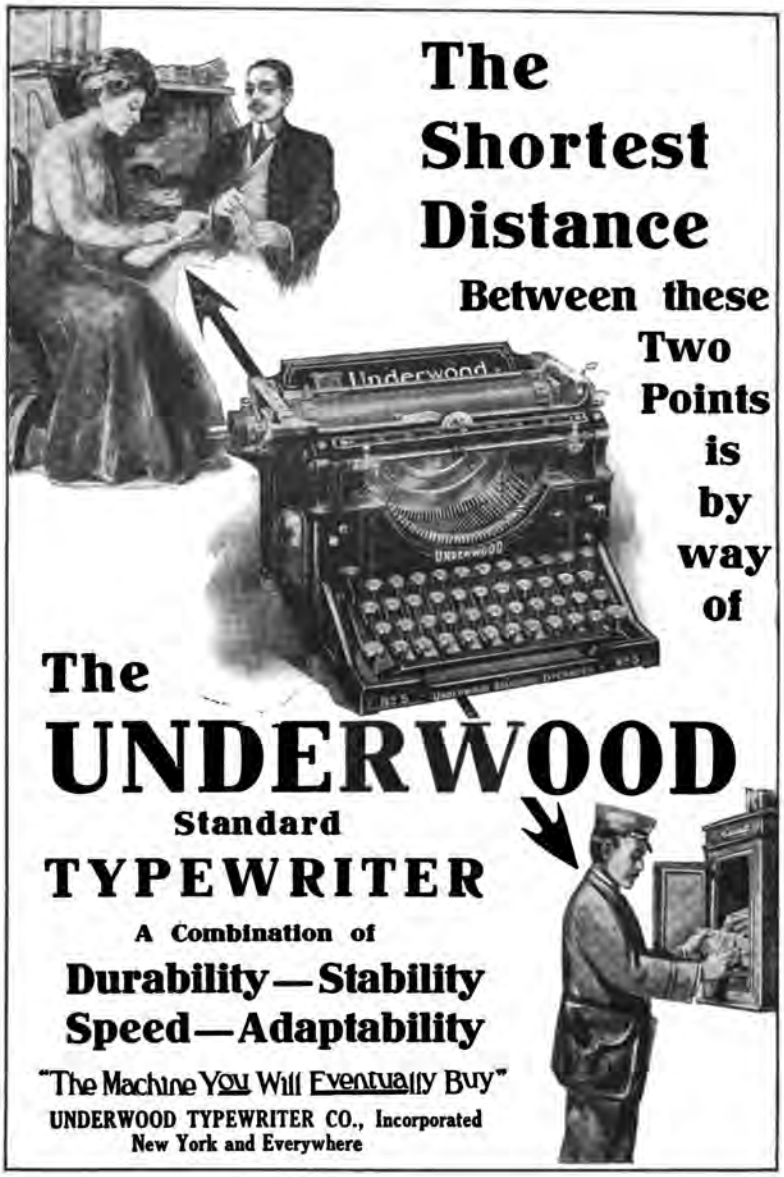
TO THE HOSTS OF PHILISTIA

# GREETING

YOU are requested to meet at Mecca—otherwise East Aurora—July 1st to 10th, (1910), inclusive, for Mental massage and Spiritual rejuvenation. If you can't come, you are ordered to shrive yourself at your own cosmic shrine, grant yourself absolution, read the "Essay on Silence" for five minutes night and morning, during the dates above named, and think well of everybody ☙ Hypocrisy, hypo-neurasthenia, false pride and gossip germs should be left at home, as the spirit of Brotherhood will be supreme and only Good immanent. There are two formal services daily, afternoon and evening. Tips are tabu, and the offertory ausgespielt. The only tariff is for room and meals (like those mother used to make), the rate being Two Dolodocci a day, and up, according to apartments. Perhaps you had better make reservations now

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

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THERE is no use in waiting until boys and girls are sixteen or even fourteen before giving them some practical education. There ought to be a carpenter-shop, a blacksmith-shop, a machine-shop, and cooking and sewing rooms in every one of our public schools. While many boys are not going to work with their hands, they are likely to have control of those who do, and they will need to know at least the rudiments of mechanics. No man is not better for knowing one of the mechanical trades, yet there are few men, not mechanics, who can do more with tools than drive a nail or saw a board tolerably straight. The best mathematician in a university can not make a box any better for all his academic knowledge.

The essential difference between man and the anthropoid apes is that the former alone has independent use of his fingers. The savages are only a little better off in this respect, having little facility with the hands. This is one reason why the negroes can not work successfully in the Southern cotton-mills, while the poor whites who live in the mountains in a state of semi-savagery have not lost the finger adaptability learned by their ancestors through turning spinning-wheels for thirty generations. Having this use of our fingers, we should make the best of them. It is not well that girls alone should gain this benefit. They learn to play the piano easily because for generations their mothers spun and wove. Their graceful carriage is largely due to the fact that while spinning and carding wool their ancestors went through the most beautiful and useful of gymnastic exercises. We should let

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the boy have some of his inheritance if for no other reason than to employ his energies in a useful direction and to train his mind to accuracy.—Joseph M. Rogers.

The only sin is limitation.

WHAT'S Tilden doing? Oh, he's only trying to teach a stupid world that all sickness and disease are caused by persistent violation of Nature's laws That all physical ills are built by wrong habits of living. That doctoring and drugging can not change a man's habits of life, hence can not cure disease That the road to health lies not through doctor's prescriptions, medicine-bottles, hospitals and surgical butchery, but through self-control—through correcting the errors of life, and living in accord with the laws of health. In short, that there's only one disease—wrong living, consequently only one cure—right living. That no doctor and no drug ever did or ever can cure anything. That Nature alone cures, and that she will do this abundantly and unerringly just as soon as the conditions of health are complied with and that she will not nor can not do it in any other way.—Bruce Calvert.




**Has Tried Them All—Uses "New Perfection"**

The housewife with years of experience—the woman who knows how to cook—finds, after practical tests and hard trials, the New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is her idea of what a good cook-stove really ought to be.

She finds it requires less attention, costs less to operate, and cooks all food better than any other stove she has ever tried.

She finds the New Perfection oven bakes and roasts perfectly.

**New Perfection**
WICK BLUE FLAME
**Oil Cook-stove**

has a Cabinet Top with a shelf for keeping plates and food hot.

There are drop shelves for coffee pot or saucepans, and nickeled towel racks.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive.

Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

**Cautionary Note.**—Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "NEW PERFECTION."

Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

**Standard Oil Company**
(Incorporated)


THE troubles that you have in life
Are of your own design;
They come and go according to
The way that you incline.

You must not blame the oil or lamp,
Or pumping wick between;
The fault lies in your own neglect:
Your burner is not clean.—Bramley Kite.

Man like water naturally finds level.

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# A Venture in Vaudeville

THE June FRA will be a Vaudeville Number. The leading article is a confession and an apology, wherein will be told of the trials, difficulties, heartbreaks, joys, sweets and successes of a Vaudevillist. Incidentally, discreet mention is made of pleasant friendships with ladies of the ballet, and various vain attempts to rival a troupe of trained dogs. Tumblers, acrobats, singers, players on sweet zithern strings, heavies, soubrettes and first comedians come in for their turn, with examples of how not to do it.

---

***You Can Not Afford to Miss the June FRA***

MANY experiences come and go and are lost in the dust-bin of forgetfulness. This one will never pass. I made new friendships and for a week I was one with a strange world, separate and divorced from the world of trade—the world of mimicry and mimes, of players to whom "The play's the thing!"—loving, tender, intense, innocent, loyal to their art, living in dreams, grips, boarding-houses, steamer-trunks and emotions, the Children of the Stage. After life's fitful play may they sleep well. God bless them all!

---

***The June FRA Will Turn the Spotlight on the Stage***

A MERRY laugh doeth good like a medicine," said Solomon, and today if we laughed more we would need medicine less. Aye, if we mixed laughter, love and work in right proportion, medicine would be but a dream of things that were.

Henry Ward Beecher once said that laughter would yet become a legitimate feature in religion.

No one ever saw a church where the auditors were more orderly, decent, well-behaved, better dressed and revealed a higher average of intelligence than at the Majestic Theater of Chicago. No one ever saw a church more beautiful, hygienic, safe and sanitary than the Majestic Theater. The commodity offered is amusement, with instruction on the side, all presented on a business basis, the basis of a complete organization, and a vigilant service to the public.

Sing-Sing has thirty-seven preachers and forty bankers, but not one theater-manager, and only five actors.

Both the stage and the church cater to the public. One has its offertory and the other its box-office. In East Aurora we "pass the hat" and soak the deacon with plugged dimes and brass buttons.

But it will hardly do to call a "collection" a freewill offering, when a proffer of an endless life of ease and bliss is held out for believing and paying, and a threat of hell is yours if you don't.

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# An Advertisement by the Perpetrator

Let it be said to the credit of the stage that it has never promised perdition to those who failed to file up to the box-office and secure reserved seats.

¶ Shakespeare was incomparably beyond his time; and as actor, manager and playwright he has added to the wealth of literature more than any other name we can conjure forth. No cleric is in his class.

The Vaudeville of Fra Martinbeck and Fra Edkohl is a refined, pleasing, innocent and effective form of recreation, with which the preacher finds it hard to compete.

But gradually the fates move towards their destined end. Evolution is the law of nature. The church and the stage will yet clasp hands in Vaudeville.

¶ Indeed, what is the "service" of the fashionable Protestant church now, but a series of pleasing stunts by the organist, preacher, soprano, bass, violinist and cornetist!

Many churches use stereopticons and moving pictures; and Billy Sunday calling strikes on sinners from a trapeze would complete the program. That most gentle and charming gentleman, David Belasco, Archbishop of all histrions, wears a semi-evangelic garb, and when Fra Martinbeck begins to button his collar behind, Orpheus and Saint Peter will join hands and the Muses will dance with the Saints.

---

***The FRA For June Will Be a Vaudeville Number***

DID I know a month ago what I now know, I would never have ventured my argosies between the Scylla and Charybdis of professional Vaudeville. But having made the voyage, and in degree charted the channel, I see I must go back—in another incarnation, at least.

The siren song of the stage has a wondrous lure. To stand in the glare, unarmed save for your wit and gesture, before two thousand indifferent people, to play upon them, to sound their stops, to appeal to that great, common heart-throb of humanity which ebbs and flows through us all, to get their response—that breathless silence, followed by a roar and rumble of prolonged applause—to bow yourself off the stage and be called back, and yet again called back, until the orchestra chops off the tumult—this is a gratification—a wild, weird intoxication, which once tasted is never forgotten.

And if at the Last Great Day, Gabriel wants a response from me, let him lay aside his B-Flat horn and use the stage-manager's call-bell, and I'll pull myself together, though all hell yawns, and as the heavenly orchestra blares at it, with boom of the big drum and crash of cymbals, through my veins will again run the ruby wine of life, and I will shout under my breath, "Coming up! Aha, aha! Let 'er go, Marshwildus, flash those lights—let the curtains part, here we are again!"

***The Rest Will Be Found in the June FRA.***

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# WHAT TO READ?

The Libraries of the World are cumbered with the Unimportant, and the Books Worth While are generally Out of Sight. Stacks of Paper and Cloth, gilt and leather, bear down upon us. The "Six Best Sellers" lure the Hesitating and the Well-Intentioned, and so the Great and the Good are side-tracked.

Now, Literature without Selection is a maze, a confusion, a babble of Voices; so the Student possessed only of a Hungry Mind finds himself confounded on the very Doorstep of Knowledge.

For these Ambitious men and women, The Globe-Wernicke Company has compiled a Book of "Lists." That is, they give, in concise form, the titles and authors of Books commended by the Highest Authorities past and present; and above all the Essentially Necessary Books.

No Man or Woman Looking toward the Light can conscientiously afford to be without this Book, for it represents the last word of Scholars—and their Critics.

Sir John Lubbock is Author of One List; Dr. Eliot is Author of Another (The Five-Foot Shelf); and Benjamin R. Davenport of Another. Even Roosevelt's African-taken Pigskin Library is listed.

## "THE WORLD'S BEST BOOKS"

Dr. Eliot's "Five Foot Library."
Benjamin R. Davenport—"The Best Fifty Books."
Best Books for Children.
One Hundred Best Books for Boys and Girls.
The Ten Best Novels.
Great Works of Twenty-five Greatest Authors.
Sir John Lubbock—"The Hundred Best Books."
Farrar's Famous List of Five.
The Twenty Best Novels.
Stories of American and English Life.
Best Books for Young People.
Novels of Plot and Problem.
Roosevelt's Pigskin Library.

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WESTERN IRRIGATED LAND AND ORCHARD CO., 47 West 42d Street, New York


HERE is something interesting about the approaching comet from Professor Ball, astronomer royal of England ✍ It is a letter from him addressed to the London "Times":

"Editor Times:—I have received multitudes of letters relating to the comet, and so many have expressed alarm as to the possibility of collision that I venture to send you a reply I have posted today to one anxious inquirer ✍ 'My dear, a rhinoceros in full charge would not fear collision with a cobweb, and the earth need not fear a collision with a comet. In Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one, we passed through the tail of a comet ✍ No one knew anything about it at the time. For a hundred million years life has been continuous on this earth, though we have been visited by at least five comets every year. If comets could ever have done the earth any harm, they would have done it long ago, and you and I would not be discussing comets or anything else ✍ As far as I can learn, we may be in the tail of the Halley Comet about May Twelfth. I sincerely hope we shall, and I think Sir John Herschel says somewhere that a whole comet could be squeezed into a suitcase. Yours truly, Robert S. Ball, Observatory of Cambridge.'"

✍

Go slow on the man who considers a task done when he has suggested it.

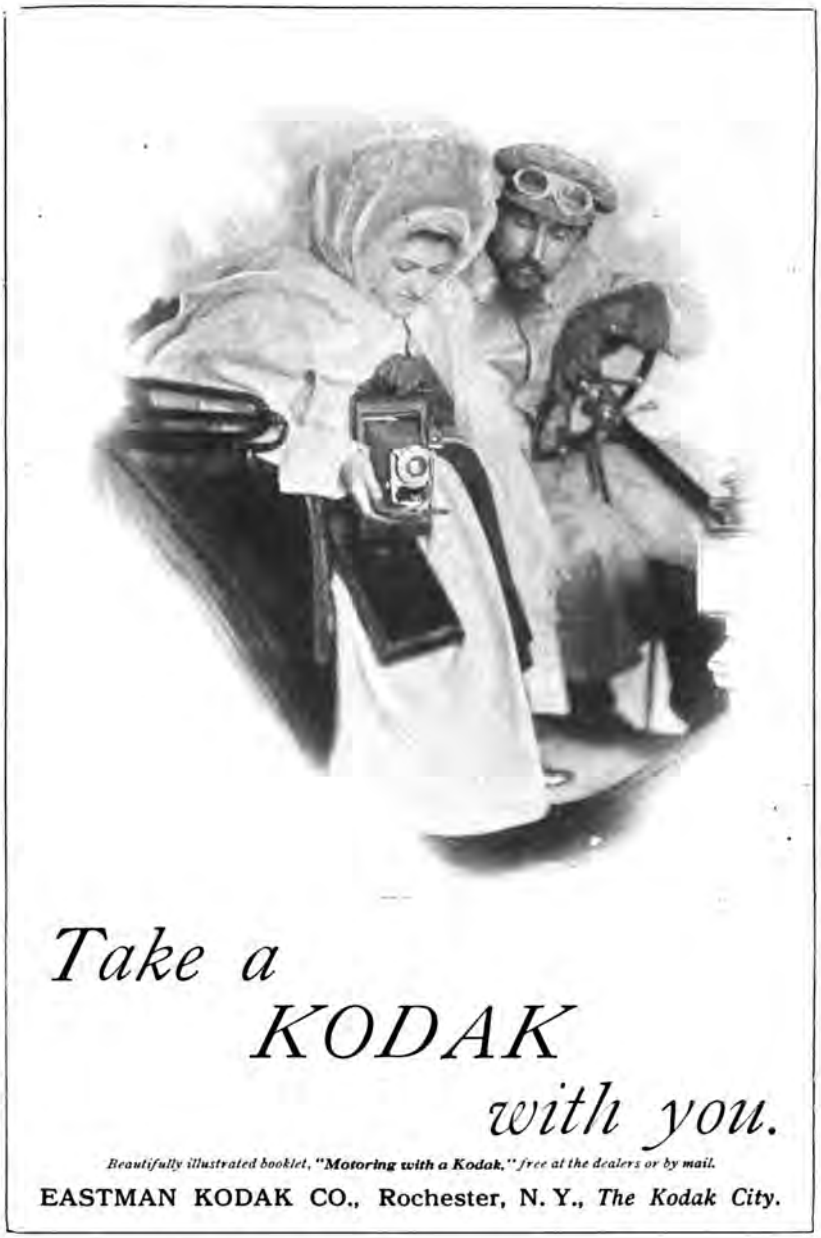
✍

TO judge human nature rightly, a man may sometimes have a very small experience, provided he has a very large heart.

—Bulwer-Lytton.

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WHEN the apologists for vivisection appeal to the public they make a great feature of the fact that the laboratories are constantly occupied in discovering new drugs and proving their value in the treatment of disease by testing them on living, healthy animals. Such assertions by frequent repetition help to foster the popular belief that doctors cure disease by physic. But Sir Lauder Brunton and Dr. Leech, writing in "System of Medicine," say that: "Drugs only act beneficially when they can exercise such influence on the morbid changes in tissues and organs as to restore the parts to a state compatible with systemic life. But in a large proportion of cases, such restoration is impossible. Unfortunately for the reputation of drugs, it is considered necessary to give them in all cases, even where it is manifest that the case is beyond the limits of drug treatment."




It is impossible to deny the truth of this, and our object in writing so plainly on the subject of modern medical practise is to emphasize the fact that such progress as is being made in the treatment of disease must be attributed to other causes than drug therapeutics, whether suggested by the work of the experimenters upon animals, or by the experience of the doctors. Our knowledge of the real action of the drugs we use in what we imagine to be disorders of the liver, kidneys and bronchial tubes is founded on the most slender basis, yet in the lectures on the medical art, statements are dogmatically made about the action of drugs for which no adequate proof can be given.—"Herald of Health."

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Photo by Simeon Schwemberger

**_This Navajo Indian Rug_ was woven and designed by the Navajo's expert weaver, _Bi-Leen Alti Bi-Zha-Ahd._**

You can get Navajo Rugs direct from the Indians, just the size, just the colors you want, and in a quality and weight exactly adapted for the use intended.

If your particular preference is not in stock, it will be Woven for You especially: then you are sure to be pleased.

The deal is never closed until you are.

"You did not teach these people (meaning the Navajo Women) to make Blankets," said a Government Indian Service Official to me once in a rather heated argument concerning the making and selling of Navajo Indian Blankets.

"No," was my retort, "but I have taught them to make what People want, will buy, pay for, and come back for more; which is more important."

¶ If not a Rug, Maybe you would like a fine Robe for Automobile or Carriage use? Or, it may be a lounge-spread? A lounging-robe? Something that can be thrown on the floor or under a shady tree with impunity? That will not soil easily, but WILL clean easily? That will wear, well; perhaps, not quite forever, but longer than you can ever hope to wear and use it? You get just this in the Navajo Blanket.

In fact, "What you want; will buy," once you see it, and will "Come back for more." All my Customers do.

Have you a house? A den? A room? An office? Then is there not a place in one—possibly, all these—where a suitable rug, or rugs, can be used with good effect? If so, you will find nothing to serve the purpose better, to give a more pleasing and artistic effect, than the fine Work of The Navajo.

Prices on Indian-Made Rugs and Blankets are Fair Prices. You will find that in no other thing have you ever received so much value for your money. And I am so sure you will like the Indians' Work, that I Sell and Ship on Approval.

Let us send you the Color-Cuts of Original Patterns produced by these Indian-Roycrofters, and tell you all about the Navajo Goods. Incidentally, something about the Navajo People.

You incur no obligation to buy—unless you want to—and you will be interested.

**Indian Rugs Shipped from the Navajo Nation Direct to You—On Approval**

**J. B. Moore, Crystal, New Mexico. (U.S. Licensed Indian Trader and Collector) (Navajo Reservation)**


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# Brains in Goose-Step

By FRA ELBERTUS

HOW I pity the man who forces his Brain to do goose-step; who follows figures up one side of the page and down the other; who never grasps the possibilities of his position.

The fellow who lives in the Ink-Bottle and spends his recreative hours with strained eyes, hanging over a desk doing PLAIN ADDITION, is n't giving His Divine Thinkery a chance.

Every time you say two-and-two, two-and-two, and one-to-carry, you are stealing from yourself the time that might be devoted to improving yourself and your work.

Teach your brain to do LITTLE THINGS, routine things—over and over the same—and presently you have a LITTLE BRAIN.

Nature rarely disputes with a Man; if he wants to climb little hills she provides him with a low power.

To increase the girth of your forearm you must exercise it. The same with your Brain.

Don't shrivel and make impotent a Reasoning Mind with LITTLE tasks. There's no sense to it.

You need, must have and should have scope.

The Burroughs Adding Machine will add any column of figures and give you the correct answer with a single press of the lever. No man's Mind can compete with it for accuracy.

To have a Burroughs in your office means extra hours of time for the Better, Bigger Problems.

Let the Burroughs do the MACHINE work and your value to yourself and to the house will be double.

*Any man who deals in figures should know the Burroughs Adding Machine and the Burroughs "Service." (Which same is something unique and helpful.)*

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"Burroughs Systems for the Wholesaler and Jobber"

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No 4711.

## The Excellence Mark Of Francis Maria Farina

WHEN Herr Francis Maria Farina put the Number of His Own House on the Soap he made and sold, he showed Great Faith in that Soap. This was in 1792. There were no Trademarks in those days and few marks of Identification. Nameless Merchants Sold Nameless Goods. The Booth, the Bazar, the Auction, the Fair, were the accepted marts of Trade.

No one elected to assume the responsibility of any Sale.

"Let the Buyer Beware" was the Universal Slogan.

To make, to sell, to Pocket the Profit, and call the transaction Complete—that was the System. To have a Purchaser come back was the calamity: he usually had something to wrathfully return.

Cumulative Selling was not yet; the Purchaser's Good Will an unsought luxury.

But Herr Farina, who had spent years in working out the Formula for His Soap, sincerely believed that this Soap was the Best Soap that could be made—that it was priced conservatively—that it would benefit the User.

His was the Spirit of Wagner and Frœbel—the German Revolutionary Spirit that placed Right above All things.

So he named the Soap with the Number of his Own Home—and instructed each separate Purchaser that at this Number could the Maker of the Soap be found.

Herr Farina was willing to be judged by, to stand sponsor for His Best Work.

He builded better than he knew.

One hundred and eighteen years later the Old German Chemist's Soap still commands the Market where fine toilet requisites are appreciated.

Wherever you find well-bred, intelligent people, there will you also find No. 4711 Soap.

Through all these years the descendants of Herr Farina have worked to increase the quality and efficiency of No. 4711 Soap. But the Old-time Chemist marked his Standard High. All Changes are Minor. Even as the Soap was made a Century ago, 't is made today.

This PURE GLYCERINE SOAP, first made in 1792 by Herr Francis Maria Farina, at No. 4711 Glockengasse, Cologne, is today made from the same Formula with the same exacting care—and Sold Everywhere. If you seek a positively *Pure*, sweet-smelling, healthful soap—you should try a cake. *Send 15c. in stamps for full-size sample cake.*




FERD. MÜLHENS, COLOGNE O/R, GERMANY
(DIRECT DESCENDANT)

**Mülhens & Kropff, Two Hundred Ninety-Eight Broadway, New York City**


**a chump as I am. Shake!**

**WHAT is Holding you Back? ¶ Do you lack money, purpose, power, ideas, system, health, friends? We can help you to help yourself—to secure every good thing which you may deserve. That's the business of THE FRA. Join a Roycroft Fraternity Junta!**

**THERE are two kinds of artists in this world: those that work because the spirit is in them, and they can not be silent if they would; and those that speak from a conscientious desire to make apparent to others the beauty that has awakened their own admiration.**
**—Anna Katherine Green.**

**IN Rochester there is a city ordinance requiring women to remove their hats in theaters. And now it is proposed to pass another law to ask them to remove their hair. The world is growing better!**

**DID you ever try to make an appeal to the reason of a man who regarded reason as a dangerous and despicable thing, in reference to religious dogma, the only thing which to him was valid? If so, you are as big**

**I HAVE ever gained the most profit, and the most pleasure also, from the books which have made me think the most; and, when the difficulties have once been overcome, these are the books which have struck the deepest root, not only in my memory and understanding, but likewise in my affections.**
**—A. W. Hare.**

If you have no enemies, you are apt to be in the same predicament in regard to friends.

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WHAT I would like to do is to inoculate the mind of every child with the truth that good health lies in its own keeping, not in the doctors', and that fresh air, sunshine, the willing spirit and kind thoughts will bring it every good thing that life affords. The real curse of vaccination is in infecting the child with fear, and the fallacy that health comes from a doctor's ministrations. Even smallpox is not as bad as life-long apprehension. The doctor of the future will be a man who shows you how to eliminate all doctors; not the one who makes himself a necessity.


# SAVING SENSE

***The Young Man Making His Start Should Save***—to Teach Himself financial economics, the Value of Money and how not to abuse it; to bring Order into his life.
Before you are taken into Partnership and given a Chance to spend the funds of the Firm, you must give evidence that you know how to care for your own.
The Worthless, the shiftless, the insincere, the always needy, never get Ahead—and at the Bank they are Unknown.
Even a small Bank-Account makes an impress on your Character. Prove Good Faith with your future by *starting* your Bank-Account Now.

***The Business Woman With Others Dependent:*** Women who shoulder the responsibility of providing for others can not fight the Good Fight without Method. To give your strength, your energy, and after all to have sickness lay you low, or accident find you unprepared, would be worse than failure.
The best Kind of Insurance for Continued Success is One Dollar or more placed each week to your own credit at the Bank.
Your Reserve Fund you may never need, and yet the knowledge that you have it under your hand for the emergency will give you strength to do your work well.

***The Man Who Would Build a Home.*** Many a man who would build a Home allows his ambition to go up in dreams before he accomplishes anything.
And the reason why is this: He never arranges a *Start*. The *Finished* Home is always in his Mind's Eye.
The Way to build a Home is to Plan a Cash Foundation.
The First Step is the Bank-Book Habit.
When by systematic saving you have accumulated enough to pay half the Price of your Home draw on your Bank for the other half. You'll get it—never fear.

*One Dollar will start your Account and Fix your Name on Our Depositors' Book. Use the Mails—the Mails are Safe*

*On regular savings accounts, 4 per cent interest is paid and compounded semi-annually. On accounts subject to check at sight, and where the balance warrants it, interest at the rate of 2 per cent per annum is allowed.*

¶ There comes a time in the life of every man or woman who is doing the World's Work, when a Good Bank can help you over some Rough Road. So then 't is the Best of Policy to establish yourself with an Institution that is capable of co-operating with you, lending a hand when that time comes.

*FIDELITY TITLE AND TRUST COMPANY, Pittsburgh, Pa.*


WHILE His disciples and followers performed many wondrous works, they and their successors fell into blunders that might have been more costly to the race than that of the High Priest and the rabble, who were led by jealousy and fear to plan the atrocious crime, culminating in the untimely death of the Savior.—Professor S. A. Weltmer.

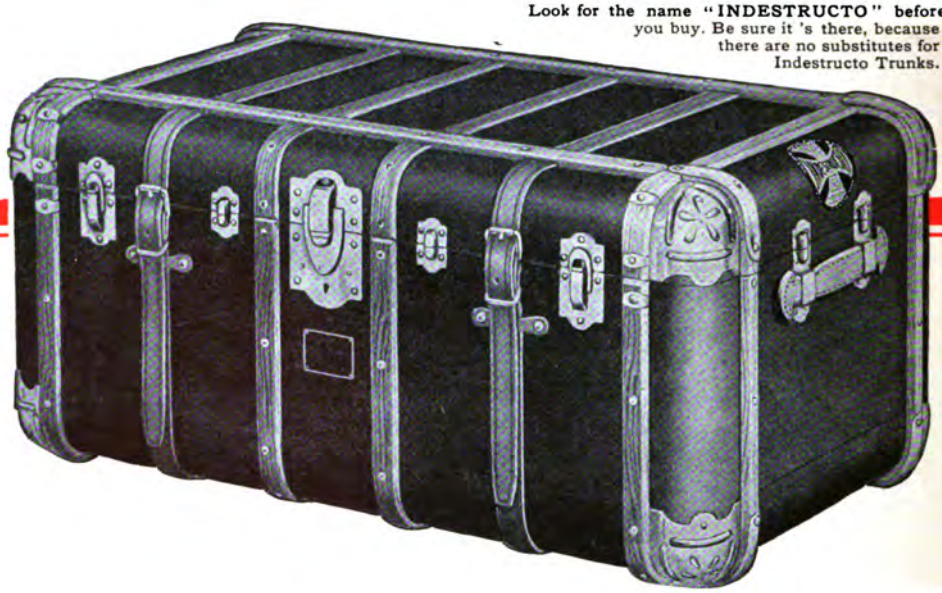
There is nothing breaks so many friendships as a difference of opinion as to what constitutes wit.

THE doctor who believes in the delusion that drugs cure is too ignorant to be allowed to ply his deadly vocation, and the one who knows that drugs do not and can not cure, but gives them because his patients know no better, is compounding a felony against nature. Both are dangerous members of society.

—Bruce Calvert.

Nothing matters much, but everything matters a little bit.

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Look for the name "INDESTRUCTO" before you buy. Be sure it 's there, because there are no substitutes for Indestructo Trunks.

# The "Pullman" of Trunks

# INDESTRUCTO

**DE LUXE**

YOU go first-class when you travel—with Pullman luxury, comfort and protection. ¶ How do *your belongings* go—what provision do you make for *their* protection and safety when away from your watchful eye ?

Your valuables *travel first-class* in an Indestructo—the "Pullman" of trunks—the trunk of luxury and safety.

The Indestructo's unique patented construction *prevents* hard bumps—*precludes* accidents.

Indestructo Trunks receive special attention and unwonted gentleness from railway and transportation employees. They are easiest to handle—that 's one reason. Indestructo trunks mark the thoroughbred traveler—still another reason for the care and consideration they get.

The Indestructo Trunk forms an *essential* part of your traveling equipment. There 's no other like it.

It is the invention of a man who *has dreamed* trunks for a lifetime, and who *made his dream come true.*

The Indestructo trunk is made by a patented process of combining together under enormous pressure six thicknesses of perfect hardwood—joined by a special moisture-proof cement—the grains running different directions—so splitting is impossible.

Round corners of cold-rolled steel, heavily brassed, hardwood runners on all sides and steel shoes, form splendid *additional* protection.

There are no nails in an Indestructo Trunk. It is put together like a reinforced steel building—all rivets.

That 's why we can *guarantee* its service—*insure* its lasting quality.

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# The Only Trunk Insured and Guaranteed

We do not leave any room in your mind for doubt about the service or strength of the Indestructo trunk.

We guarantee it absolutely. And that guarantee is your full and *continual* protection.

Read the guarantee on the lid of every Indestructo—before you buy.

Note that it says if your Indestructo De Luxe Trunk is destroyed beyond repair any time within five years, we will give you a new one.

And note, too, that if your Indestructo trunk becomes damaged while traveling, we will gladly make the necessary repairs at our factory in Mishawaka without expense to you.




No other trunk ever offered anything like equal protection to its purchasers — no other trunk *can*.

Every Indestructo trunk is *registered*. That means if your Indestructo goes astray we will trace it and insure its return to you.

## SEND FOR THIS BEAUTIFUL BOOK
## *"About A Traveler"*

Here 's a book, so handsome, so richly illustrated and printed, that although we order it in tens of thousands lots it costs us twenty-eight cents per copy.

We want to send you one.

It is bound in Art Nouveau style, authoritatively written and handsomely illustrated with travel scenes. It contains valuable information about steamships, railroads, money changes, many customs and guides to American and foreign travel.

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See the Indestructo Trunk at the best store in your city. Compare it with any other trunk. Note its beauty, its wonderful strength, its special features. And then decide on *merit*.

The Indestructo Tourist trunk—just on the market—lower in price than the Indestructo. The best trunk for the price.

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Guide to Autology

BY

EDMOND R. MORAS, M.D.



Dear Sir: I have read your Autology with care. It has been of unusual interest throughout. Your words on the power of environment agree with my experience exactly.

The whole work, from beginning to end, makes a splendid environment for producing active thought.

Yours sincerely, LUTHER BURBANK,
Santa Rosa, Cal.

To any man or woman who would know more about his or her body—who would take more intelligent care of that body—Dr. Moras' book can not fail to be of greatest value.—DR. LATSON, Editor of "Health-Culture," New York.

Dr. Moras has written a Commonsense Book on Autology, and by so doing, placed the Standard of the Creed of Health farther to the front than any man who has lived for a thousand years.

ELBERT HUBBARD

I say this is a book. There are men and men; but there is much difference. When it comes to measuring men by an ideal standard there are but few; the same is true of books. Autology, by E. R. Moras, M. D., is a book.—DR. J. H. TILDEN, Editor of "A Stuffed Club," Denver, Colo.

Well or Sick, You Need AUTOLOGY

Autology is no theory, no fad, no creed. It deals with the practical business of your body and brain as you have learned to deal with the practical business of your home affairs, plants and flowers, your land and grain, your dollars and cents.

With it there need be no such thing as pain or sickness in your life. Do you realize what that means? That you may see and know for yourself, write for my free, absolutely free,

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Valuable books containing priceless information that everybody needs.




I ask you nothing, absolutely nothing, for this valuable little work, which, it is said, contains more truths and good sense and valuable, practical advice and information about men's and women's and children's bodies and brains in health and sickness than are obtained elsewhere.

EVERY CHAPTER IS A GEM

The editor of Health Magazine, published in New York, whose opinion is eagerly sought by thinking people all over the world, has this to say on the Chapter on Digestion: "It is a veritable gem, and will prove a blessing to untold thousands." There are over thirty such gems as fine as you ever want to read, and they cost you nothing, absolutely nothing, now or later—just the time to read them at your leisure. So valuable are they that you 'll refuse to lend the "Guide" even to your nearest relative for fear of not getting another.

Every subject is treated not only in a unique way, in plain, every-day language, as interesting as any novel, but it is as vital to your well-living as breathing and eating. Send for it and judge for yourself. It is free, absolutely free, and sent postpaid.

Address your request for a FREE copy of "Guide to Autology," containing a wealth of information whose health and brain value can't be reckoned in dollars and cents, to

E. R. MORAS, M. D., DEPARTMENT 772, HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

Harvard University Medical School, '88; College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago) '89; Formerly House Physician and Surgeon in Cook County Hospital (Chicago); Professor of Obstetrics, College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago); Member of Chicago Medical Society, etc.


THE cablegram from Germany announcing Professor Drew's denial of the historicity of Jesus has so touched a New York and Chicago daily paper that it has come to the assistance of the disconsolate churches with words of comfort and reassurance. He says, in a long editorial, printed in both cities, parts of which appear in black type, to make the article appear more effective: "What is important above all is the fact that His (Christ's) spirit lives and works here at this time." This is offered as one of the proofs of the historicity of Jesus: Christ's spirit lives, therefore he was historical.

The spirit of Apollo or Osiris was alive in the pagan world for a longer period of time than that of Christ has been; yet neither Apollo nor Osiris ever existed. The spirit of William Tell still lives in the Swiss mountains, but there never was a Tell. And what is meant by the spirit of Christ? Is it the sectarian divisions of Christendom, with their gospel of damnation to all who would not pronounce their shibboleths? "To hell with the Pope," is even today the cry of the Protestants in the North of Ireland; while Catholic Spain has just filled with hot lead the heart of Francisco Ferrer, the patron of secular education. Is Europe armed to the teeth, with Christian nations spitting fire at each other, one of the proofs that "Christ's spirit still lives"?

¶ "The reality of Christ's life on earth can be proved, and has been proven historically," continues the editor. If so, why is there any discussion about it? There is no discussion about the existence of Socrates or Confucius. There is a growing discussion about the

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existence of Jesus, which would mean that His existence has yet to be proven. The tampered texts in Josephus prove the non-existence rather than the existence of Christ. People do not manufacture evidence to prove events that are historical. It is when they wish fable to pass for fact that they resort to forgery. Every Christian scholar admits that forgery was committed by the early Christians to prove that Christ really lived; and forgery would damn any cause.

But the editor continues: "Fortunately for the world, believers, men of intelligence, with or without a creed, do not require any 'proof' of the actual existence of Christ." But it is evident that intelligent people have, in the past, insisted upon having proofs, else Churchmen would not have resorted to fabrication. And why does the editor go to the trouble of writing a whole column, interspersed with black type and capitals, to prove Christ's existence, if no proof is required? Having said that no proofs are needed, the writer continues to give new proofs; namely, that the existence of Christ "is proved in the wonderful power of His name, in the greater kindness toward women and children and the poor. ¶ Let us see! Freedom of thought and conscience is one of the achievements of the present age. Are we indebted for it to Christ, who said, "He that believeth not shall be damned"? And as to the improvement in the condition of woman: Is the Church today supporting the cause of equal suffrage? Are there any women priests? Did not St. Paul urge the subjection of woman; and Jehovah pronounce a severer curse upon her than upon either the serpent or the man?—Mangasarian.


# The Incredible Fact

The Ingersoll-Trenton Watch costs $5, $7 and $9 and it will keep time as well as the most expensive watch made.

That is the Incredible Fact.

To think that one can buy a Watch for less than Ten Dollars—An Honest Watch—A Guaranteed Watch—Well, it 's Hard to Believe.

But only because Watch Values have always been more or less misrepresented.

Undeserved Prices have been tacked on to Watches, and because the Public Did Not Know, they paid $100.

There was never a chance for *comparison*. *All* Watches were priced extravagantly.

The Ingersoll-Trenton has brought about a revolution. We do not only Price it below $10, but we *guarantee* every statement made as to its worth.

Ingersoll-Trenton advertisements never deceive. They tell of the Ingersoll-Trenton Watch just as it is.

When we say that $5 $7 and $9 will buy as good a Watch as any one need carry, we tell you the simple, direct, unvarnished, untarnished truth.

## Ingersoll-Trenton
### JEWELED WATCHES



**$5** will buy you an Ingersoll-Trenton in a durable nickel case.

**$7** will buy you the same watch, but the case will be ten-year gold-filled.

**$9** will buy you an Ingersoll-Trenton housed in a twenty-year gold-filled case.

In every case the movement is the same—the Ingersoll-Trenton movement made at the Ingersoll-Trenton special factory, Trenton, N. J. This movement is absolutely *reliable and true* and it is backed by the Ingersoll-Trenton Guarantee.

We also manufacture the famous INGERSOLL Watches at $1, $1.50 and $2—At our Factory, at Waterbury, Conn. We have been doing this for seventeen busy years. Ingersoll models are sold by 60,000 dealers

Our useful booklet, "How to Judge a Watch," is printed in three colors and illustrated with 27 pictures. It will interest you, teach you, and save you money We would like to mail you a copy What is your address?

**ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 99 Frankel Bldg., N. Y.**


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# Investigate Dodge Machinery and Be Investigated—

OFTENTIMES Dodge Transmission Machinery pays for itself even *before* it is installed. And the reason why of this is simply explained.

Your plant is too Big for its Power Harness. Growth on Growth has taxed the strength of your old equipment. New Departments, New Buildings have instituted demands that have been arranged for in *temporary* style.

Presently you admit to yourself that you are not getting results. One machine is stopped; another run at Half Speed. Occasionally the entire Plant is laid up because some overstrained something breaks.

Your selling force is impotent.

You send for the Dodge Representative and agree to the suggestion that your Problem should be laid before the Dodge Board of Engineers.

Enter the Dodge Engineers.

They come as Neutrals. They are interested in your proposition only as Mechanical Men. They are not governed by your mood—nor by what you think. They seek to give you that which will *benefit* you. Nothing more.

On the ground they estimate their Estimates and plan their Plans. They figure new Dodge Equipment with every phase of YOUR BUSINESS in mind. So far as Human Intelligence may anticipate they provide against the future.

Familiar scenes have blinded you to this or that short cut, the importance of this or that change. But these men see with New Eyes.

The indisputable facts which the combined strength of their experience can produce is way beyond one man's Plan-Power. The sure saving, the lowered cost of Production, the facility, the speed, the unused floor space which was cluttered before, bring Home to you the Positive Argument of Dollars and Cents.



The Cradle of the Company

The Enth Power Magazine—"The Dodge Idea"

Throughout 1910 our Magazine will contain many articles of interest and value to manufacturing executives and heads of mill and factory departments. We want every owner, manager, superintendent, master mechanic, chief engineer and purchasing agent of power-using plants on the mailing list, and at no cost to you. Just send us your name and business address.

## Dodge Manufacturing Co.

Largest in the World

Main Office and Works, Station E-3, Mishawaka, Ind.

**Branches and District Warehouses**

Chicago Boston Brooklyn Pittsburgh St. Louis Atlanta
New York Philadelphia Cincinnati Minneapolis London, Eng.


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# —Learn Truly The Where, The How and The How Much

UNLESS Dodge Power Transmission Machinery will benefit you there is no attempt to force a Sale.

Dodge dealers do business with business men and they never hand out persiflage. Nor do they aim to stroke you the Right Way.

The Dodge Dealer will show you just where, and how and how much, to your entire satisfaction, before ever you need commit yourself to buy.

In this Day of Standardization your manufacturing end must be a fixed quantity: you must be free of this kind of worry, or you can not compete.

* * * * * * * *

After your equipment has been decided upon, all the manufacturing skill of the Mishawaka Experts will arrange itself on your side.

With infinite care and trustworthiness they will carry your work through to completion. And then when the separate Parts are assembled ready for shipment—they apply that last rule of Good Management and Fair Selling.

Out on the floor of their monster factory they set up your equipment complete, and apply the EXTREME TEST. No crack or seam or flaw can withstand the pressure brought to bear. Any part that wobbles or shows signs of weakness is cast out for one that stands firm.

Walk in any day—at the Dodge Works, and see for yourself this Extreme Test.

'T is safe to say that your plant will profit by Dodge Inspection. At least 't will do no Harm to talk it over with the nearest Dodge Dealer. He 'll have something of interest to tell you.

Dodge Dealers are everywhere, and an Inquiry to Mishawaka, Indiana, will bring to you the name of the man you want to meet.

## Get the Delivered Price

Write for our Catalog D-C-10 and our special plan for guaranteeing delivered prices on Dodge goods, giving you an exact price on transmission machinery complete, laid down in good condition at your nearest freight station. If you want this information, be sure to mention the fact when you write.

**Power-Transmission Engineers & Manufacturers of the Dodge Line Power-Transmission Machinery**

**And Agencies in Nearly Every City in the U. S.**
For Quick Service, communicate by long-distance telephone with Branch or Agency nearest you.



The Great Dodge Plant Today


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## Revival of the Silver Age

The ancient Silversmith was half brother to the Alchemist. His magic touch transformed the metal into beautiful shapes and forms which found their way into the shrines of art lovers and the palaces of kings.

Side by side with the Sculptor who produced a Venus and the Painter who gave to the world a Madonna the ancient Silversmith held high place in the realm of art.

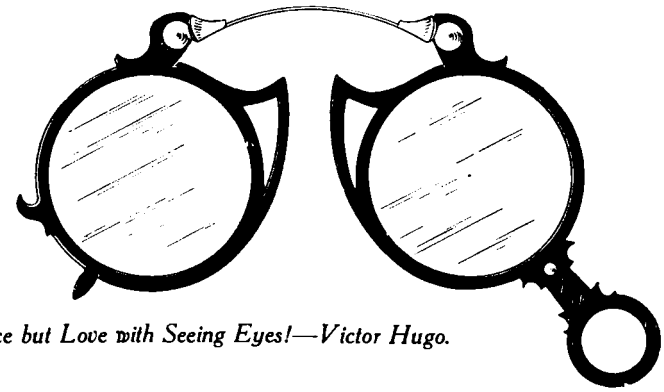
Today his ancient and honorable craft is preserved and exemplified at its best in the beautiful creations offered by The Gorham Company through the best jewelers.

Gorham Silverware is renowned for its beauty of design and individuality of pattern and bears this mark ⓖ⚓65 It costs no more than wares of less merit.



# The Gorham Co.
Silversmiths
New York

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This eyeglass is called the Fra Elbertus. It combines style, ease, strength, elegance and effectiveness, and is supplied on suspicion to Good Roycrofters by Mr. Ostrander. Write!

*What is Justice but Love with Seeing Eyes!—Victor Hugo.*

IN the old pictures Justice was always shown with eyes blindfolded. We are told that this was so she could not see what the lawyers were doing, otherwise she might have heart-failure.

Love was also shown with bandaged eyes, as a symbol that the little chap did not know where he was going.

Now, we want to know where we are going and if possible when we will arrive. We are all universal citizens of Missouri. Show me!

But what's the use, if your organs of vision are out of focus!

Seeing eyes! Yes, that is what we want, and loving hearts, as well.

The human body is a dual proposition. It is made up of two parts, and very seldom are the two halves exact mates ❧ With some organs this makes little difference, but when the eyes are not mates the laws of refraction are violated, and Nature in her efforts to adjust gives a squint, or a leer, and nerve friction follows, which in time produces disease.

To correct physical errors in the eyes and thus eliminate nerve tension is the business of the modern Refractionist.

And a Refractionist is a man who is a scientist on the questions of light and sight. If you like the word Optician better, why use it.

The Chief Refractionist among all men in America is J. H. Ostrander, for fourteen years with Spaulding & Company, of Chicago.

Mr. Ostrander does not call himself a doctor. He never experiments by the use of morphine, belladonna, atropine or other poisonous drugs. These produce in degree eye paralysis, and often do permanent injury.

Mr. Ostrander studies the eyes of his client when in a normal condition, then he simply assists Nature by supplying a glass, often especially made, to fit this individual case, so the light will be refracted into the eye at the right elevation and angle to relieve all strain. Under these conditions the general health of the client is vastly improved.

Mr. Ostrander can talk learnedly on double polarization, hexagonal rays, uniaxial systems, the crystallographic axis and bisextrix motors, but he does n't. His customers are his friends. He studies every case with gentle, patient care. He tries to bring love to bear, with seeing eyes ❧ Moving with Nature, believing in Nature, he is often able to assist Nature, and bring rest, ease and effectiveness where before was only pain and difficulty.

Among Mr. Ostrander's clients might be named Sir Thomas Lipton, Theodore Roosevelt, Lyman J. Gage, Isaac Harter, Murat Halsted, Oliver Ames and many others equally great and discerning. The approval of such people and their personal recommendation have given Mr. Ostrander his proud position expressed by Sir Thomas Lipton when he said, "I would trust Ostrander in all manners of eyesight beyond any living man I know. He has benefited me greatly."

If your vision seems defective in any way or you are troubled with headache, nervousness and irritability, call on or write to Mr. Ostrander. He makes no charge for consultation, and often by a very simple and inexpensive adjustment gives great relief and splendid results ❧ Perhaps you had better write today!

**J. H. Ostrander, Refractionist, Room 810, Fine Arts Bldg., Chicago**

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# MAKE YOUR FOOD YOUR DOCTOR

## Well-Known Food-Expert Tells How Foods Cure.

### HOW TO STOP THE USE OF MEAT.

Eugene Christian, the food-scientist, has prepared a valuable treatise on the meat question, giving a complete solution of the high cost of living problem. It has just been published in pamphlet form and will be mailed free, together with a copy of Mr. Christian's famous book, "How Foods Cure," which tells the result of fifteen years' scientific study and experimenting with human nutrition. Do you know that the best food, if improperly combined at meals, will poison rather than nourish the body? Write Eugene Christian today; his address is Dept. 46, 8-14 West 38th Street, New York.

If you have any kind of stomach or intestinal trouble, you can learn how to cure yourself. You don't need drugs, change of scenery or rest. What you do need is to know the foods that nourish, how to select and combine them so as to produce Chemical Harmony in the stomach. When you learn this, all stomach and intestinal trouble will disappear, as will nearly every other disorder.





PARIS GARTERS are *Tailored* Garters

To *bind* the leg with a strip of elastic hinged with metal is any man's method; to *clasp* the leg with a Tailored Garter is the prerogative of the Well Informed.

Paris Garters are *Designed* to fit the leg of Man, and to give the muscles Full Play. Paris Garters are *Tailored* with as much thought for the Service they are to Perform as a Custom-made Suit.

With Paris Garters no metal can touch the flesh to chafe, to burn, to annoy.

With Paris Garters the fit is snug without shutting off Blood Circulation or furrowing the flesh.

Incomparable for Summer Wear

With Knee-Length Drawers, Paris Garters are Incomparable. They hold the sock firmly, easily, without wrinkles or let-down.

Paris Garters do the work assigned to them, in the Best Way, with the Least Annoyance to you.

If you don't find Paris Garters at your Haberdasher's, forward twenty-five cents for a sample pair in cotton or fifty cents for an Immortal-like effect in silk




This IS the Paris Garter Box

A. Stein & Company

Make Them at 180 Center Ave., Chicago, Illinois


THERE are two ways of being happy: We may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be the easiest.

If you are idle or sick or poor, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be harder to augment your means.

If you are active and prosperous or young or in good health, it may be easier for you to augment your means than to diminish your wants.

But if you are wise, you will do both at the same time, young or old, rich or poor, sick or well; and if you are very wise you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of society.

—Franklin.

A CLIENT in Manhattan is worth two in Bushwick. ¶ Do unto your client as you would have your client do unto you; but make him pay for it. ¶ Every client has a silver lining.

Some judges are born famous, some acquire fame, and some appoint condemnation proceedings.

'T is better to have loved and lost than never to have run on the Hearst ticket. ¶ It 's a wise client that knows his own lawyer.

When a judge of the Supreme Court says it looks like rain, get your umbrella; it probably will not rain, but some day you may want a reference.

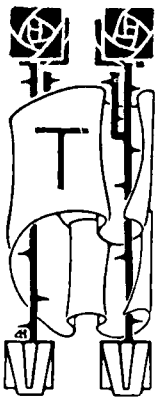
There are three kinds of lawyers, but the others are just as bad.—Abe Gruber.

Drugs do not supply vitality, but they sometimes spell poison.

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# The Moodey Ring



THE day of the slip-over-the-tip-of-your-finger ring is waning. In its place comes one with a joint that opens to encircle and closes to clasp firmly that basic portion of the finger for which it is intended.

And once closed at the Joint, 'tis closed to Stay!

You can not slip it off. No wish can wish it off. No finger-exercises, good-by wave, nor Teddy hand-clasp can unloosen this fitted circlet from its fitting place.

¶ Modern Ring-crofters will feel its influence. Modern minds will adopt it.

As Richard Wagner sang of the ring of the Niebelung, made by the dwarf Alberich from the Rheingold, so will our modern commercial artists take up the song of the "Moodey Ring," the golden band from the Golden State—the Ring with the magic fastening and secure.

Moodey has invented the "Moodey Ring"—the ring that closes 'round your finger, locks and remains.

That a ring should turn 'round to hide the setting and throw the hand out of balance is wrong in principle. Rings should snugly fit, that the workmanship, the precious stone, may show to advantage—also as a protection against loss.

This thought came out of the Invisible to Moodey as he walked through his Orange Grove one evening at Glen Ellen, California.

¶ Why did we have to knead rings down over our knuckles—only to have them screw about?

¶ Moodey is a man of accomplishment. And so when the thought came to him, he was struck with the Idea that he himself should create and design a new style of finger decoration, a kind unique and practical, a kind that would make the Whole World ring with the glad Ring News.

¶ To Moodey there was no sense in the Ring of the Ancients. To mutilate a joint to get it On! To cut the Ring to get it Off! To place in casket or vault a beautiful heirloom because it would not fit, did not appeal to this man of Initiative.

So Moodey forgot Oranges for awhile and delved deep into the subject of Rings and Ring-Making.

THE History of all Nations is circled 'round with the ring.

The Romans found rings on the hands of the protesting Sabines—and appreciating a good thing they accepted the rings even as they accepted the women. In later years, the Ring became a Social Mark in Rome. All free Romans wore the Iron Ring.

The Greeks wore rings—and Herodotus, the Greek Historian, tells us of the Rings of the Babylonians.

The Jews probably originated the custom of giving rings at the time of marriage. They reasoned it this way—that no woman could resist a sparkler.

The Bible mentions rings in at least seven places.

¶ Solomon's ring enabled him to conquer all opponents—which may account for his temerity in marrying seven hundred times.

Once on a time the sale of charmed rings yielded no small revenue, and even unto now many a Mussulman goes forth to conquer, a verse of the Koran enclosed in his ring to insure his immortality.

The "fisherman's ring" of the Pope links his infallibility to that of his Predecessors—and when he dies the ring is destroyed.

These and other curious facts connect themselves with the ring.

Forever the ring has symboled the best in Man: faith, trust, citizenship, authority, love.

BUT of this One Point Moody made sure—all rings of all ages and of all nations were the regulation band of metal—the unbroken circle—too large, too small, rarely just right.

¶ Now Mr. Moodey does not aspire to become a Ring Craftsman for gain: he has other interests. He is not hard pushed for Wealth. He only seeks to perpetuate his invention, to see his wonderful Idea worked out.

For a consideration Moodey will turn his invention over to some one better equipped to feature it before the Crowd.

That Fortune smiles hidden in the invisible fastening of the Moodey Ring, some enterprising Metal Craftsman is soon to find out.

When "Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand," he endowed him with Great Power. When Mr. Moodey gives his ring into the hands of the Fortunate Man, he endows him with twenty-two Karat Opportunity.

Every second man, woman and child wears a ring. The modern people are an impatient people. They clamor for the NEW Benefit. Here it is—the "Moodey Ring."

If you are interested in this Ring, suppose you write to—

NATHAN W. MOODEY
R. F. D. No. 3
Sanger, California

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# EDUCATION IS MOTION

Things are moving fast these Days. Sciences change overnight. Discoveries are of Last Week. Inventions of yesterday. ¶The man or woman who is Progressing is keeping abreast of the times. 'T is not enough that you graduated from this University, or that College. ¶The world asks "*What do you know today?*" ¶Once when Abe Lincoln was about to make a speech, he seemed nervous. When questioned why he, a Practised Speaker, should be nervous, he answered, "My Boy—I have spoken well." ¶To have done Good Work, only means that you must Hold to the Standard. To know much is to have much expected of you. ¶You may never fall below your best. And there is no standing still. You must go on, and on. ¶Forever you 're up against your Own Record. ¶Education is motion. You move with the tide of events or you find yourself hull up on the mud-flats. ¶Encyclopædias that served you well within the last decade are now Practically Obsolete. They know nothing of the Automobile, the Monorail, Wireless Telegraphy, the Airship, the Discovery of the Pole—or hundreds of other subjects of today and tomorrow. ¶The one Encyclopædia that keeps up with you, and you up with the times, is built and perpetuated by Thos. Nelson & Sons on the Loose-Leaf Principle.

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That Little Bar and Nut Has Solved the Problem! It has put all other Encyclopædias out of date!

*Review of Reviews* says: "It is used as an authority in our Editorial Rooms." The most valuable, durable, and beautiful set of books published

**Nelson's Perpetual Loose-Leaf Encyclopaedia** contains more than 70,000 subjects, treating over 1,000,000 topics; 7,000 illustrations, and 500 maps. It is the only absolutely new reference work obtainable, because the Loose-Leaf binding device makes it possible to keep the work always up to date. ¶**Nelson's Maintains a Permanent Editorial Staff** in New York, in Edinburgh and in Montreal. The Editor-in-Chief is John H. Finley, LL.D., President of College of City of New York; the Canadian Editor is William Peterson, LL.D., C.M.G., Principal of McGill University, Montreal; and the European Editor is George Sandeman, M.A., Edinburgh, Scotland. Upward of 1,000 contributors, who are in the foremost ranks of Science and Literature, both in America and Europe, have been employed to make Nelson's Perpetual Loose-Leaf Encyclopædia; while three **Permanent** Editorial Staffs, assisted by a corps of contributors, are engaged on this great work the year round. Over 500 **New Pages** are supplied annually, so that it never becomes old—and it **Will Always Be the Latest.** ¶**Nelson's Research Bureau for Special Information** is the only institution of its kind in existence, and is maintained entirely at the publisher's expense to answer questions and to furnish subscribers any information requested—**FREE.** Every purchaser obtains a complete reference library and the services of a great Editorial Staff to furnish any additional information required. Nelson's is always new—it can not grow old—it precludes the necessity and expense of buying any other book of reference. ¶**Write Today** for **FREE** loose-leaf portfolio on Nature Study, particulars of the Bureau of Research for Special Information, facsimile endorsement letters from scientists and educators, and full information about Nelson's Loose-Leaf Reference System and our special introductory price. ¶Old Style, Regularly Bound Encyclopædias accepted as Part Payment. Special List for those interested.

**THOMAS NELSON & SONS, Dept. 41, 37 E. 18th St., NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Founded in Edinburgh 1798. Over 100 Years in Business. Established in New York 1854


I LOVE sunshine, the blue sky, trees, flowers, mountains, green meadows, running brooks, the ocean when its waves softly ripple along the sandy beach, or when pounding the rocky cliffs with its thunder and roar, the birds of the field, the waterfalls, the rainbow, the dawn, the noonday, and the evening sunset; but the children above them all. Trees, plants, flowers, they are always educators in the right direction, they always make us happier and better, and if well grown, they speak of loving care and respond to it as far as is within their power; but in all this world there is nothing so appreciative as children—these sensitive, quivering creatures of smiles, sunshine, showers and tears.—Luther Burbank

If you can do nothing but exist, please die.

WHAT could be more preposterous or more unjust than to exclude a highly educated woman, who administers her financial affairs and property with consummate skill and success, from the right to cast her ballot, while many thousands of frightfully ignorant negroes and foreigners are permitted to share in the government of the States and nation? If women are considered well qualified to train and guide our sons and daughters, if wives and mothers are constantly asked for advice in the crucial moods and moments of life, why, in the sacred name of commonsense, should they be regarded as incompetent to take part in the government of our Municipalities, States and Nation? I pause for a reply.—Francis A. House.

You write first and make your grammar later.

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## THERE'S GOOD FUN, GOOD APPETITE AND HEALTH BEHIND A SURE, STEADY, SMOOTH-RUNNING LAWN-MOWER

THERE are three Good Reasons why *some* Lawn-Mowers do not cut grass; why they leave you with bent back and blisters.

THE MOWER DOES NOT RUN EASILY—because the plan of the gears is faulty.

THE BLADES DO NOT KEEP SHARP—because they are "soft" steel, incapable of *holding* an edge.

THE REPAIR-SHOP CLAIMS IT HALF THE TIME—because the inability of the Blades to cut grass and the persistent pressure pound the machine to pieces.

You have sweat over the mower that chewed the grass and spat it out predigested. You've pushed and tugged and charged the mower that only haggled the sods.

That Job which should be play has been made a torture by Poor Machines. Cutting grass does not pull the arms out of you—nor leave you limp. 'T is the *faults* of the Mower.

## "PENNSYLVANIA QUALITY" Lawn-Mower

**Blades are of crucible tool-steel, hardened and tempered in oil; self-sharpening. Ball-bearing; triple gears; A "Pennsylvania" is an investment, not an expense**

No man will conscientiously call mowing grass, WORK, when he views his "work" over the Handle of a "Pennsylvania Quality" Mower.

**Pennsylvania Quality Blades** are of razor-steel, hardened in Oil and sharpened for *service*. And they keep sharp; for blades grind against blade and each revolution helps to hold the edge.

**Pennsylvania Quality Running-Gear** is Ball-bearing and moves like a Bicycle down grade. Every Push *cuts grass*.

**The Entire Pennsylvania Quality Machine is Right.** The design is right. The Mower strikes the grass just right, and reduces it with the least resistance. The parts are put together to hold together.

The Pennsylvania Standard will make your Lawn a better Lawn and your Summer a better Summer. 'T will give you helpful, *enjoyable*, easy-going exercise out-of-doors.

*Our Booklet "THE LAWN, ITS MAKING AND CARE" -Gratis.*

**SUPPLEE HARDWARE COMPANY**

**Post-Office Box 1532** **PHILADELPHIA, PA.**


AS Goethe absorbed all the sweet odors and bewildering fancy of Germany, as Shakespeare caught all his age in his wide mental dragnet, thus Henry Ward Beecher became Americanized, and under his ministry there grew up a new form both of politics and of religion. The rationalism and humanity which led slaves up out of bondage could not do otherwise than lead God's children out of old Puritanism, with its election, its predestination and literal and eternal fire. For many years, without intermission, rolled forth his eloquence about justice as between man and man and as between God and man ✍ Having descended by lineage and having ascended by his mind and soul from an old and quite iron-like shape of Christianity, Beecher stands in a significant sense for our Christian period. Reason and kindness combined in this one priest at the altar. Imagination, fancy, wit, humor, pathos, language, originality, great enthusiasm, great happiness and great physical power were some of the virtues and blessings which heaven bestowed on this gifted child. Coming into the ministry many years ago, he was from the beginning of his active service a new interpreter of the words, and laws, and dreams of Christ ✍ He has been revivalist, and philosopher, and philanthropist, and poet, and politician, and theologian quite judiciously mingled, and thus has moved along, not as a cannon-ball, but as a gulf-stream ✍ It is difficult to make a survey of such a career without ceasing to be a calm critic and becoming a worshiper.

—David Swing

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# Visit Yellowstone and the Pacific Northwest This Summer

The most interesting, profitable and educational trip *in all America* is that through the productive and scenic Northwest, where farms, fruit orchards, cities and towns are all bustling with the activity of rapid growth. ¶ In Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, along the Northern Pacific Railway, there are more opportunities today for the energetic man to acquire a happy and healthful home—to build up a steady income—a profitable business—than anywhere else in the country.

## LOW ROUND-TRIP RATES ON NUMEROUS DATES

NORTHERN PACIFIC

Very low round-trip fares are effective on numerous dates in May, June, July and September through these States to Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and Pacific Coast points. Specially reduced fares May 28 to June 3, inclusive. Only $62.50 round trip from Chicago to the Coast—corresponding reduction from the East generally. Regular Summer-Tourist Tickets on sale daily, June 1 to September 30. Round-trip Homeseekers' Tickets to many points in the Northwest on sale first and third Tuesdays in each month. All tickets permit stop-overs and provide long limits.

## Yellowstone Park, Season 1910

June 15 to September 15. Park Tour fares effective daily. You ought to see "Wonderland" this year. Let me send you some illustrated descriptive literature and tell you about the fares and train service. Address A. M. Cleland, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE SCENIC HIGHWAY THROUGH THE LAND OF FORTUNE



This is an Investment Advertisement based on Facts.

***THE Texas Loan and Guaranty Company, Its Reliability and Its Functions***—The T. L. & G. Co. is at present composed of fifty-nine members. Each and every one being the President, Vice-President, Treasurer or Cashier of as many different Texas Banks.

The Business of the T. L. & G. Co. is that of a Large Bank formed by the Union of fifty-nine Small Banks, but confined to One Field, that of handling first-lien Real-Estate Mortgages (and only on Texas Land). And that is the Most Profitable and the Safest of all Banking functions—as you will readily agree.

***Texas Land First-Mortgage Liens, Their Surety and Safety***—All First-Lien Mortgages in Texas pay Eight to Ten Per Cent—and no one kicks. 'T is the accepted rate. Texas Land earns enough to pay off any fair Mortgage and make money on the side.

When a farmer in Good Standing wants money, he tells his Banker, and his Banker usually recommends Our Company as 'specially equipped to care for his Mortgage. Then he comes to us.

After the property has been appraised by an experienced neutral appraiser, and approved by Our Board of Directors, we loan Fifty Per Cent of the *Appraised Value.*

Texas Land is increasing in Value every day. The Safety, the Surety of these Loans is unquestioned.

***The Stock Offer Made to You***—You may invest your money in the T. L. & G. Co. Stock and guarantee yourself a substantial yearly return without incurring the risk that is always Present in fly-by-night a-million-a-minute schemes.

Single shares of T. L. & G. Co. Stock cost $10 Par. The Present Selling Price is $12.50.

The Company is paying eight per cent on its Capital Stock right now, and there is no indication that it will ever pay less. Your money is guaranteed by the Land itself. No one can push Texas off the Map, nor curtail its growth. And just in proportion to the increase in Texas Value, so grows the Value of your Stock.

*The Object of this Advertising is not to ask you to invest—but to ask that you Investigate and then to invest if Our Proposition Proves itself Right from every angle.*

*Write and say that you are a Reader of THE FRA, and that you are interested in Placing your Money Conservatively. The Proving you leave to us.*

***The Texas Loan & Guaranty Company, Houston, Texas***


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## EAT GERALDSON'S FIGS

Folks who Fletcherize argue that man should eat but little here below, but eat that little long. Mighty few dispute this, but there are one or two Natural Electuaries, like GERALDSON'S FIGS for example, that you could n't eat too much if you tried.

# GERALDSON'S FIGS

Geraldson grows figs in his Foothill Orchard for Fig-Eaters Particular—not for Humanity in General. When you buy Figs you get just Figs, but when you order from Geraldson you get GERALDSON'S FIGS. They are better and cost no more. For they come direct from the tree to your table.

## GERALDSON'S OFFER

6 pounds, anywhere in United States, prepaid for $1.00
10 pounds, anywhere in United States, collect for $1.00
100 pounds, two cases, by freight collect for $9.00
100 pounds, two cases, prepaid, for $12.00. Anywhere in United States

FOOTHILL ORCHARD COMPANY
NEWCASTLE, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

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**THE BEST BOOK VALUE EVER OFFERED**

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FRENCH AUTHORS have written many lively tales which, because of false conventional modesty, have been, until recent translations, unknown to those who read only English. Prudish modesty and unfair prejudice have deprived us of the merriest and liveliest tales ever written. Maupassant was the one man in France who could write truly the realistic scenes of REAL PARISIAN LIFE so fascinatingly as to rivet your attention.

THE REAL DOINGS OF LIFE—is what Guy de Maupassant always gives us. His dramatic instinct, his situations and his climaxes are overwhelming. He always fixes upon the one thing of most human-soul interest and makes it as vivid as any stage scene. These absorbing stories should be in every library—***tales of travel, mystery, adventure, comedy, pathos and tragedy, love and realism.***

EIGHT BEAUTIFUL VOLUMES of the most Fascinating Reading in the World. Contain over 2,500 pages, more than 300 pages to the volume, printed from new 10-point type, on pure white paper. Pages are wide, illustrated, bound in de luxe art cloth, backs and sides stamped with an ornamental design.

**Advertising Edition. Write at Once.**

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, 421 E. 24th St., New York City

# Conjunctivitis

Means Inflammation of the Membranous Lining of the Eyelid, covering the anterior portion of the Eyeball. In ordinary parlance, we refer to this trouble as "Pinkeye." ¶ Each Spring, "Pinkeye" attacks, and unless reinforcements are forthcoming immediately, it means a protracted visit to the Dry Dock for Repairs. ¶ Mothers and Schoolteachers are best versed in the vagaries of this disease. One Child will bring it to school, and within a week's time, perhaps, he will infect an entire class. Very contagious, and a great annoyance—this "Pinkeye." Besides, Children "catch it" at School and impart it to the Household, where it works havoc with Older Eyes.

## Murine Eye Remedy




renders Reliable Relief to Inflamed Optics, and protects from the germs that lurk in Towels, Dust and Old Bank-Notes. Also, it's a wonderful Preventative. Progressive Family Physicians will recommend Murine Eye Remedy in all stages of the Malady called "Pinkeye." ¶ Send for Literature and Sample Package. Free to FRA Followers.

**Murine Eye Remedy Co.**
**Chicago - - - Illinois**

**Standard Size at Your Druggist's, Fifty Cents**
**Murine Eye-Salve in Aseptic Tubes, Twenty-five Cents**


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## Barcalo Beds Brass or Iron

**Not Only for Beauty—But Our Guarantee of 35 Years Against Breakage.**

YOU will approve of Barcalo Beds at first sight. The uncommon designs, their finish, their substantial look, make an instant appeal.

Then when you learn that these are the only beds made well enough to guarantee for 35 years, you will not care to look further. You will suit your taste and purse among the Barcalo designs.

Malleable corners—guaranteed unbreakable. Have salesman test them with a hammer. He won't dare pound the corners of any other beds. If a Barcalo corner breaks the owner gets a new bed. The guarantee seal is on every corner, and another definite guarantee will be handed you to file away.

BARCALO GUARANTEED NOT TO BREAK MALLEABLE CORNERS

## Permanently Handsome

You can use a bed that has become dingy, streaked and worn, but you will not be satisfied with it.

The Barcalo Beds are made to satisfy you from every standpoint.

Notice the Finish Guarantee Seal shown here. It is placed on the head-bar of Barcalo Beds. Make sure that it is on the bed you buy.

Thousands of people discard a bed, now and then, because of a shabby finish. This is experience dearly bought. Take no chances when you buy. Look for the Barcalo Seal.

## Mail Card for Piece of "Shamo"

When you buy your Barcalo, tear off your 35-year guarantee from the Tag Postal attached and mail balance of card to us, so we can register your guarantee and send you free a large piece of "Shamo," a specially prepared polishing-cloth, imported from Germany, for use on Barcalo Beds exclusively. Get our book of designs, if you want to pick your designs before calling on dealer.

NOTE:—Our Corner Seal and Finish Seal are new. Your dealer may have Barcalos without these. Look for the trademark—Barcalo-Buffalo—at foot. This and 35-year guarantee protect you sufficiently.

**Barcalo Manufacturing Company**

**Department E6** **Buffalo, New York**

Barcalo Buffalo

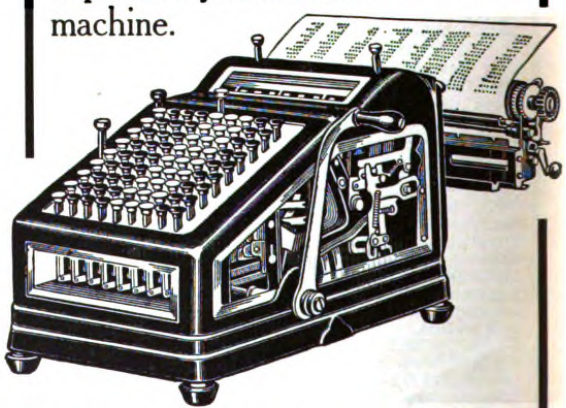
TRADE MARK

# Important Announcement

AFTER litigation covering the past two years, the Supreme Court, by its decision of March 14th, 1910, has sustained the position of the Wilkes-Barre stockholders in holding control of the

# WALES Visible Adding and Listing Machine

¶ This is the only *completely visible* adding-machine manufactured, and a leading competitor spent approximately $400,000 in an unsuccessful effort to secure control. Let us explain to you the features of this machine.



**THE ADDER MACHINE COMPANY**

**Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania**

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# CRAB-APPLE MEN

WHEN Nature made man she expected to take Personal charge of him herself and evolve a pippin. But with the years man fought the issue, and accepted unto himself Other Gods; hence a race of crab-apples. But the tendency is to return to the Wise Old Dame: Nature's call is ringing in our ears.
Man needs to be Burbanked—and knows it.
Aided by man's newly-found intelligence, the slant toward age, decrepitude, decline of stature, posture loss of suppleness can be successfully bolstered.
The thousand-and-one sensations, professionally called "diseases," are but accidents of thought or of the lack of it. They arise in some spinal, muscular, skeletal, arterial or nervous irregularity which we ourselves induce.



*WHAT THE STRETCHER HAS DONE*
It has corrected curvatures and deformities; it has rejuvenated many deteriorated physiques; it has brought aspirants up to the required height of the U. S. Naval Academy, the U. S. Military Academy; it has pulled men into the King's Cavalry and into His Majesty's postal service and has helped some into the service of our metropolitan municipalities.

***AMONG PHYSICAL CULTURISTS.*** The machine is in use in many private and Y. M. C. A. gymnasiums, and has the unqualified endorsement of practically every well-known physical culturist and health specialist in the country. It provides a means of exercising automatically every muscle and ligament of the body simultaneously. The result is that, instead of devoting attention to some portion of the body to the exclusion of every other, all parts are equally exerted and the accelerated circulation of the blood is more equally distributed.

***THE REMEDY IS RELAXATION*** Take off the brakes—the tension—and Nature will put you right. These Ideas, once amusing, have been made respectable by the foremost doctors of medicine, osteopathy, chiropractise and physiculture. Well or sick, you should know more about yourself. Write for Commonsense Pointers, concerning How to Keep Well. Address

**THE STRETCHER COMPANY, 3317 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.**





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# YOU ARE AS GOOD AS YOU THINK YOU ARE

# —BUT YOU HAVE TO PROVE IT

You commit no crime when you think well of yourself.

The fellow who sincerely believes he's a Crackerjack generally is.

To hide behind the screen and cough and giggle when the Boss comes 'round classifies you a Dinky Dubsky.

If you have ability you should admit it (to yourself at least), and make use of it.

Take your ability and train it The Sheldon Way.

Sheldon teaches Scientific Salesmanship, or in other words he uncovers a man to himself and inspires him to utilize his latent forces.

Sheldon shows you How.

Ability is born into a good many men, and yet the majority throttle it because, perchance, they prefer a "Sure Job" to the Bigger Chance.

But let me tell you this: you haven't a Sure Job if you're not on the Producing End of a Business.

The Man who brings in the Mazuma is the only one with a Sure Job.

The man who sells the goods bosses the Accountant, the Printer, the Mechanic, the Clerk, the Stenographer, the Parasite, the Plugger, the Collector and the Office Man—every time. And he bounces them too.

Some men Think Big Thoughts and Talk Big, and there they stop. But any man who has gumption enough to stack up against Sheldon and learn the Sheldon Way—you can't stop him! He's a through train bound for success.

In teaching you Salesmanship, Sheldon only asks that you have two Major Qualities, Ambition and Energy—that is, the *desire* to do, and the *willingness* to do.

As to Education, just the Ordinary School Kind is good enough.

Nor does Sheldon ask that you "throw up your job." He prefers that you do not. For you can best apply the Sheldon Principles by incorporating them into your Every-day Work.

You study awhile, make sure of yourself—then when the Door swings open, you are ready.

Any man who is tired of being ordered about, tired of jumping through the Hoop, should write to Sheldon—to Arthur Frederick Sheldon, at the Sheldon School. Say you are a FRA Reader and he will send you the Sheldon Book without cost to you.

THE SHELDON SCHOOL

**(A. F. SHELDON—Personal)**

**LIBERTYVILLE, ILL.**


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# The Roycroft Fraternity

Questions from the May FRA. Use these questions for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. Members who are working for Certificates or Diplomas should answer the questions on separate sheets and send papers to us for examination and marking—no charge.

### Lesson Number One

1 Name the world's greatest lumber countries.

2 What shall we do with our worked-out timber-land?

3 Is your municipal government a success? If not, why not?

4 Who is Arthur Brisbane?

5 Who are the Trappists?

6 What is meant by the "Dark Ages," and what made them dark?

7 In what does Happiness consist?

8 What is Yellow Journalism? Is it praiseworthy?

9 Distinguish between contentment, complacency, stoicism and apathy.

10 What is the difference between fame and notoriety?

11 What is Institutionalism?

12 What are its advantages and disadvantages?

### Lesson Number Two

1 Are large families desirable? Name some noted members of large families.

2 What great work has Luther Burbank done for humanity?

3 Who were the Spartans? What was their philosophy of life?

4 What is meant by the survival of the fittest?

5 Who are the most to be envied: those who achieve greatness, or those who have greatness thrust upon them?

6 Is truth stranger than fiction?

7 Which is the more potent—Heredity or Environment?

8 Which would you rather be, metaphorically speaking: a living dog or a dead lion?

9 What is the Siberian Railroad System?

10 Name three Great American Newspapermen.

11 Could a government be a success without opposition?

12 Have other people a right to say how we shall live?

### Lesson Number Three

1 Who is Dr. Charles W. Eliot? What are his contributions to civilization?

2 What is a heretic?

3 Is the New Religion any improvement on the "Sermon on the Mount"?

4 Distinguish between Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy.

5 Is it true that all men are kin?

6 Does the repression of the body aid the growth of the soul?

7 Give stanzas on this question (Number 6) from Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

8 Is physical perfection a worthy ideal?

9 Should standards of right and wrong vary with different individuals?

10 Is the simplified life of the modern flat a boon or a menace to women?

11 Has woman ever thoroughly developed the possibilities of her sphere? Has man?

12 Should equal suffrage be conferred on all men and all women?

### Lesson Number Four

1 Is it ever justifiable to take human life?

2 Do you believe in executing some women?

3 How does the American penal system compare with that of other countries?

4 Which is the greater: the telephone or the telegraph?

5 Should the government own the telegraph?

6 Is a college education necessary to success?

7 Who is Judge Lindsey, and what has he done?

8 What is the I. C. S.? Do you believe in commercializing knowledge, or should it be paternal?

9 What do you think of industrial education?

10 Who is J. Pierpont Morgan? Is he a benefactor or a menace?

11 What is meant by Sheldonism?

12 What is meant by Fletcherism, and do you practise it?

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Principal Dickson School of Memory. The Largest and Most Successful School of Mental Training in the World.

## Men SUCCEED Because Memory Enables Them to USE WHAT THEY KNOW

Life is Accumulation. Scenes impress us. Journeys enlighten us. Books educate us. Experiences pile up.
Every little thing you do, or feel, or see, or think adds to the store of Your Mind.
And every deed, every action, every impulse past, will profit the Man who guards his mental treasure with a Memory.
Memory is the Key that works the combination that yields to your use the accumulated data of the years.
The Value of what You Know is increased or lessened by your facility in producing it on The Minute—when you need it.
We hear much of the "Prepared Man." What is Preparedness? I'll tell you. Preparedness is being able to USE all you know.
Not lack of Knowledge has held you back, but Lack of the USE of Knowledge.
Memory Training is a Practical Science. You can Catalog your Accomplishments and File-Index your Thoughts & How?

**STOP FORGETTING**

Write for my FREE BOOKLET & The Dickson System has been highly recommended by ELBERT HUBBARD, PROFESSOR DAVID SWING, DOCTOR LATSON and many others.

**PROF. HENRY DICKSON, 963 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**





## RAWSON'S Dahlias

PLANT IN MAY

We are the leading growers of dahlias in this country, and offer every known variety worth growing.

The dahlia of today is a new creation, and our methods of cultivation have brought each variety to the highest point of perfection. Send for Rawson's Special Catalog of Dahlias.

**W. W. RAWSON & CO.** FIVE UNION STREET BOSTON, MASS.


A ST. LOUIS preacher said that he wasn't anxious to go to heaven: this world is good enough for him. Did any one ever see a preacher who was really anxious to quit this vale of tears? Pious people, I've heard tell, die much harder than sinners. The best people I have known were most afraid to die, while the folks who might justifiably be called "hellions" went into the dark stoically, even gaily. More I think of it, the more I am inclined to believe that the joys of the hereafter were invented as a sort of consolation prize for the poor fellows whom the inventors have planned to rob of all the good things of the here and now. Why should we require a preacher to live up to his own doctrine of a heaven better than earth, any more than we expect a physician to take his own medicine or a lawyer to be his own counselor in a cause? I glory in the St. Louis preacher's frankness. If there were more of it, we might have a little more heaven-making here, & a little less postponement sine die of the good things that every one is entitled to, for the great majority who get nothing but a chance to watch others getting theirs—and theirs.—William Marion Reedy.

We are brothers to all who have trod the earth: brothers and heirs to dust and shade: mayhap to immortality!

CRITICISM is either an asset or a liability. Never listen to a critic who can not suggest something to take the place of the thing he would tear down.—Seth Brown.

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WHATEVER, therefore, the moral and intellectual progress of men may be, it resolves itself not into a progress of natural capacity, but into a progress, if I may so say, of opportunity; that is, an improvement in the circumstances under which that capacity after birth comes into play. Here, then, lies the gist of the whole matter ❧ The progress is one, not of internal power, but of external advantage. The child born in a civilized land is not likely, as such, to be superior to one born among barbarians; and the difference which ensues between the acts of the two children will be caused, so far as we know, solely by the pressure of external circumstances; by which I mean the surrounding opinions, knowledge, associations—in a word, the entire mental atmosphere in which the two children are respectively nurtured.

—Henry Thomas Buckle.

❧

Our greatest deeds we do unknowingly.

❧

ART, like flame, has a power of sublimation. Throw into art, as into fire, poison, ordure, rust, oxide, arsenic, verdigris; pass the incandescent matter through the prism of poetry, and you will have a splendid spectrum, and the ugly will become the grand, and evil will become beautiful. ¶ Amazing fact and enrapturing affirmation: evil will enter the beautiful and become transfigured. For the beautiful is nothing else than the holy light of goodness.—Victor Hugo.

❧

It is a fine thing to have ability, but the ability to discover ability in others is the true test.


# MAKING THE MAN WHO CAN



ELIZABETH TOWNE

***DO YOU OR DO YOU NOT WANT TO SUCCEED?***

Be a Boss-er instead of a Boss-ee; rope and hog-tie real success; do—not the other fellow, but the very best of which you are capable: it's the desire of the elect. Our brand-new book, ***Making The Man Who Can,*** throws powerful "vibes" of the right sort into your mind. ¶ Those who know, affirm that this book by Wallace D. Wattles touches the right spot, and that it is a sure fattener of the bank-account and the pay-envelope.

MILO C. JONES, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, says: *"I am pleased to acknowledge receipt of your little book, MAKING THE MAN WHO CAN. I have read it with much interest, because it expresses my ideas almost exactly. Send twenty copies of it, for which I enclose payment. Please enter my subscription to THE NAUTILUS magazine. I am pleased to be on your list."*

**CONTENTS:—The Business Attitude—Becoming What You Want to Be—Promoting Yourself—The Advancing Thought—The Law of Opulence—To Transmute Competition—Man and Money—Talk That Builds.**

**NAUTILUS** is a magazine of progress—the leading advanced-thought magazine. Edited by ELIZABETH TOWNE. Regular contributors: Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Edwin Markham, Florence Morse Kingsley, Grace MacGowan Cooke, W. R. C. Latson, M. D., et al. May will be THE JUDGE LINDSEY NUMBER. About him, and from him. And besides, the coming numbers will be brimful of helpful, developing things. Some splendid fiction for the warmer months, too, by Mrs. Kingsley, Josiah Allen's Wife and Grace MacGowan Cooke.

SPECIAL TO THE FAITHFUL—If cautious, send say Fifty Cents for six months' trial subscription to NAUTILUS and a FREE copy of ***Making The Man Who Can.*** Wise ones will send $1.00 for a year's subscription to NAUTILUS, with six Elizabeth Towne Mottoes and a FREE copy of ***Making The Man Who Can***—ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR

**ELIZABETH TOWNE, Dept. 50, Holyoke, Massachusetts**

# Bathe Internally

**Medical Science proves that 90 per cent of Illness is due to Accumulated Waste.**

Living the lives we now do, it is impossible to get rid of all waste in the system, no matter how regular we are. ¶This waste adheres to the lower intestine, and is extremely poisonous, as we all know. ¶The blood, constantly circulating, absorbs these poisons, distributing them throughout the system, weakening our resistance against infection and bringing on directly countless other ills which gradually become chronic—Indigestion, Headaches, Biliousness, Palpitation, Rheumatism, Dizziness, etc. ¶It is frequently the direct cause of Appendicitis. ¶These are the reasons why, when a physician is called, no matter what your ailment, the first thing he does is to clean out the intestines with strong drugs. You know this is so, don't you?

**THE INTERNAL BATH**

**BY MEANS OF THE**

**J. B. L. CASCADE**

is a perfectly natural way of eliminating this poisonous waste from the system. It uses Nature's great cleanser—Warm Water—and does not force Nature, but assists her. ¶Fully half a million people are using it today and are singing its praises, not only because it has relieved them of countless ills, but because it is keeping them in such perfect health and fine spirits.

**Thought He Would Be an Invalid**

Creede, Amethyst P. O., Colo., Jan. 18, 1910
Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute,
GENTLEMEN:—

It is nearly two years ago when it was hard work for me to go to my office. I was feeling more than sick; in fact, there were times when my arm and practically my left side were paralyzed and for some time I thought I should be an invalid for the balance of my days. I had doctors and specialists and went to a number of hot springs and am sorry to say, without getting any benefit.

One day last March, a Mr. H. B. Randt came into my office and told me about your J. B. L. Cascade, and upon his advice I sent for it. Its use has been attended with the very best results and I would not do without it for any price. I honestly believe it will cure anything that can be cured. You may let my fellow sufferers know what your J. B. L. Cascade has done for me, as I now feel like another man and am attending to my business right along.

Any one can write to me, enclosing stamp, and I will cheerfully let them know what a benefactor your J. B. L. Cascade is to suffering humanity. Very truly yours,

ANTON F. WHITE,
Wholesale Flour and Grain Dealer

Just write me a line and I shall be glad to consult with you without any obligation whatsoever. Internal Bathing is being recognized universally now as Health-Insurance and you may be assured that you will learn things regarding yourself you never knew before. ¶You will also receive, without cost, "The What, The Why, The Way," which gives many interesting and vital facts on the subject. Just write today, now, while you think of it and at least investigate. It is a matter of great interest as well as vital importance.

**Address, Charles A. Tyrrell, M. D., Dept. 140E, 134 W. 65th St., New York**


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# LEARN WHAT FOODS to EAT to BUILD the BODY and BRAIN


BERNARR MACFADDEN.

DO you realize that a knowledge of how and what to eat will enable you to wonderfully improve your mental and physical efficiency? And do you realize that with such a knowledge you can stop the drain on your purse caused by the high prices of meats and other foodstuffs?

PHYSICAL CULTURE, the leading magazine in the field of health literature, is just now conducting a great campaign of education on the food problem. Its editor, Bernarr Macfadden, has devoted many years to the study of the diet question, from the viewpoints of economy and health, and much that is interesting and instructive upon this subject appears in every issue of the magazine. Recipes for tasty and nutritious vegetable foods are also a regular monthly feature.

## Upton Sinclair's Discussions of Commonsense in Diet


UPTON SINCLAIR.

which appear in each number of PHYSICAL CULTURE, make plain the fact that there are reasons for reforming the meat traffic which are of even more importance than the financial imposition against which the public has rebelled.

But the diet question is only one of the many aspects of health-building treated in the pages of PHYSICAL CULTURE. Each issue contains more than one hundred pages of readable and instructive discussions of many topics akin to health and hygiene. A handsome chart of exercises accompanies every number. PHYSICAL CULTURE is never dry nor uninteresting—nor "faddy." If you have never seen it, get a copy today—it is sure to please you.

## Take Advantage of This Liberal Offer RIGHT NOW



The Physical Culture Cook-Book contains a complete description of the relative values of various kinds of foods. It also provides a complete series of menus and numerous recipes, with detailed directions for preparing palatable and nutritious dishes of every description.

This splendid work has been compiled under the direction of Bernarr Macfadden, and its readers gain the benefit of his thorough knowledge of the health-building values of foods, and of how to prepare them. The book consists of nearly 150 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and is regularly sold at $1.00.




We want you to get acquainted with PHYSICAL CULTURE and its work, and we make the following special offer for a limited time.

Send us one dollar, and we will send you PHYSICAL CULTURE for the next six months, and we will forward to you AT ONCE a copy of the Physical Culture Cook-Book. The regular price for a six months' subscription to PHYSICAL CULTURE is 75c., and the Cook-Book has never been sold at less than $1.00, so this offer will enable you to effect a saving of 75c. **Don't miss this chance.**

FILL OUT COUPON AND MAIL TODAY

Send us your order now, and you will receive PHYSICAL CULTURE'S May number, in which many timely and very interesting articles are presented. Just pin a dollar bill to the coupon on this page, and mail it to us today, plainly filled out. The Cook-Book will be sent to you by return mail, and you will receive PHYSICAL CULTURE for the next six months. You'll be more than pleased with both the book and the magazine.

Physical Culture Publishing Company
**956 Flatiron Building** **New York City**

I enclose one dollar for six months' subscription to PHYSICAL CULTURE magazine, and for one copy Physical Culture Cook-Book bound in cloth.

Name .....

Address .....

**To Physical Culture Publishing Company**
**956 Flatiron Building** **New York City**


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# When You Buy Summer Socks *Know* the Kind You Buy

SOCKS IS SOCKS—when they are. ¶ But the great majority Are Not.
That is, you buy socks with all the faith, hope and trustfulness of your Nature, and you pay a Fair Price, and you know you Pay a Fair Price. But this does not cover the Hole nor stem the tide of your Indignation, when you discover some few weeks hence the undisputable sign of unearned wear and quick demise. ¶ Socks of Unknown or Undesirable Make are generally Unworthy of Your Attention, which same you most frequently discover after you have Paid the Bill. ¶ This kind of thing makes it imperative that you know HOLEPROOF SOCKS.
You take no Chance with HOLEPROOFS. They are GUARANTEED to stand you and to withstand you for SIX MONTHS.
Now here 's an Introduction in Brief:

FAMOUS

## Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN
The Original Guaranteed Hose

FIRST UNDERSTAND, that we have had thirty-two years of hose-making experience. The "Holeproof" process is the result. ¶ Then, we know the best yarns, and buy only the best, regardless of what we must pay.

### WE NOW PAY AN AVERAGE OF SEVENTY CENTS

The grade of the yarn is the very best we can buy—made from the choicest Sea Island and imported Egyptian cottons. ¶ We use a selected three-ply yarn of very fine individual strands. ¶ We could buy coarse two-ply yarn for thirty cents a pound less than ours costs and save many thousands of dollars a year. ¶ But three-ply is stronger, finer and softer. We now spend $33,000 a year simply for inspection—to see that each pair is perfect after completion. Such is our pride in the hose.

### SIX MILLION PAIRS

The demand for "Holeproof" today is so great that we make twenty thousand pairs a day. ¶ That means six million pairs this year—the largest business of its kind in the world.

### SO LOOK FOR "HOLEPROOF" ON THE TOE

If you want the genuine, you must be sure to do that. ¶ There are, of course, imitations. And most of them are wrongly called "holeproof hose." If you merely ask for "Holeproof" you may get hose made by an amateur maker—made with a two-ply yarn. ¶ Look on the toe for the name "Holeproof."

### SOLD IN YOUR TOWN

The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We 'll tell you the dealers' names on request. Or we 'll ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance

WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOK, "HOW TO MAKE YOUR FEET HAPPY"

**Holeproof Sox**—6 pairs, $1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl-gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.
**Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)**—6 pairs, $2.00. Mercerized. Same colors as above.
**Holeproof Lustre-Sox**—6 pairs, $3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl-gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh-color and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12.
**Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox**—6 pairs, $3.00. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.
**Holeproof Silk Sox**—3 pairs, $2.00. Guaranteed for three months—warranted pure silk.
**Holeproof Stockings**—6 pairs, $2.00. Medium weight. Black, tan, black with white feet, pearl-gray, lavender light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.
**Holeproof Lustre-Stockings**—6 pairs, $3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl-gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.
**Boys' Holeproof Stockings**—6 pairs, $2.00. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.
**Misses' Holeproof Stockings**—6 pairs, $2.00. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., Dept. F, Milwaukee, Wis.

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SCHAUM
ENGRAVING & PRINTING CO.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

HIGH CLASS
ENGRAVERS & PRINTERS

STEEL DIE STAMPING
COPPER PLATE PRINTING

WRITE FOR
ESTIMATES & SAMPLES



STREISSGUTH-PETRAN
ENGRAVING CO.



S-P

QUALITY MAKERS

No. 5
WELLS ST.

MILWAUKEE

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# The Reading Standard
# An Auto for One



First let me explain that the R. S. is the Best Motor-Cycle ever straddled by man. There are more sides to R. S. Value than anything I know at the same Price.

Of the LOOK of the R. S. One may only say that it exceeds even the Renowned Reading Standard Bicycles in lines and proportion.

The FRAME is put together for Touring—and no road, no matter how rough or muddy, will even loosen a joint.

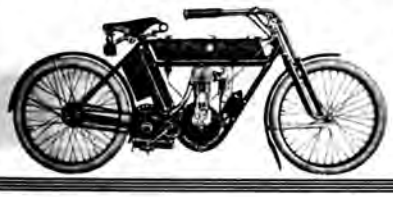
The MOTOR is compact, soft-spoken and powerful. It will take you a mile a minute, or a mile an hour and you 'll be Boss all the Way.

The STEERING-GEAR is Perfectly Balanced, and you guide the machine as easily as you turn over your hand.

An R. S. Motor-Cycle is an Automobile for One, with the speed, power and surety of a Touring-Car but on the Individual Scale.

There is not a Place within the reach of the most Powerful Touring-Car that is too far for the R. S. And you can run along paths and climb, and leave the Beaten Track for By-ways unknown to the Average Motorist.

The man who would take a Dash Off into the Country, when work is done, will find a New Enjoyment in piloting a Motor-Cycle. ¶ Autos are merely get-in and get-out with a Cushion and a Black Cigar all the way. Better fun invites, where the luxury is less and the sport more. Any one who can ride a Bicycle, can ride an R. S. Motor-Cycle ✱ The Machinery is simple, sensible and sure.



A Catalog sent to You, Free, upon request. Agents wanted where we have no representative.

READING STANDARD COMPANY

Makers Renowned Reading Standard Bicycles

429 Water Street Reading, Pennsylvania

# Sealy

## *The Tuftless Mattress*



MATTRESSES are tufted to hold the filling in place. If the ordinary mattress were not tufted it would soon become merely a bag of knotty hair, cotton linters, shoddy or whatever the filling happened to be composed of. So in the old way of making mattresses tufts are necessary—even though they do make a rough, uneven surface that must naturally interfere more or less with the circulation, and cause the restless sleeper to hunt for the "soft places." The tufts also afford convenient lodging-places for dust, disease-germs and vermin. Tufting gives the manufacturer an opportunity to stuff in almost any kind of cheap filling that will reduce the cost, and tie it in with tufts—knowing that the user probably will never see it.

The SEALY was the first mattress ever made without tufts, and is the only satisfactory tuftless mattress on the market.

¶ The high-grade, long-staple cotton of which it must be made is blown into a single bat of the required size and weight for a mattress, which when compressed and incased in a stout tick does not require tufting, and is as comfortable as the air-cushions used in modern hospitals for the desperately wounded.

There is nothing more sanitary than *cotton;* there is no mattress so comfortable as the SEALY MATTRESS; it is guaranteed to you for Twenty Years, and you can try it for Sixty nights free.

The tuftless mattress is probably new to you—so we ask you to send for our book,

*"The Real Difference in Mattresses"*

This book gives new information on an old subject. It is a book of revelations to those who have not known the true inwardness of mattresses. It is a protection to the mattress buyer and user. This book will insure your getting full value in buying a mattress—which you can not be sure of without it. Sent free. Write for it today.

SEALY MATTRESS COMPANY, Dallas, Texas


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# You Get Out of Clothes Exactly What is Put Into Them

—And you get the *most* out of that suit or overcoat which has the most put into it.

In style, Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes represent, not the mind of one man, but the combined ideas of the most stylishly dressed men in the world, the men of the promenades—of the hotel-corridors or ball-rooms—of Paris, of New York, of the great fashionable resorts.

The best features—the bits of character which *make* style—are gathered and tailored into Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes. Into these style touches go workmanship by the highest-paid tailors in America —and tested all-wool fabrics from the best looms.

These are the things Stein-Bloch put *into* their Smart Clothes; the satisfaction of being *correctly* dressed, the knowledge that even the patrons of the most exclusive custom tailor in your town are *no better* dressed—is what you get *out* of Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes.

The new models for Spring and Summer are ready at your Stein-Bloch clothier's. Go and try them on.

Write for "Smartness," and profit by the style photographs it contains—and when you try on insist upon seeing this label, which means 55 Years of Knowing How.




## THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

*Tailors for Men*

**OFFICES AND SHOPS:** Rochester, N. Y.
**NEW YORK:** Fifth Avenue Building
**CHICAGO:** 1422 Republic Building


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# AFTER 10 P. M.

## About the Bookkeeper Who Works Late to "Balance Up"

*An Advertisement by Fra Elbertus*

RIGHT here let me blot out the Impression that the man who works till ten-thirty at night is the Valuable Man. Not so. The fellow who earns all the medals is the One that accomplishes just as much and goes home whistling at five-thirty.

Good Business requires Good Health, and no man can work a fourteen-hour day and then repeat the operation and stay in the game.

On the tabulated list of Qualities necessary for Success in Business, Health leads all the rest. And Health means hours of freedom; plenty of play; brisk walking in the Open Air; Saturday Afternoon at the Ball-Game; and Evenings of Music and Good Books.

You must drive your work or your work will drive you. When your "duties" hold you 'till ten o'clock you invite an investigation.

No one will doubt your sincerity if you slave on into the night, trying vainly to "Balance Up"; but they may doubt your *commonsense*.

The Burroughs Adding-Machine will relieve you of the tiny, tedious troubles, that take your time, and waste your energies.

The Burroughs Adding-Machine can not make mistakes. It delivers the total—true every time.

Why not insist upon One—and go Home for Supper?

**SIXTY-FIVE STYLES**—One to Handle Any Kind of Work: and Made to Fit Any Socket.

There are sixty-five different styles of Burroughs Adding-Machines made to cover every requirement. Sign the coupon and receive the literature that will make helpful suggestions for your business.
(These are NOT Burroughs Catalogs, but BUSINESS AIDS for every business man.)



Check the Books That Appeal to You and Sign Coupon

"Burroughs Methods in the Retail Store."
"Burroughs Systems for the Wholesaler and Jobber."
"How Days and Dollars Can be Saved."
"A Better Day's Work." (The best business-help book ever published.) 192 Pages.

*Your Name*_____

*Position*_____

*Firm Name*_____

*Address*_____

FRA 6

**Burroughs Adding Machine Co., Dept. F, Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan**

**Foreign Office: 65 High Holborn, W. C., London, Eng.**


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# Dr. Jekyll *and* Mr. Hyde At the Telephone

Courteous and considerate co-operation is as essential at the telephone as in the office or home.

In every use of the telephone system, three human factors are brought into action—one at each end, one or both anxious and probably impatient, another at the central office, an expert, at least as intelligent and reliable as the best stenographers or bookkeepers.

For the time being, this central office factor is the personal servant of the other two and is entitled to the same consideration that is naturally given to their regular employees.

Perfect service depends upon the perfect co-ordinate action of all three factors—any one failing, the service suffers. This should never be forgotten.

All attempts to entirely eliminate the personal factor at the central office, to make it a machine, have been unsuccessful. There are times when no mechanism, however ingenious, can take the place of human intelligence.

***The marvelous growth of the Bell System has made the use of the telephone universal and the misuse a matter of public concern. Discourtesy on the part of telephone users is only possible when they fail to realize the efficiency of the service. It will cease when they talk over the telephone as they would talk face to face.***

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY**
**AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

***One Policy, One System, Universal Service.***

A VOICE has come from Seattle to cry in our wilderness, that we may be saved. To the tune of how much per cry is not given out by his press-agent. The Reverend Mark A. Matthews, whose regular job is drawing capacity houses to the First Presbyterian Church of the Sound town, is playing a limited engagement in Portland, and from all accounts is doing a good business.

His line of work is not exactly new to us, for Portland has had a two-night stand of "Billy" Sunday, and performers of the Matthews and Sunday type are almost as numerous during the evangelizing season as the familiar long and short Dutchmen and their slapstick. Still, they say his act is "going big," and it is far from the "Sketch's" purpose to disparage a really good show. The Reverend Doctor, however, indulges in considerable loose talk about this town, its officials, and all of us in general, which is calculated to make us very tired, to put it mildly. If it were not that the public is accustomed to the virulent outbreaks of professional traducers of decent men and women who mouth their dirty slanders from loaned pulpits, we would feel much worse about the matter. However, it is hardly worth while to become greatly exercised over unsubstantiated statements made by charlatans of the Matthews stripe. Their lies may serve to amuse the curious crowds which go to see and hear them; the salacious stories they tell concerning our women may serve to tickle the fancy of seekers after unsavory sensations, and they also serve to make a fat purse for the religion-profaning "evangelist." A certain element of amusement-seekers are



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willing to pay their dimes for his show, and it makes little difference, we presume, whether they spend them with him, or at the dance-halls or the moving-picture shows. That this certain class does like "evangelizing," is proven by the monetary success of those who engage in it, for you will observe that the "crying voices" who masquerade as agents of the Man of Sorrows, who had no place to lay his head, invariably live at the best hotels, patronize the taxicab companies, and sartorially leave nothing to be desired. The business seems to offer unexcelled opportunities for the man of good address, with some education, although this is not essential, a gift of noisy oratory and brass. "Billy" Sunday has made enough saving souls to buy up the cream of Hood River apple-lands; in fact, he makes as much as the victorious prizefighter or notorious divorcee, when they take to the stage. We are not informed as to Doctor Matthews' real-estate holdings, but at least we know that he spends something at the expensive Rainier Club in Seattle and lives in a style which is the delight of Seattle's nouveau riche. All of which goes to show that the Matthews' meetings in Portland will work a great good —for Doctor Matthews' exchequer.

—"The Sketch," Portland, Oregon.

CONVICTION brings a silent, indefinable beauty into faces made of the commonest human clay; the devout worshiper at any shrine reflects something of its golden glow, even as the glory of a noble love shines like a sort of light from a woman's face.

—Balzac.

There is only one Roycroft Convention, and it is held each year in East Aurora, July First to Tenth.


Hear the Victor



Victor II, $32.50
Other styles $10 to $250.

We want you to know this wonderful musical instrument as we know it; to hear it and realize as we do the height of perfection it has reached in recent years; to enjoy with us and the thousands upon thousands of Victor owners, the world's best music, played as you have never heard it before.

You owe it to yourself to hear the Victor. Go today to the nearest Victor dealer's, and he will gladly play—without obligation—any Victor music you want to hear.

**And be sure to hear the Victrola**

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors
To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records
**New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month**





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# Live, Laugh, Love and Linger Over

LOWNEY'S

"When I think 'Lowney' my mouth waters," said a sweet slip of a girl on the way to Vaudeville, the other day, to her own true love.

And then she added this, "Vaudeville would n't be Vaudeville to me without a box of Lowney's," and she held the box close to her corsage, as her happiness, complete, mingled with the gratitude of the silence.

Words have a lure, an aura, a suggestiveness—they haunt the heart like the ghosts of things that were.

The word "Lowney" listens.

It has passed into the current coin of language and is now legal tender wherever lovers' lips speak love's language and hand grasps hand in friendship.

*A Box of Lowney's!* What sweet, subtle suggestiveness in the thought! A Box of Lowney's tells a tale in three words. A Box of Lowney's is memory, metaphor, assertion, avowal—a question and a promise.

Flowers are always lovers' "props." They appeal to the sense of sight and smell. A box of Lowney's does more—it appeals to the sense of sight, smell and taste. Lowney's Chocolate Bonbons are an exquisite, dainty food—palatable and nourishing.

"Art is not a thing," said William Morris. "Art is a way—the beautiful way."

Lowney's is the beautiful way. Package, contents—color, arrangement, taste—all appeal to the refined imagination, the generous mind, the receptive heart, the kindly mood.

Costly presents are in questionable taste. Lowney's stand for taste. Delicate as the first flush of spring or zephyrs blowing across meadows dotted with violets.

"When I think 'Lowney' my mouth waters!"

Certainement, Terese, you are the echo of my soul. Lowney's!

For sale before the show and after at all good confectioners, druggists and elsewhere.

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., BOSTON, MASS.


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# Navajo Indian Rugs Have Character—or Not, Depending on the Weavers. Tribal "Bums" Make Bum Rugs

IT is the indolent, the shiftless, the lazy Indians, the Tribal "Bums" who haunt the Railroad-Stations along the Santa Fe. The thrifty, proud and self-respecting Navajo is only met out on the Reservation, away from the beaten lines of travel and White contact.

And it is these last who carry on the worth-while work of the tribe, who weave their pride and character into their rugs.

Crystal is Sixty miles off the railroad, in the heart of the Navajo Reservation. Here in the midst of the most prosperous, thrifty, proud and exclusive settlement of the entire Tribe—drawing in all the best from a wide radius about us—we get a Class of Work Superior to that of all others. And from here we ship the Indian Rugs direct to you.

We do things differently here: We furnish our weavers with perfectly cleaned wool to weave up; and we see to it that it is perfectly dyed, in the best possible colors, which we know from strictest tests may be guaranteed, and are.

No patent on the process; others might or could do the same thing (?)—maybe. But none has.

RESULT: A quality that no other has or can offer; just the thing for a summer cottage—equally appropriate for office, den, or room—not out of place in the finest parlor—usable wherever there is use for a rug; and one of the very few things that you can use and wear added value into.

PRICES: Just enough to pay for the quality—to keep our weavers at work, and striving ever for something better yet, and more desirable.

Write and give us an idea of about the sizes wanted, color schemes, etc., and let us describe and price a few samples. You are not committed to a purchase until suited, and it is up to us to see that you are.

## Indian Rugs Shipped from the Navajo Nation Direct to You—On Approval

**J. B. MOORE (U. S. Licensed Indian Trader)**
**CRYSTAL, NEW MEXICO (Navajo Indian Reservation)**


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# Guide to Autology



## BY EDMOND R. MORAS, M.D.

Dear Sir: I have read your Autology with care. It has been of unusual interest throughout. Your words on the power of environment agree with my experience exactly.

The whole work, from beginning to end, makes a splendid environment for producing active thought.

Yours sincerely, LUTHER BURBANK,
Santa Rosa, Cal.

To any man or woman who would know more about his or her body—who would take more intelligent care of that body—Dr. Moras' book can not fail to be of greatest value.—DR. LATSON, Editor of "Health-Culture," New York.

Dr. Moras has written a Commonsense Book on Autology, and by so doing, placed the Standard of the Creed of Health farther to the front than any man who has lived for a thousand years.

ELBERT HUBBARD

I say this is a book. There are men and men; but there is much difference. When it comes to measuring men by an ideal standard there are but few; the same is true of books. Autology, by E. R. Moras, M. D., is a book.—DR. J. H. TILDEN, Editor of "A Stuffed Club." Denver, Colo.

## Well or Sick, You Need AUTOLOGY

**Autology** is no theory, no fad, no creed. It deals with the **practical business** of your **body and brain** as you have learned to deal with the practical business of your home affairs, plants and flowers, your land and grain, your dollars and cents.

With it there need be no such thing as pain or sickness in your life. Do you realize what **that** means? That you may see and know for yourself, write for my **free, absolutely free,**

## "GUIDE TO AUTOLOGY" FREE

Valuable books containing priceless information that everybody needs.




We consider Autology one of the most wonderful books ever written.—PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE.

### EVERY CHAPTER IS A GEM

The editor of **Health Magazine**, published in New York, whose opinion is eagerly sought by thinking people all over the world, has this to say on the Chapter on Digestion: "It is a veritable gem, and will prove a blessing to untold thousands." There are over thirty such gems as fine as you ever want to read, and they cost you nothing, absolutely nothing, now or later—just the time to read them at your leisure. So valuable are they that you 'll refuse to lend the "Guide" even to your nearest relative for fear of not getting another.

**Every subject** is treated not only in a unique way, in plain, every-day language, as interesting as any novel, but it is as vital to your well-living as breathing and eating. Send for it and judge for yourself. It is free, absolutely free, and sent postpaid.

Address your request for a **FREE** copy of **"Guide to Autology,"** containing a wealth of information whose **health and brain value** can't be reckoned in dollars and cents, to

E. R. MORAS, M.D., DEPARTMENT 772, HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

Harvard University Medical School, '88; College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago) '89; Formerly House Physician and Surgeon in Cook County Hospital (Chicago); Professor of Obstetrics, College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago); Member of Chicago Medical Society, etc.


example I know of the power of club opinion to quell independence of mind. —Prof. William James.

I DECLINE altogether to explain why I am not a vivisectionist. It is for vivisectionists to explain their conduct, not to challenge mine. I am on the jury, not in the dock. We have not yet reached a pass at which normal sanity, kindliness, and regard for the honor of science can be waylaid and called to account by sadism, ethical imbecility, and invincible ignorance.—George Bernard Shaw.

NO one will go so far as to declare that the slow suffocation of cats and dogs, the cutting of their throats, the piercing of the ventricles of their hearts, are not acts of cruelty. The necessity of these experiments I dispute. Man has no right to gratify an idle and purposeless curiosity thru the practise of cruelty.—Charles Dickens.

THE rights of the helpless, even though they be brutes, must be protected by those who have superior power. The individual vivisector must be held responsible to some authority which he fears. The medical and scientific men who, time and time again, have raised their voices in opposition to all legal projects of regulation, know as well as any one else does the unspeakable possibilities of callousness, wantonness, and meanness of human nature; and their unanimity is the best

MEN of forty who love, love for life. If the love is uprooted, life goes too. You probably say that men of forty seldom love, which is true, but my remark applies to the men who do.—George Meredith.

You must only think well of yourself and of every one else, and you are then eligible to attend The Roycroft Annual Convention—July First to Tenth, East Aurora.

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# Investigate the Ingersoll-Trenton From Every Angle



Under the closest scrutiny the Ingersoll-Trenton bears up as the best Seven-Jewel Watch ever made. This is an Open-Face, Open-Back, Wide-Open Statement.

The Invitation is, "Come and Convince Yourself."

If you pay your money for a Watch you should know all about it.

Blind Faith is only ignorance in disguise. Never accept things because they Look Good on the Outside. Dig in.

You can't investigate the Ingersoll-Trenton Watch too much for the Ingersolls. There are no Weak Parts to gloss over or cover up with ambiguous guff.

Every wheel, every pin, every screw, every spring, every jigger has an interesting Fact connected with it—and a Reason Why.

See the Ingersoll-Trenton Dealer in your town and ASK QUESTIONS about the

**Ingersoll-Trenton**
**JEWELED WATCHES**

**$5** in solid nickel case **$7** in 10-year gold-filled case **$9** in 20-year gold-filled case

Before you buy any watch you should read the interesting and helpful booklet, "How to Judge a Watch," which is printed in three colors and illustrated with 27 pictures. It will impress you, teach you and save you money.

We would like to mail you a copy. What is your address?

**ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 99 Frankel Bldg., N. Y.**


IN the midst of the controversy over the deficit in the United States Post-Office and the efforts to place the blame on second-class mail matter, the report of the Postmaster-General of Canada presents some rather illuminating facts, and gives ground for some interesting comparisons.

For the fiscal year ending March 31, 1909, the mail-carrying mileage of the Dominion increased 1,312,073 miles. The first-class matter grew in volume over four per cent. The expenditure, owing to expansion of service, increased $586,456.66 as compared with the previous year. In August, 1908, the drop-letter rate for cities having a carrier service was reduced from two cents per ounce to one cent. The second-class rate of one-half cent per pound for regular weekly and monthly publications which required to be transmitted more than three hundred miles was abolished, together with the zone restriction, and they are now dispatched to any part of Canada for one-quarter of a cent a pound, or one-fourth of the United States rate, while the free area for publications has been extended from a radius of twenty miles to forty. It is surely as far from Montreal, Canada, to Vancouver or the Klondike as it is from New York to San Francisco or Seattle. The most interesting item in the report, however, is this: The Canadian Post-Office surplus for the year was $809,237.53.—Walden's.

I AM not so lost in lexicography as to forget that words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven.
—Samuel Johnson.

**You must only think well of yourself and of every one else, and then you are eligible to attend The Roycroft Annual Convention—July First to Tenth, East Aurora**

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*—makes pies delicious*

# How to Get Leaf Lard

Some women are still having trouble in getting real leaf lard, so we, again, want to point out the way.

It is this: Simply see that the label says plainly, "Leaf Lard," just as it's said on the label above.

If the next lard you buy bears the "Simon Pure" label you have the very best of leaf lards—a lard made in open kettles from leaf fat, just as our mothers used to make leaf lard.

But our lard is even better than hers because of our matchless facilities, our materials, and our years of experience.

Use it in place of butter. It doesn't cook so dry.

See how flaky, "light" and digestible it makes pies, biscuits, doughnuts, etc.

Famous chefs use Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard simply because they know nothing else like it.

No woman who tries it will ever be without it.

It costs but a trifle more than the ordinary, but you need use only two-thirds as much.

**Try it next time. Don't say merely, "lard" or "leaf lard" to the grocer, say—**

**Armour's**

**"Simon Pure"**

**LEAF LARD**


OUR agricultural population will compare favorably with any in the world; but it must be taught to honor its occupation and to make that occupation worthy of honor.
—James J. Hill.

PURGE out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us grace and strength to forbear and persevere. Offenders, give us the grace to accept and to forgive offenders. Forgetful ourselves, help us to bear cheerfully the forgetfulness of others. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare us to our friends, soften us to our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

TO Elbert Hubbard: As long ago the Prophet spoke, whose weary back had felt the yoke of centuries' oppression: "Now let me die in peace, for I have seen the Lord!" So from the ranks of this too weird procession, called by the wise ones, "Vaudeville profession," I cry, "Hail to the Word, as given by the Fra," the latest Star! "Now let me die in peace, for I have heard mine own, Elbertus, take the Throne!"
—Earle Remington Hines.

TRUE bravery is shown by performing without witness what one might be capable of doing before all the world.
—La Rochefoucauld.

The Annual Roycroft Convention will take place at East Aurora, July First to Tenth. Make your reservations at The Roycroft Inn—Now.

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SOLOMON, typically satrapic, living in what then was splendor; surrounded by peacocks and peris; married to the daughter of a Pharaoh, married to many another as well; the husband of seven hundred queens, the pasha of three hundred favorites; doing, as perhaps a poet may, only what pleased him, capricious as potentates are, voluptuous as sovereigns were; on his blazing throne and particularly in his aromatic harem, presented a spectacle strange in Israel, wholly Babylonian, thoroughly sultanesque. To local austerity his splendor was an affront, his seraglio a sin, the memory of both became odious, and in the Song of Songs, which, canonically, was attributed to him, but which the higher criticism has shown to be an anonymous work, that contempt was expressed.

Something else was expressed. The Song of Songs is the gospel of love. Humanity at the time was sullen when not base. Nowhere was there love. The anterior stories of Jacob and Rachel, of Rebekah and Isaac, of Boaz and Ruth, are little novels, subsequently evolved, concerning people that had lived long before and probably never lived at all. To scholars they are wholly fabulous. Even otherwise, these legends do not, when analyzed, disclose love. Ruth herself with her magnificent phrase—"Where thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God"—does not display it. Historically its advent is in the Song of Songs.—Edgar Saltus.


## Three Dollars Buys Immunity From Dull Razor-Blades

The Safety-Razor stands with the telegraph, the telephone and the trolley-car as a time-saver.

Thousands and thousands of Business Men use the Safety-Razor each morning and save from five minutes to half an hour.

And as a Business Booster, it knows no Competitor.

To shave, and afterward to go to work *smiling*—has meant better business and more business.

The Safety-Razor practitioner has had the *start* on the Other Fellow.

Yet there are two well-founded criticisms offered against the Safety-Razor:

First: You sometimes exhaust your supply of blades and are obliged to "scrape" with a dull one.

Second: When you throw the old blades away, there comes into existence what might be termed "cost of upkeep."

Safety-Razor blades cost a Dollar a Dozen—and a *dull* razor is worse than a bad razor.

Here is the Remedy and the Satisfaction.



**RUNDEL Automatic STROPPER**

GENUINE HORSEHIDE DOLLAR STROP WITH EVERY RUNDEL STROPPER. **(Guaranteed for Five Years)**

To sharpen your blade with the RUNDEL is as easy as turning a faucet. There is no technique to the motion—you simply set the blade, and move the stropper back and forth. Automatically it sharpens the blade—with alternating stroke, first one side, then the other. Can't cut the strop or get out of order. ¶Keeps one set of Blades alive and sharp for years.

### Sold Everywhere on TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL

Sharpen your blades for 10 days with the Rundel. If it doesn't make your dull blades just as good as, yes, even better than new, return the stropper and get your money. All dealers are authorized to make this offer at our risk.

Accept no substitutes—don't take chances. If your dealer can't supply the Rundel, send us $3.00 and his name. Stropper will be sent prepaid with our regular return privilege.

"Hints For Shavers"—a book on the art of correct shaving—sent free to Readers of THE FRA, if you send us the name of a dealer that sells razors.

RUNDEL MFG. CO., 200 Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.


Round numbers are always false.

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# The Roycroft Fraternity

Questions from the June FRA. Use these questions for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. Members who are working for Certificates or Diplomas should answer the questions on separate sheets and send papers to us for examination and marking—no charge.

## Lesson Number One

1 Who was Samson? What unparalleled stunts did he perform? Who cut his hair?

2 What was the distinguishing feature of Greek Drama?

3 Who is Anthony Comstock? What are his views of Life?

4 What do you think of the Vaudeville Profession?

5 How does a fashionable church service compare with a high-class Vaudeville show?

6 Which would you rather have as the reward of good work: rest or the capacity for greater achievement?

7 What does the allusion, "Scylla and Charybdis," mean?

8 Would you call Vaudeville an educational achievement?

9 Explain the following references: (a) Peg Woffington; (b) Sir Harry Vane; (c) Greenroom; (d) Hepburn Bill.

10 Who is Admiral Evans?

11 What is meant by the Rest-Cure? Would you consider Sing-Sing a desirable place to get such a cure?

12 Where and how did the expression, "Show me!" originate?

---

## Lesson Number Two

1 Distinguish between slang, cant, colloquialism, billingsgate, profanity.

2 Did Shakespeare use slang?

3 Who was Erasmus? What is his claim on posterity?

4 Who is George Ade? What State does he come from?

5 Do you believe in competition in war measures? What will be the ultimate end of such competition?

6 Who starts wars, anyhow?

7 Name the advantages and disadvantages of an armed peace.

8 Do we need a Juvenile Court? Why?

9 What is a probation officer?

10 Do you approve of women ministers?

11 Who is Dr. Anna Shaw?

12 Is our present marriage ceremony fair?

## Lesson Number Three

1 State the leading features of the Employers' Liability Act.

2 What do employees need to be shielded from most?

3 Distinguish between an Irish bull, a Hereford bull, a Papal bull and a bully boy.

4 What is President Taft's solution of the postal-deficit problem? Is the solution correct?

5 What would happen if the government were put on a business basis?

6 Is law greater than public opinion?

7 Is business a science or a profession?

8 What relation do the Learned Professions bear to business?

9 Give the history of the One-Price System.

10 Who was Sir Isaac Newton?

11 Distinguish between discovery and invention.

12 Would you call Gorky a Corker?

---

## Lesson Number Four

1 What is the chief characteristic of the last half-century?

2 How do such men as Edison, James Oliver, James J. Hill, Carnegie, compare with Pericles, Augustus, Michelangelo, Archimedes?

3 What is the Great American Awakening?

4 What is the Science of Penology? Is its object corrective or protective?

5 What is meant by the Age of Justinian?

6 Do you admire Whistler's work? What of the man himself?

7 Who was Clio?

8 Would you class Torrey, Billy Sunday and Gipsy Smith as undesirables?

9 What in your opinion is the future of the church in America?

10 Do the Proverbs of Solomon hold good today? How about Paul's strictures?

11 Should education be free?

12 Would you rather work for your education, or go through college on a scholarship?

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# When the Dust Rolls Back Your Eyes Suffer

This Summer you 'll take to the Open Road. In your Car or behind your "Steppers" you 'll be off to the Country-Side. And wherever you go there will be Dust—lots of it.

Goggles are good, but more than half the fun of touring is What You See.

You may not blind the eyes if you are to enjoy the ride. To shut off the View is to take away your Own Pleasure.

Yet each Car you pass whirls its defiance of Dust in your face as you swing by. Coming and going you get the "Grit."

At the end of the run you are in pretty shape. Dust has sifted in everywhere.

Now, this is the warning we would make clear to you—your body, your hands, your clothing, can resist this germful dust, *but your Eyes can not.*

Some small Dust particle picked up on the Road this Summer, some Impurity, may cause you serious Eye Trouble when you go back to your Books or your Business this Winter—or before.

Take care of your Eyes by doing the Commonsense Thing. After a Dusty Trip Bathe Well with Murine Eye Tonic. Do not merely pass a little water over *outside* the Eye—it is not enough.




Murine Cleanses, Soothes, Strengthens—and Sanitizes.

Send for Literature and Sample Package. Free to FRA Followers.




Murine Eye Remedy Company Chicago, Illinois

**Standard Size at Your Druggist's, Fifty Cents.**
**Murine Eye-Salve in Aseptic Tubes, Twenty-five Cents.**
**B.B. Tourist—Autoist: Leather Case Contains a Dollar-Size Bottle, with Patent Stopple and Dropper.**
**B.B.B. Toilet Size Contains Ornamental Toilet-Bottle and Patent Stopple; Very de Luxe.**


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# "Soil, Sunshine, and the Smile of the South-Wind"

JOAQUIN MILLER lives on "The Hights," in half a dozen little white houses. He has one house for a sleeping-room, one for a kitchen, one for a library and three for visitors. When you call on the Poet he gives you a house to live in, all your own. It 's only about as big as a dry-goods case, but it is your house.

Always when I go to California I climb The Hights. The last time, Clarence Darrow was with me. We stood on the topmost rock, and saw the sun sink, a big red ball, into the sea beyond the Golden Gate.

To the South stretched miles upon miles of fruit-farms. At Hayward, five miles away, we could see the roofs of Hunt Bros. Company.

"There they are, Royal Roycrofters-at-Large," said Joaquin —"right in the midst of this vast orchard of cherries, pears, apricots, peaches. These orchards are the product of rain, dew, melted snow, sunshine, soil, and the smile of the South-wind!"

¶The next day we rambled cross-lots down the mountain-slopes —Joaquin, Clarence and I. We reached the "Kitchens" of Hunt Bros. Company, and saw the delicious fruits selected, inspected, peeled and packed. Not such a vast quantity—but the finest, most luscious and palatable, perhaps, that is prepared for the use of man.

The cleanliness, care, patience, intelligence which these Hunt Brothers bring to bear in their work made us stand uncovered.

¶Some housewives do not give as much attention to their food-supplies as to dress. In eatables they telephone and take what the grocer sends. But in dress-goods they select with great care, and often with the help of an expert.

In one case some one's eye may be offended, but in the other the whole family may be poisoned.

Which is of the greater importance?

Fortunately most of us possess resisting power, so we get away with our "peck of dirt" without difficulty, but sensitive people no doubt often suffer from impure and adulterated foods.

The moral seems to be: Buy your supplies from men of intelligence, who know what they are selling and who have a pride in their business.

HUNT BROTHERS COMPANY, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Canners of the Highest Grade California Fruits. Member of the American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food-Products. Canneries: Hayward, Alameda Co., Cal.; Los Gatos, Santa Clara Co., Cal. We will mail you, postpaid, a prettily illustrated Booklet, *"Hunt's California Canned Fruits,"* if you will send us name of your grocer and mention THE FRA

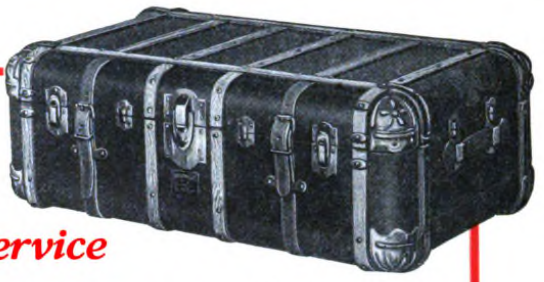

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# A Trunk

## Of Guaranteed Service



GOING to take a Trip this Summer? Probably! ¶Maybe you will visit one or more of America's famous watering-places—or perhaps you have made Plans to sail away to Foreign Lands—to Europe—to Japan—or some other distant Port. ¶More than likely You have Thought out every important detail of Your Trip—so that You may enjoy Your Vacation to the fullest. ¶Undoubtedly the Baggage Problem has come in for its share of consideration. *You owe it to Yourself and to Your comfort to look at the Indestructo Trunk.* You will appreciate that "safe" feeling when You think of Your Baggage—that Assurance of Your Belongings reaching their Destination *safely* and *promptly*. ¶To be in constant worry, for fear some extra hard Jolt will find the vulnerable Spot in the Construction of Your Luggage, takes away from the whole Pleasure of Your Trip.

# INDESTRUCTO TRUNKS

are *Assured* and *Insured* against destruction by Fire, Accident and Wreck, for this One Trip, and for any other trips You may take in the next Five Years.

Indestructo Trunks are built to stand not only the hardest tests of Travel but to "weather" those emergencies that are at some time bound to Occur to any Trunk.

*That is where the Indestructo "Makes Good."*

Where the Jolts are the thickest and the strain is the most racking—where trunks of other makes succumb at the very outset—that is where Indestructo Trunks prove their GUARANTEE OF SERVICE.

The Six-strength hardwood construction—wonderfully tough, yet light and elastic—gives the most Ideal Trunk material in the World.

You don't take Our Word for this—You *see* It—with Your Own Eyes—There are no canvas coverings to hide the Defects that are sure to come into prominence some day *—there are no Defects to hide*—good clear stock—carefully selected, right straight through.

The Indestructo Trunk is fully protected at the Corners and Edges by cold-rolled Steel, heavily Brassed—this adds another safeguard against possible strain.

Taken in all, You have never seen a stronger, more sturdy little Traveler—and You will never see a Trunk that will prove its appearance as will the Indestructo Trunk.

No. 4034
A Trunk built especially for "Milady's" Comfort



### The Indestructo Insurance-Bond

The Indestructo Trunk is guaranteed by Bond that in the Event of its destruction by Fire or Accident while Traveling on Land or Sea within Five Years from the Date of Purchase, We will replace said Trunk with a New Trunk of the same size and quality (as per the Policy issued with every Trunk).

Further, that in case of slight damage occurring to the Trunk in the above time, we will repair said Trunk at Our Factory without charge.

This Insurance is binding—absolute—just the same as that You carry on Your Life—Your House. It means that You may Travel with Assurance—that Your Baggage is safe. Do You think We could make this Claim if We thought the Trunk would not stand up?

### The Indestructo Registry Feature

Every Indestructo Trunk is numbered and registered with its owner's name in our offices. There is no danger of losing Your Trunk—The Indestructo protects itself and is protected on the Road. It will reach its Destination promptly and safely.

Indestructo Trunks are carried in Stock by the Store that ranks first in each Town. We will gladly furnish Your Dealer's name on Application—Go in and see the Indestructo—We will let it speak its own Merits to You when You see it with other Trunks.




### *About a Traveler*

Don't go on any kind of a Trip without our delightful and authoritative bit of Travel Tips, "About a Traveler." Bound in handsome Style—beautifully illustrated—contains full information regarding Steamships, Railroads, Hotels and Customs both here and Abroad. Invaluable to the Man or Woman going to Europe. The present issue bound for a Library-Table Edition. Sent to any address on receipt of Fourteen Cents in Stamps to cover the cost of packing and mailing. Address—

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**Mishawaka, Indiana**

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# Big Game Business

HERE IS THE PARADOX: The Hunter today is the Business Man.

The coonskin cap and the buckskin breeches belong to an age past.

At certain seasons of the year the Business-Man Hunter closes down his desk and hikes for the favored regions.

His time is precious, so into Hunting he carries systematizing sense. He *prepares* well and he expects Results.

Before he steps forth on the Hunting-Grounds, he has estimated what should be his Net Returns.

Recreation—so much. Sport—so much. Game—so much.

Game Laws, Game-Wardens, Short Open Season, Other Hunters, and Limited Game mean that he must make every shot count.

¶ When he sees a deer or bear he *must* bring it down right then and there. And generally he does.

Emerson once said, "Speak your thoughts today, or tomorrow you 'll take them from the lips of another."

The same in this Big-Game Business. Shoot your Game this minute, or this afternoon you 'll find it in the "Bag" of some one else.

¶ You get two shots, perhaps three at most. Miss your first shot, *delay a second*, and your opportunity is gone forever.

Which all explains why far-seeing Hunters equip to do their hunting with a rifle lightning-fast, sure, certain and consecutive. Which same is *The Standard Rifle.*

# Standard Rifles

have won their place—not for sentimental reasons, but because of qualities which appeal to the Result-Producer.

The Standard Rifle will throw six shots into a moving target in a single second's time. The Recoil is very slight.

¶ The Standard Automatic Rifle is operated by gas pressure. The operator has only to maintain his aim and press the trigger until the magazine is empty.

The very small amount of gas pressure required to automatically operate the rifle does not decrease the velocity and penetration or momentum of the projectile.

The Standard Rifle is a *take-down*. There are no screws to lose; all the work can be done with a single tool which is furnished you.

Apart from its mechanical excellence, the Standard Rifle is undoubtedly the most graceful firearm made.

¶ Every Rifle is well tested at the Home Range before it is marked "Approved" and sent along to you.

¶ You who hunt should investigate the Standard Rifle.

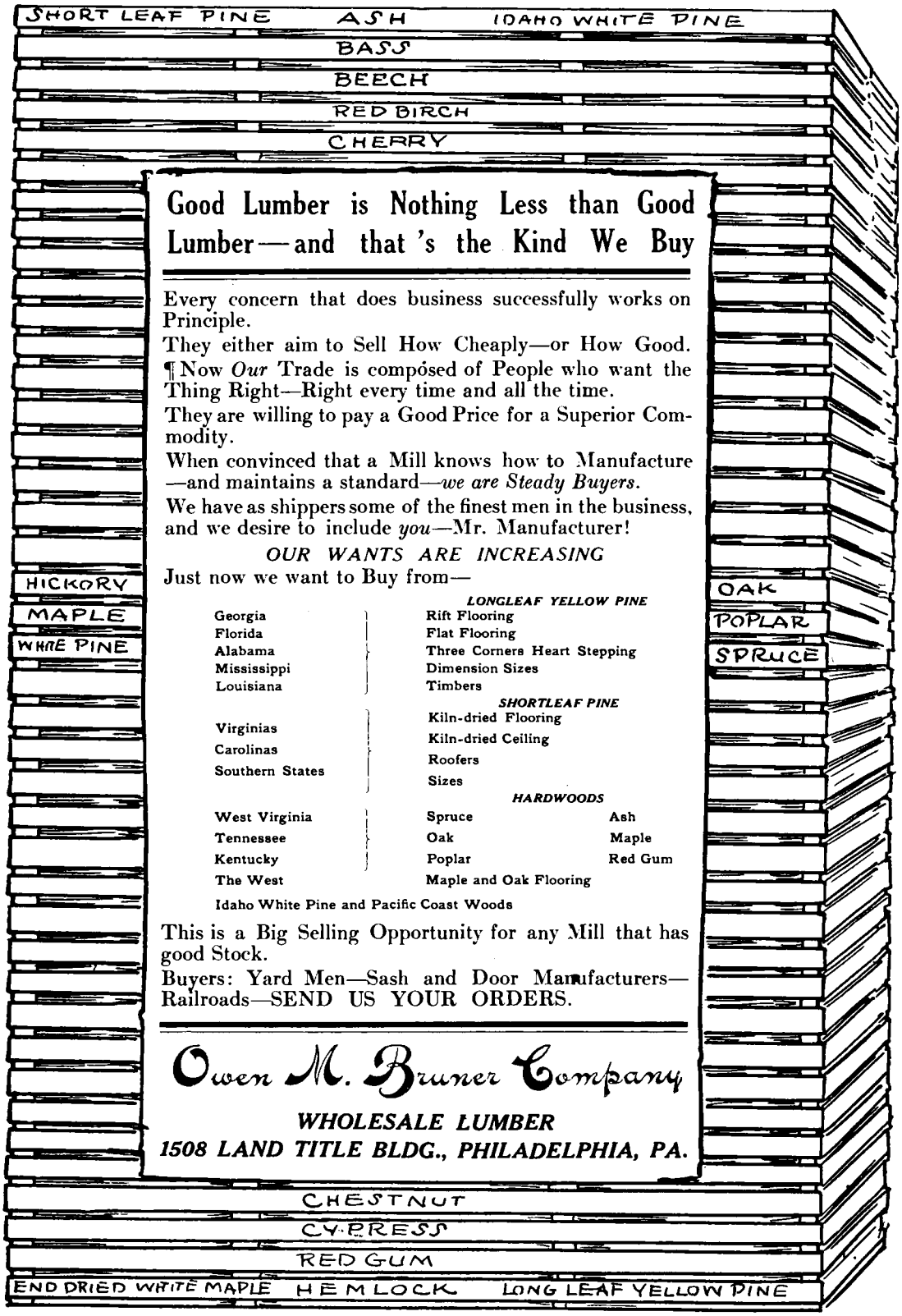
SEND FOR BOOKLET, "BIG-GAME SHOOTING"—FREE. 'T WILL INTEREST YOU

For further information ask your dealer or jobber, or write to us

**Standard Arms Company, 140 F Street, Wilmington, Delaware**


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## Good Lumber is Nothing Less than Good Lumber—and that 's the Kind We Buy

Every concern that does business successfully works on Principle.

They either aim to Sell How Cheaply—or How Good.

¶ Now *Our* Trade is composed of People who want the Thing Right—Right every time and all the time.

They are willing to pay a Good Price for a Superior Commodity.

When convinced that a Mill knows how to Manufacture—and maintains a standard—*we are Steady Buyers.*

We have as shippers some of the finest men in the business, and we desire to include *you*—Mr. Manufacturer!

*OUR WANTS ARE INCREASING*

Just now we want to Buy from—

| | |
|---|---|
| | ***LONGLEAF YELLOW PINE*** |
| Georgia<br>Florida<br>Alabama<br>Mississippi<br>Louisiana | Rift Flooring<br>Flat Flooring<br>Three Corners Heart Stepping<br>Dimension Sizes<br>Timbers |
| | ***SHORTLEAF PINE*** |
| Virginias<br>Carolinas<br>Southern States | Kiln-dried Flooring<br>Kiln-dried Ceiling<br>Roofers<br>Sizes |
| | ***HARDWOODS*** |
| West Virginia<br>Tennessee<br>Kentucky<br>The West | Spruce — Ash<br>Oak — Maple<br>Poplar — Red Gum<br>Maple and Oak Flooring |

Idaho White Pine and Pacific Coast Woods

This is a Big Selling Opportunity for any Mill that has good Stock.

Buyers: Yard Men—Sash and Door Manufacturers—Railroads—SEND US YOUR ORDERS.

**Owen M. Bruner Company**

***WHOLESALE LUMBER***

***1508 LAND TITLE BLDG., PHILADELPHIA, PA.***


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# "Style"—and Coward Style

In buying shoes, more than anything else, you are confounded by this thing called "Style."

Each year the Big Makers foist on the public more or less revolutionary designs in footgear which we are told are the "Style": odd shapes that follow finicky fashion.

The "Style" may not suit you at all, but the Shoe-Shops are cumbered with them and you must buy or go without. Clerks consider you queer if you insist upon the Last of last year that fitted your foot.

"Out of style," you are told. "No longer in stock."

This the deplorable outcome of a Manufacturing System that attempts to provide for vacillating vanities.

'T is the Folly of the maker who aims to please the roving eye rather than to clothe the foot righteously.

# THE COWARD SHOE

commends itself to all intellectual people. They are a fixed quantity. Once you find the Coward Shoe that was made for *your* foot, your hunt is over. You may secure the identical shoe from Coward—any time, wherever you are in The World.

For forty-one consecutive years, on the same site, James S. Coward has studied Foot Needs.

In the making of Coward Shoes, *reasons* have been the incentive; each particular Coward Shoe has been constructed to fit the Human foot and to serve *easily*.

The Various kinds and cuts of the Coward Shoe constitute the Coward Family. To become a member of this family there must be more than mere whim behind the Shoe. Styles may come and Styles may go, but when a Coward "Style" arrives it runs into many editions.

Because of superior workmanship, and rare taste, and discretion in selection of leathers, all Coward Shoes have Style, *permanent style*—the Style that marks Good Breeding.

You folks who have never been quite *foot-suited* should write to Coward for His Little Book, picturing the Coward Family.

Coward Shoes cost the same—but you will find a difference.

**FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN**

JAMES S. COWARD, 264-274 Greenwich St., New York

**(Sold Nowhere Else)**

**MAIL ORDERS FILLED. SEND FOR CATALOG.**


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# At the Sign of the Rose

## *Fra Fox, He Knows!*

Once there was a man in New York who thought he had an enemy. Perhaps he had. And a very good way to have enemies is to be one.

*Our enemies are our friends who do not understand us.*

The bad blood had been circulating between these men for some years. Both were lawyers.

Suddenly the New York man had an idea: he would send his enemy a bouquet of flowers. Because flowers symbol emotions, you know—project an aura—stand for a sentiment. I hope you get me!

And so the man forwarded to Fra Fox, who knows, at the Sign of the Rose—Fox, the friend of Philistines and interpreter of emotions—Five Dollars, with orders to send to the enemy a goodly bunch of the following, assorted, namely, to wit:

Stramonium, commonly called Jimson-Weed; Mimulus, misbegotten; Purslane, pulled plentifully; Skunk-Cabbage, a la mode; Chinkapin, done chuckaluck; Nightshade, a la carte; Pigweed, profuse; Burdock, biglienza; Cockleburs, copious; Burrmackintosh, bully-boy—all tied up with Rhus Toxicodendron.

Fra Fox never before received an order like that. He never has received one since. He disregarded orders, as he always does when the man wants to send the wrong thing. He sent, instead, American Beauty roses—the giver's card enclosed.

The recipient was knocked off his Mephistic Perch.

He wrote asking forgiveness.

The other man now realized that he was an Anserine, Asinine Hippogriff.

They met at Sherry's by appointment.

Now they sleep in twin beds and hold hands—poetically speaking.

Comes here then one Felix Finnegan O'Shea, a Sarcastic Cuss, and declares this story is a lie on the face of it, since no lawyer ever sent five dollars to anybody, not even as a matter of hate.

Waive this and enter a demurrer in my name. Judgment in favor of Fra Fox, friend of Philistines—flower attorney for the Elect, and next-of-friend to all Lovers!

C H A R L E S H E N R Y F O X

***At The Sign of The Rose***

**Broad Street Below Walnut, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**


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# Save $2,300 on this CRUISER

**Only 50 of these boats can be built this season.**

HERE, at last, is the boat you have waited for—at a price you can afford to pay—**the new 36-foot raised-deck Racine cruiser.**

Here is the boat that is "big enough" to more than turn around in—with the accommodations and conveniences and comforts you can only obtain in a "big boat"—with the stiffness and seaworthiness and power that only size can give—*but*—yours for the price others would charge you for an ordinary "speed launch."

Just step aboard this sea-going beauty and look her over—36 feet over all she measures, 9 feet beam is 8 ft. 6 in. She will go anywhere there is 3 feet 6 inches of water, and you can take your friends on this boat with cruising accommodations for eight—toilet room, owner's state room, and cockpit holding ten. The galley is big, fresh water tanks for salt water cruising, ice box, surplus storage tanks and all—a real home on water, independent of all the hotels on earth.

RACINE MUSKEGON

Up in the bow is the gasoline storage tank, enough for 400 miles at a single filling (and by the way she will go 400 miles on $10.00 worth of gasoline.)

In her engine room you will find a powerful motor of the latest type—four cylinder, 4-cycle self-starting—developing 25 to 30 H. P.,—with double ignition system, including gear driven magneto, *all so simple that even a novice will have no trouble.*

Everything that goes with a boat is included, dinghey and davits, lights, screens, standing tops, cushions, flags, signal mast and fittings, power whistle, fog bell, life preservers, boat hook, stove, removable table, etc. Wired for electric lights.—Sounds like a marine catalogue, doesn't it? You will find few extras to buy on this boat.

And the price—other builders with limited capacity and old fashioned methods would have to ask $3,500 to $5,000, but our price is $2,200 for the whole outfit. **This is the sensation of the boating year.** The secret is perfect organization and the biggest boat factory on earth. Many boats make low prices—we build many boats.

Every detail of hull and fittings is up to the regular Racine standard, nothing scrimped, no pains of labor or material spared just to make the price low. The usual Racine guarantee covers the boat—one is now making a 10,000 mile cruise.

## You Can Own A Boat

You can afford to own this boat and run it yourself. You will require no crew. It's a "one man" boat, in the sense that you can handle it all by yourself, if you wish, and go anywhere.

We will gladly tell you about this newest member of the Racine family as well as the other boats we make—everything that goes on water from the largest to the smallest—our 28-foot cruiser at $1000, a speed boat at $300, a Power dory at $150 etc., etc., etc. Send today for the story of "The Trip to Georgian Bay," which will help you select the boat you need.

**Racine Boat Mfg. Co.**
**Muskegon, Mich.**

CHICAGO DETROIT NEW YORK
BOSTON PHILADELPHIA SEATTLE

(Cut on this line)

**Racine Boat Mfg. Co., Muskegon, Mich.**

Without obligation to me, send me full details of 36 foot cruiser and your book "The Trip to Georgian Bay."

Name.....

Address.....

Dept. H


WHY not cut out fireworks—in this world at least?

Noise, stink and explosions do not symbol love of country, education, kind thoughts or good looks.

Cut out the fireworks! Your boys and girls need all the eyes and fingers God gave them. Tetanus is incurable.

The children are not to blame in the matter—it is you parents who fail to gently and kindly explain the matter to them, and provide them sane and sensible methods of recreation ❧ If your children do not die, there is grave danger that they will grow up and be as chuckle-headed as you are, yourself ❧ Look out! Abolish the fireworks!

❧

ONCE when I was waiting for my entrance music, Nancy Nixon fished a copy of "Sagebrush Philosophy" out of her scanty costume, and holding up the bibliomag, said, "I read all you write!"

I didn't laugh—nobody can while waiting for his entrance music. ¶ Sam Lederer sprung a worse one, though, when he brought a bunch of sagebrush, that he had dug up in Colorado, and planted it in the Roycroft garden, "in order," said Sam, "that folks may refer to the Sagebrush of East Aurora."

❧

WALKER WHITESIDE was doing the wire-grass country with his Shakespearian productions.

Requiring the services of a super, he asked the manager of the opery-house if he could furnish a capable amateur for the evening's bill.

The manager was obliging. "Sure, we 've got a guy around here that did the same part for

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Sanford Dodge two or three times."

Night came, as it sometimes does, and Mr. Whiteside stood in the center of the stage waiting for the new recruit to come on. He repeated the cue several times. No response. Finally he rushed off.

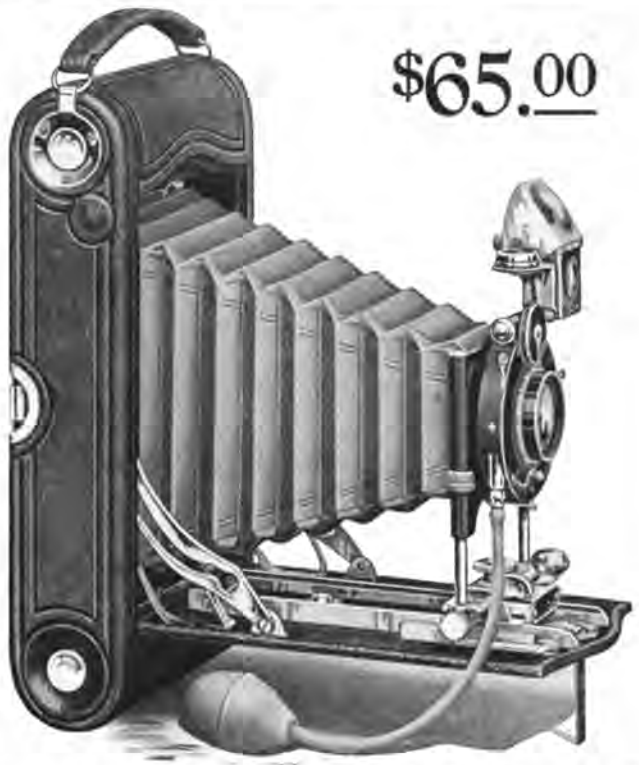
"Why don't you come on, don't you hear your cue?"

"You didn't give me the cue that Mr. Dodge gave me."

"What did Mr. Dodge say?"

"He always said, 'You dam fool, come on!'"

BOLTON HALL, lawyer, socialist and bad actor (he of the acre-and-independence fame) intends establishing a farm near Plainfield, New Jersey, as a residence colony for persons of artistic bent who have been unable to market the fruits of their genius. Book me, Bolton.

$65.00

3A Special KODAK

A new camera having every refinement that can be put into a pocket instrument, but *no complications.*

The 3A Special makes pictures 3¼x5½ inches, using Kodak Film Cartridges. The optical equipment consists of the famous Zeiss-Kodak Anastigmat Lens (speed *f.* 6.3) and the Compound Shutter, which has an extreme speed of 1/200 of a second, working accurately on the instantaneous action from that speed down to one second, and giving also "time" exposures. With this equipment, speed pictures far beyond the ordinary range and snap shots on moderately cloudy days are readily made.

And the camera itself is fully in keeping with its superb optical equipment. It has a rack and pinion for focusing, rising and sliding front, brilliant reversible finder, spirit level, two tripod sockets and focusing scale. The bellows is of soft black leather, and the camera is covered with the finest Persian Morocco. A simple, serviceable instrument, built with the accuracy of a watch and tested with painstaking care. A high-priced camera—but worth the price.

*Kodak Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.*

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*


UTIS SKINNER, needing a horse to ride in one of his spectacular productions, visited a Chicago livery.

When he made known his wants the chambermaid said, "Sure, boss, here's a horse that Sothern uses. He's a bit of an actor, too. He always knows his cues. But he's got one fault." ¶ "What's that?" asked Otis.

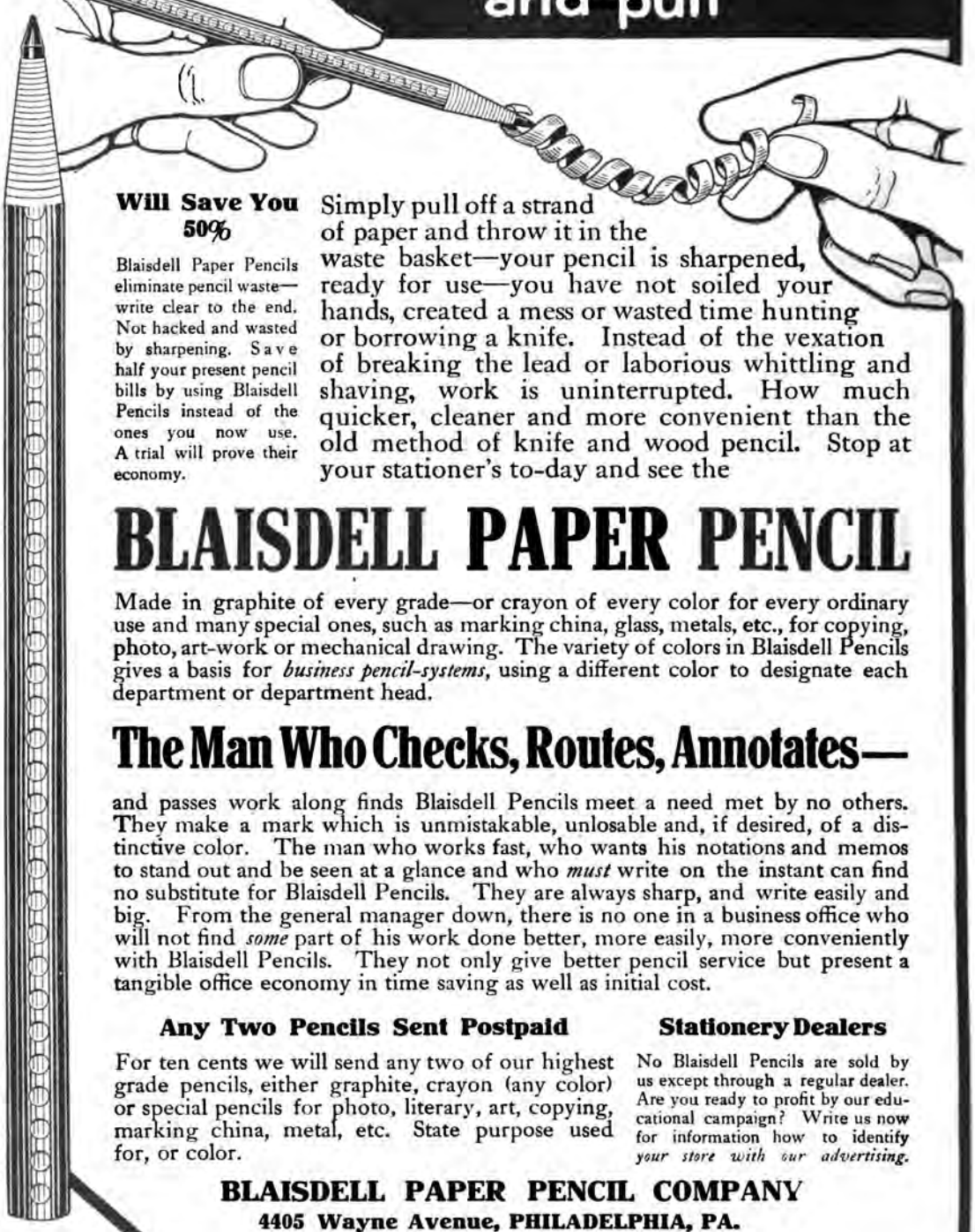
"When his cue comes and he is just about to go on, he always sneezes."

"A bit of an actor!" snorted Skinner; "a bit of a critic I would say!"

A SHREWD old doctor once said: "If I wanted to torture an enemy I would tell him he had an incurable disease. His life would be miserable, and he would be almost certain to die before his time."—Unity.

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# To Sharpen a BLAISDELL just nick the paper and pull



**Will Save You 50%**

Blaisdell Paper Pencils eliminate pencil waste—write clear to the end. Not hacked and wasted by sharpening. Save half your present pencil bills by using Blaisdell Pencils instead of the ones you now use. A trial will prove their economy.

Simply pull off a strand of paper and throw it in the waste basket—your pencil is sharpened, ready for use—you have not soiled your hands, created a mess or wasted time hunting or borrowing a knife. Instead of the vexation of breaking the lead or laborious whittling and shaving, work is uninterrupted. How much quicker, cleaner and more convenient than the old method of knife and wood pencil. Stop at your stationer's to-day and see the

# BLAISDELL PAPER PENCIL

Made in graphite of every grade—or crayon of every color for every ordinary use and many special ones, such as marking china, glass, metals, etc., for copying, photo, art-work or mechanical drawing. The variety of colors in Blaisdell Pencils gives a basis for *business pencil-systems*, using a different color to designate each department or department head.

## The Man Who Checks, Routes, Annotates—

and passes work along finds Blaisdell Pencils meet a need met by no others. They make a mark which is unmistakable, unlosable and, if desired, of a distinctive color. The man who works fast, who wants his notations and memos to stand out and be seen at a glance and who *must* write on the instant can find no substitute for Blaisdell Pencils. They are always sharp, and write easily and big. From the general manager down, there is no one in a business office who will not find *some* part of his work done better, more easily, more conveniently with Blaisdell Pencils. They not only give better pencil service but present a tangible office economy in time saving as well as initial cost.

**Any Two Pencils Sent Postpaid**

For ten cents we will send any two of our highest grade pencils, either graphite, crayon (any color) or special pencils for photo, literary, art, copying, marking china, metal, etc. State purpose used for, or color.

**Stationery Dealers**

No Blaisdell Pencils are sold by us except through a regular dealer. Are you ready to profit by our educational campaign? Write us now for information how to identify *your store with our advertising.*

**BLAISDELL PAPER PENCIL COMPANY**
**4405 Wayne Avenue, PHILADELPHIA, PA.**


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*In a Class by Itself*

# Majestic Theater *of* Specialties

*CHICAGO, U.S.A.*

¶ The Ideal Vaudeville theater of the world—designed, built and conducted for the Entertainment of self-respecting ladies and gentlemen.

¶ During the four years of its existence it has buried the ghost of decollete variety, enlisted the support of the real people, and established a standard in entertainment and operation to which few theaters of any class ever attain.

*THERE IS A REASON*

¶ Things do not come by chance. There must be a reason—in fact, there are several of them for this astonishing superiority and success of the Majestic.

¶ A physical reason, for instance, is the building itself, solid as the Eternal Hills, and as safe as steel, stone and marble can make it. Not a bit of "gingerbread" anywhere, but solidity and elegance everywhere.

¶ Perfect ventilation insured by elaborate machinery and a water curtain that washes away all impurities. Always pure air—not a headache in a hundred nights at the Majestic.

¶ Every sanitary device known to modern construction. Beautiful rest-room for ladies and smoking-room for gentlemen.

¶ An auditorium of rare beauty and comfort, with broad aisles and commodious seats.

¶ A picture-gallery in the main foyer representing modern masters of painting: Bouguereau, Ridgway Knight, Roybet and others, and examples of American Art in the Balcony and Gallery lobbies.

¶ Everywhere quiet elegance and beauty, with a service of matrons, maids, ushers and superintendents to assist and protect every visitor from six to sixty years old.

*AND THEN SOME*

¶ Physical perfection, artistic elegance, careful management, leading to an atmosphere of refinement, and then the best combinations of stars and skilled entertainers the world affords—with never an offensive word or action. This is the final and most important reason. Clean, smart, clever shows in which all the great stars and specialty artists appear—with popular prices never changing, and you have a combination that is irresistible.

*A Descriptive Booklet Sent For The Asking*

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No. 4711.

## The Excellence Mark Of Francis Maria Farina

WHEN Herr Francis Maria Farina put the Number of His Own House on the Soap he made and sold, he showed Great Faith in that Soap. This was in 1792. There were no Trademarks in those days and few marks of Identification. Nameless Merchants Sold Nameless Goods. The Booth, the Bazar, the Auction, the Fair, were the accepted marts of Trade.

No one elected to assume the responsibility of any Sale.

"Let the Buyer Beware" was the Universal Slogan.

To make, to sell, to Pocket the Profit, and call the transaction Complete—that was the System. To have a Purchaser come back was the calamity: he usually had something to wrathfully return.

Cumulative Selling was not yet; the Purchaser's Good Will an unsought luxury.

But Herr Farina, who had spent years in working out the Formula for His Soap, sincerely believed that this Soap was the Best Soap that could be made—that it was priced conservatively—that it would benefit the User.

His was the Spirit of Wagner and Frœbel—the German Revolutionary Spirit that placed Right above All things.

So he named the Soap with the Number of his Own Home—and instructed each separate Purchaser that at this Number could the Maker of the Soap be found.

Herr Farina was willing to be judged by, to stand sponsor for His Best Work.

He builded better than he knew.

One hundred and eighteen years later the Old German Chemist's Soap still commands the Market where fine toilet requisites are appreciated.

Wherever you find well-bred, intelligent people, there will you also find No. 4711 Soap.

Through all these years the descendants of Herr Farina have worked to increase the quality and efficiency of No. 4711 Soap. But the Old-time Chemist marked his Standard High. All Changes are Minor. Even as the Soap was made a Century ago, 't is made today.

This PURE GLYCERINE SOAP, first made in 1792 by Herr Francis Maria Farina, at No. 4711 Glockengasse, Cologne, is today made from the same Formula with the same exacting care—and Sold Everywhere. If you seek a positively *Pure*, sweet-smelling, healthful soap—you should try a cake. *Send 15c. in stamps for full-size sample cake.*




FERD. MÜLHENS, COLOGNE O/R, GERMANY
(DIRECT DESCENDANT)
**Mülhens & Kropff, Two Hundred Ninety-Eight Broadway, New York City**


THROUGH the moons but lately vanished, nimbly pranced before the footlights ladies famed for spicy scandals; baseball heroes, pompous statesmen strutted proudly, also briefly, swift eclipsed by noble creatures famed for novels, mostly screechers; blazed triumphantly in vaudeville, flickered low—and were extinguished! Then appeareth Fra Elbertus, he the noble Roycroft Prophet; he who came from East Aurora where the presses reel off hot stuff—hot stuff served in humble pamphlets or in gorgeous hand-wrought leather. Slow he sauntered 'fore the curtain, decorous in his long Prince Albert; free his locks fell, long and classic, 'round a face benignly beaming.

Nightly spake he to the people, daily also rang the message, bidding men arouse from slumber, burst their bonds, awake, get busy! Oust the grafters, bland, complacent, be not slaves to old traditions! And the people brightened, quickened, as each keen-barbed sentence thrilled them ℘ Thus the week of wonders ended, ended 'mid loud acclamations, and the faithful all departed, primed with snappy Roycroft orphics, leaving Fra Elbertus happy; blessed with fame and many ducats.

—Meta G. Watkins.

℘

SOME qualities Nature carefully fixes and transmits, but some, and those the finer, she exhales with the breath of the individual as too costly to perpetuate. But I notice also that they may become fixed and permanent in any stock, by painting and repainting them on every individual, until at last Nature adopts them and bakes them into her porcelain.—Emerson.

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IN adversity it is easy to despise life; the truly brave man is he who can endure to be miserable.

—Martial.

THE names of the Periclean Age are high. There is a higher one yet, that of Pericles. Statesman, orator, philosopher, soldier, artist, poet and lover, Pericles was so great that, another Zeus, he was called the Olympian. If to him Egeria came, would it not, a poet somewhere asked, be uncivil to depict her as less than he? It would be not only uncivil but untrue.

Said Themistocles, "You see that boy of mine? Though but five, he governs the universe. Yes, for he rules his mother, his mother rules me, I rule Athens and Athens the world." After Themistocles it was Pericles' turn to govern and be ruled. His sovereign was Aspasia.—Edgar Saltus.

MAN was experiencing his first ache. "It warns me," he reasoned, "that I have violated a law of my nature, and puts me on my guard against doing so again."

But just here he happened to discover some anodyne herb which put an end to the ache.

¶ "Ha! I need n't trouble, after all—I can go on and do as I please!" he exclaimed, highly thanking his lucky stars.

And from such beginnings rose the great art of healing.—"Puck."

WHEN a man dies they who survive him ask what property he has left behind. The angel who bends over the dying man asks what good deeds he has sent before him.—The Koran.


# RACYCLE SUPREMACY



UNDER ALL FLAGS the Racycle has won pre-eminence as the Bicycle which pushes *farther* and with *less* energy than any other wheel. The Racycle is internationally famous. The secret of its supremacy lies in the *evenly balanced* crank hanger.

The World's 

Best Bicycle

is the easiest running bicycle made. There is 27.9 per cent *less* pressure on the crank hanger bearings than any ordinary bicycle. A new cone sleeve is a 1910 feature which gives tremendous strength and efficiency. The Crank Hanger Problem is described in our Pamphlet—"The Three Reasons." Prove that the solution has been figured incorrectly and the "Bond Behind the Factory" offers you $10,000 cash and $50,000 worth of stock in The Miami Cycle & Mfg. Co. Send for copy of Bond.

## It's All in the Crank Hanger

Climbing hills on the Racycle is *fun*—not work. The Racycle—the largest selling and most popular high grade wheel made—is a mount insuring pleasure, comfort and safety. Our 1910 models, finished with artistically spiked heads, are given as near a piano-like enamel finish as is possible to put on steel tubing.

As regular equipment the *Racycle Pacemaker* is furnished with a 40-tooth, one inch pitch front sprocket, roller chain, and Musselman Armless Coaster Brake; and the *Racycle Rideabout* has a 70-tooth, one-half inch pitch front sprocket, roller chain, and Musselman Armless Coaster Brake without extra charge. All Racycle sprockets are bi-plane. *"Ray" Juveniles* are the most desirable models for young people.

We also manufacture the Musselman Armless Coaster Brake—the smallest, simplest, lightest and strongest Brake made.

**Beautiful 1910 Catalog AU and Pamphlet—"The Three Reasons", fully explaining Price Problem condition, with handsome Racycle watch charm, and booklet "The Armless Wonder", mailed for 2c stamp—sent FREE if you mention Bicyle Dealer in your town.**



THE MIAMI CYCLE & MFG. CO.
Middletown, Ohio, U. S. A.

"IT'S ALL IN THE CRANK HANGER"




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M. MEYERFELD, Jr.
President
SAN FRANCISCO

Orpheum Circuit

MARTIN BECK
General Manager
NEW YORK

IMPLIES THE BEST IN VAUDEVILLE

# A Gracious Compliment

Is being paid to that popular form of Amusement known as "Vaudeville" in this issue of *The Fra Magazine.*

¶ The growth, expansion and improvement in this imposing branch of pastime has been steady, wholesome and sure.

¶ It has earned its place among foremost American theatrical institutions; and, through its energy, originality and sheer activity, has invaded foreign countries and started to encircle the globe.

¶ BUT, in all its conquests, nothing has been achieved so significant in its importance; so far-reaching in its influence for future greatness, and so altogether dignifying, as *this great compliment implied by commanding the serious notice of Fra Elbertus*

—Martin Beck

ORPHEUM THEATER, San Francisco
ORPHEUM THEATER, Los Angeles
ORPHEUM THEATER, Oakland
ORPHEUM THEATER, New Orleans
ORPHEUM THEATER, Kansas City
ORPHEUM THEATER, Omaha
ORPHEUM THEATER, Denver
ORPHEUM THEATER, Minneapolis
ORPHEUM THEATER, St. Paul
ORPHEUM THEATER, Salt Lake City
ORPHEUM THEATER, Memphis
ORPHEUM THEATER, Sioux City
ORPHEUM THEATER, Evansville
ORPHEUM THEATER, Duluth
ORPHEUM THEATER, Winnipeg
ORPHEUM THEATER, Ogden
ORPHEUM THEATER, Lincoln
ORPHEUM THEATER, Spokane
ORPHEUM THEATER, Seattle
ORPHEUM THEATER, Des Moines
ORPHEUM THEATER, Portland, Ore.
NEW GRAND THEATER, Evansville

OPERATED IN CONJUNCTION WITH

MAJESTIC THEATER, Chicago
CHICAGO OPERA-HOUSE, Chicago
OLYMPIC THEATER, Chicago
HAYMARKET THEATER, Chicago
COLUMBIA THEATER, St. Louis
COLUMBIA THEATER, Cincinnati
GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Indianapolis
MARY ANDERSON THEATER, Louisville
MAJESTIC THEATER, Milwaukee

AND THESE EUROPEAN AFFILIATIONS

PALACE THEATER, London.
ALHAMBRA THEATER, Paris
ALHAMBRA THEATER, Glasgow
NEW ORPHEUM THEATER, Berlin
THE HIPPODROME, Liverpool, England
THE HIPPODROME, Brighton, "
THE HIPPODROME, Leeds, "
THE HIPPODROME, Hull, "
THE HIPPODROME, Birmingham, "
THE HIPPODROME, Portsmouth, "
THE HIPPODROME, South End, "
THE HIPPODROME, Margate, "
THE HIPPODROME, Boscombe, "
THE HIPPODROME, Southampton, "
THE HIPPODROME, Sheffield, "
THE HIPPODROME, Colchester, "
THE HIPPODROME, Bolton, "
THE HIPPODROME, St. Helens, "
THE HIPPODROME, Nottingham, "
THE HIPPODROME, Blackburn, "
THE PAVILION, Newcastle-on-Tyne, "
THE PALACE, Manchester, "
THE EMPIRE, Wolverhampton, "
OPERA-HOUSE, Tunbridge Wells, "
THE GRAND, Bristol, "
THE EMPIRE, Aberdeen, Scotland

EXECUTIVE OFFICES
PUTNAM BLDG.
TIMES SQUARE
NEW YORK

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## DOING WELL, THANK YOU!

# JOE APPEL

This good, old-time Ariel Artist is always right on the job.

Campie, please pass the Pumpernickel.

Oh you Felix, do you remember that moon-face clerk at the Albany Hotel in Denver!

# GEORGE BATTEN

**Bully Blackface Bunc, with Buck-and-Wing,** wants a partner—male. One who is not so chesty as the last, and who can leave the booze and the stenog. alone.

Care the "Opposition."

# MONTE WRIGHT

The only original three-card-monte man, in sight of the audience.
Also Musical Monologist from Wrightville, Wright County, son of old Mr. and Mrs. Wright. Quite well, thank you—since I cut Chautauqua Charley Wagner and his Sinful Life

# WARNING

Just remember that my song, "I 'M THE DOCTOR WITH THE DOPE," is covered by copyright. I 've stood all I will, and anybody putting it over after this will consider himself pinched. WALTER L. PYLE, Philadelphia.

# Rev. Peter MacQueen

Care of Keith's, Boston, Massachusetts

TRAVELOGS and COLOR-VIEWS of Many Lands

Preaches on Sundays; Plays Vaudeville during the week. Always Sure-shot, either in Pulpit or on the Boards

Regards to Hillis and Gunsaulus!

# Gail Davis and Ras Wilson

In Their Famous

# Loup-the-Loup

**Working the Yap Towns**

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NOW BOOKING

# Alfred Henry Lewis and the Fra

in their

Side-Splitting Stunt

# "THE LITERARY SLAP-STICK"

REGARDS TO ALL FRIENDS




ANDREW J. ROWAN

who recently declined one thousand dollars a week for putting his story

HOW I CARRIED THE MESSAGE

over the footlights



PAULINE Hypnotist. Excellent showman. Played "Tanks" with own company until given engagement at Hammerstein's, N. Y. Received this season $2,000 weekly for himself, more than the gross for a month touring the "one-nighters."

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IDA CRISPI

**Eccentric Comedienne and Dancer. First heard on playing in a musical production on Madison Square Roof during summer Stanford White was killed by Harry Thaw. Will be next heard from in Vaudeville as a "Single-Act."**



Tim MC MAHON & CHAPPELLE—Edythe

**Act known as "Twenty Minutes Before Train Leaves." Cross-fire talk. Also proprietors of McMahon's "Pullman Porter Maids" and McMahon's "Watermelon Girls." McMahon old-time minstrel, catchy dancer with simplest steps. Excellent and unique (natural) style of delivery dialogue.**



## GRIFF

**ENGLISH COMEDY JUGGLER**

**The only Englishman alive with humor over an American's head. Had to "cut" his "best stuff" on this side.**



JULIAN ELTINGE

**Impersonator Morris Circuit—star this season. May appear in production next season. Rumored to have signed with United Booking Offices ("Opposition").**

## VARDON, PERRY AND WILBER



**Known as "Those Three Boys." All Westerners. Now in England. Went there on speculation for a week. Have remained two years so far. Musical, singing and dancing. The first of the "three-acts" in the east.**

THE CRITIC IS A MAN
WHO EXPECTS MIRACLES

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# Leo Carrillo

Dialect Monologist; also cartoonist for "*Variety.*" Formerly cartoonist on San Francisco papers ☙ Speaks and eats Chinese language and food like a native.



## Marshall P. WILDER

**Half-Portion**
**Rogue in Ordinary**
**Aged Forty-Two**

who rides at half-rate on all railroads, and dares conductors to put him off.

## Makes two grins grow where there was only a grouch before.

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FOUR MORTONS

**The most entertaining family on earth. Father, mother, son and daughter. Children married; still remained with parents. Great affection for one another. Sam Morton, father, peer of all Irish comedians.**



George Wharton James
Marshall P. Wilder
Elbert Hubbard

**Quick Transportation**

**NO OPPOSITION**

**OH, NICELY, THANK YOU.**
**TIME ALL TAKEN!**



ALICE LLOYD

**English singer. Never amounted to much as "an act" in England, and isn't ashamed to acknowledge that fact. About the most staple of all foreign turns. Looks neat and dainty; sings same kind of songs, but will take a chance in lyrics now and then (if the song is good).**

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ANNABELLE WHITFORD

**Handsomest woman in musical comedy, though stately and cold. Now playing as "single" on Orpheum Circuit. Formerly one of the stars in "The Follies of 1909." Left through differences with Eva Tanguay.**



EVA TANGUAY

**Unlimited eccentricities. A great performer, full of personal magnetism on the stage. Worked up through individual effort and energy. Receives $2,500 weekly in vaudeville. Favorably compared to the greatest drawing cards Vaudeville has ever known.**



Charles—INNESS & RYAN—Maud

**Miss Ryan, the wittiest of them all—off the stage—very good on. Songs and dances. Miss Ryan carries many trunks for wardrobe, one trunk to a dress.**



DOROTHY VAUGHAN

**Western girl. Now "the girl" in "The Girl and the Eagle" a "single singing act."**



Guy
RAWSON & CLARE
Frances

**Burlesque features for four years. Now going into vaudeville. Rawson character-comedian. Miss Clare leading woman-soubrette. Act called "Just Kids." The promoters of the "kid" craze.**

BILLIE REEVES

**Known as "The Drunk." Came over here with Karno's Comedy Company (English). Has been with "Follies" for three seasons.**



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# BILLY VAN

has a farm up in New Hampshire, where he produces most wonderful maple-syrup. I know, for he sent me five cans. Come again, Billy—you always produce the goods.

# "Footlight Rhymes"

by EARLE REMINGTON HINES is worth Two Dollars, but the price of the book is only One. Here is the dedication: "In appreciation of her lifelong belief in my Real Self, this book is lovingly dedicated to that inimitable comedienne and the Child of my Heart,

**IRENE FRANKLIN**

"Footlight Rhymes" is published by The Broadway Publishing Co., New York

*IT 'S ALL OFF!*

# *VAN*

***of the North American***

***refuses to sign with the United Booking Company unless they let him off Saturday afternoons and Sundays.***

*To the Four Murphys:*

***Do you remember Tom Matthews at Mt. Clemens? Well, Well, Well! Doing nicely, thank you. Regards to all.***

***ALI BABA,***
***care The Family,***
***East Aurora, N. Y.***

# Frank McClain

Ex-Speaker of the Pennsylvania House, has signed for a black-face musical with Fra Martinbeck.
Congratulations to both Frank and Fra.

# Horace Fletcher

The Only and Original

Choo-Choo Man

Single 19 Minutes. The Try-out a great success.
Now filling up with dates.

# BOOTHBY

OF PORTLAND

has invented a boat that skims the surface of the sea, flies in the air, runs on wheels on land, or acts as a submarine, all at will of the engineer. He has made a working model for the Canadian Navy, and will exhibit and demonstrate on the Orpheum Circuit, a la Kellerman.

We Supply MAKE-UP Materials for Estranged Lovers ✍ For Samples of Our Dope, Address

## N. Goodwin & Co.

GOLDBRICK, ARIZONA

# FOR SALE!

Cockleburs to plant over your critic's grave. Address, ALI BABA (3 Barnyard stunts per), East Aurora, Erie County, New York.

# Lew Dockstader

will be at the Philistine Convention—if he can. Lew recommends the Essay on Silence to Hotchkin, having no use for it himself. Regards to all!

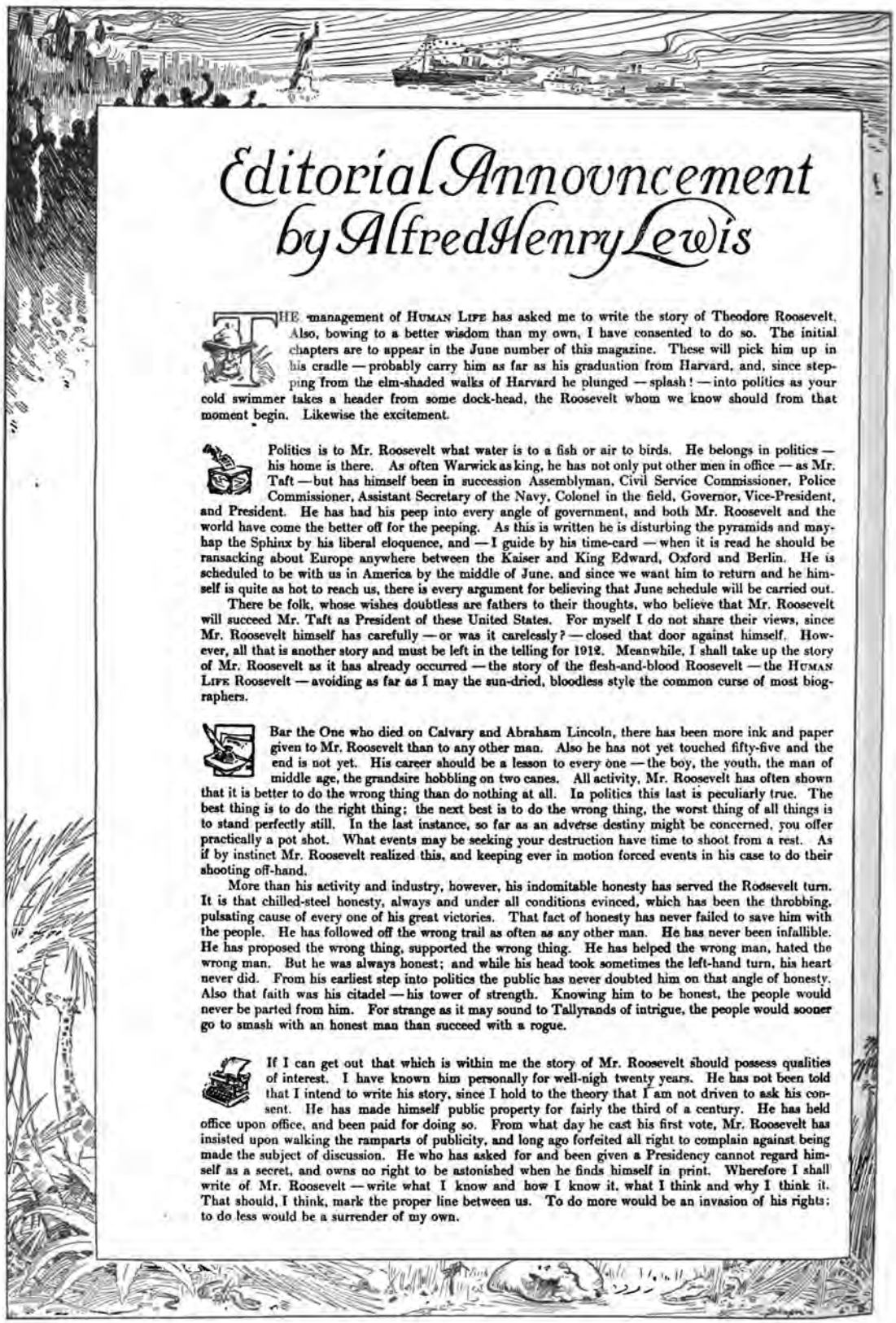
**ONLY JOY**

# LAYLANDER

Working the Wire-Grass Circuit. Swell single and always sure shot. I say, Sophie Loeb, please pass the Dutch Cheese. My word! Out upon that soused lobster, Turner, of the Tommy Rot Klub. You know!

The Statement that East Aurora has offered one hundred thousand dollars for the *Johnson-Jeffries Debate* is premature.

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# Editorial Announcement by Alfred Henry Lewis

THE management of HUMAN LIFE has asked me to write the story of Theodore Roosevelt. Also, bowing to a better wisdom than my own, I have consented to do so. The initial chapters are to appear in the June number of this magazine. These will pick him up in his cradle — probably carry him as far as his graduation from Harvard, and, since stepping from the elm-shaded walks of Harvard he plunged — splash! — into politics as your cold swimmer takes a header from some dock-head, the Roosevelt whom we know should from that moment begin. Likewise the excitement.

Politics is to Mr. Roosevelt what water is to a fish or air to birds. He belongs in politics — his home is there. As often Warwick as king, he has not only put other men in office — as Mr. Taft — but has himself been in succession Assemblyman, Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Colonel in the field, Governor, Vice-President, and President. He has had his peep into every angle of government, and both Mr. Roosevelt and the world have come the better off for the peeping. As this is written he is disturbing the pyramids and mayhap the Sphinx by his liberal eloquence, and — I guide by his time-card — when it is read he should be ransacking about Europe anywhere between the Kaiser and King Edward, Oxford and Berlin. He is scheduled to be with us in America by the middle of June, and since we want him to return and he himself is quite as hot to reach us, there is every argument for believing that June schedule will be carried out.

There be folk, whose wishes doubtless are fathers to their thoughts, who believe that Mr. Roosevelt will succeed Mr. Taft as President of these United States. For myself I do not share their views, since Mr. Roosevelt himself has carefully — or was it carelessly? — closed that door against himself. However, all that is another story and must be left in the telling for 1912. Meanwhile, I shall take up the story of Mr. Roosevelt as it has already occurred — the story of the flesh-and-blood Roosevelt — the HUMAN LIFE Roosevelt — avoiding as far as I may the sun-dried, bloodless style the common curse of most biographers.

Bar the One who died on Calvary and Abraham Lincoln, there has been more ink and paper given to Mr. Roosevelt than to any other man. Also he has not yet touched fifty-five and the end is not yet. His career should be a lesson to every one — the boy, the youth, the man of middle age, the grandsire hobbling on two canes. All activity, Mr. Roosevelt has often shown that it is better to do the wrong thing than do nothing at all. In politics this last is peculiarly true. The best thing is to do the right thing; the next best is to do the wrong thing, the worst thing of all things is to stand perfectly still. In the last instance, so far as an adverse destiny might be concerned, you offer practically a pot shot. What events may be seeking your destruction have time to shoot from a rest. As if by instinct Mr. Roosevelt realized this, and keeping ever in motion forced events in his case to do their shooting off-hand.

More than his activity and industry, however, his indomitable honesty has served the Roosevelt turn. It is that chilled-steel honesty, always and under all conditions evinced, which has been the throbbing, pulsating cause of every one of his great victories. That fact of honesty has never failed to save him with the people. He has followed off the wrong trail as often as any other man. He has never been infallible. He has proposed the wrong thing, supported the wrong thing. He has helped the wrong man, hated the wrong man. But he was always honest; and while his head took sometimes the left-hand turn, his heart never did. From his earliest step into politics the public has never doubted him on that angle of honesty. Also that faith was his citadel — his tower of strength. Knowing him to be honest, the people would never be parted from him. For strange as it may sound to Tallyrands of intrigue, the people would sooner go to smash with an honest man than succeed with a rogue.

If I can get out that which is within me the story of Mr. Roosevelt should possess qualities of interest. I have known him personally for well-nigh twenty years. He has not been told that I intend to write his story, since I hold to the theory that I am not driven to ask his consent. He has made himself public property for fairly the third of a century. He has held office upon office, and been paid for doing so. From what day he cast his first vote, Mr. Roosevelt has insisted upon walking the ramparts of publicity, and long ago forfeited all right to complain against being made the subject of discussion. He who has asked for and been given a Presidency cannot regard himself as a secret, and owns no right to be astonished when he finds himself in print. Wherefore I shall write of Mr. Roosevelt — write what I know and how I know it, what I think and why I think it. That should, I think, mark the proper line between us. To do more would be an invasion of his rights; to do less would be a surrender of my own.

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# LITTLE JOURNEYS
# GREAT MUSICIANS

***BOOK TWO—Bound in Boards, Hand-Made Paper, Portraits, TWO DOLLARS***

## *LISZT*

AND even in that cloister-cell, with its stone floors and cold, bare walls, the leaden hours brought the soundless presence of a tall and stately woman. Through the desolate bastions of his brain she glided in sweet disarray, looked into his tear-dimmed eyes, smoothing softly the coarse pillow where rested that head with its lion's mane which we know so well—a head now whitened by the frost of years. No sound came to him there, save a soft voice which Fate refused to silence, and this voice whispered, and whispered yet again—"Death shall not divide us, nor is Eternity long enough to separate thee from me."

## *BEETHOVEN*

BEHOLD his face—is there not something Titanic about it? What selfness, what will, what resolve, what power! And those tear-stained eyes—have they not seen sights of which no tongue can tell, nor pen make plain!

## *HANDEL*

THE excellence of Handel is shown in that he achieved the enmity of some very good men. Read the "Spectator," and you will find its pages well peppered with thrusts at "foreigners," and sweeping cross-strokes at Italian Opera and all "bombastic beaters of the air," who "smother harmony with bursts of discord in the name of music."

## *VERDI*

SHE prevailed upon him to leave her, and then come back at the finale and tell her all about it. He went away. When he returned he stumbled up the stairway and slowly entered the door. The last act had not been completed—the audience had hissed the players from the stage. Upon the ashen face of her husband the stricken woman read all. She tried to smile. She reached out one hand on which loosely hung a marriage-ring. The hand dropped before he could reach it. The eyes of the woman were closed, but upon the long black lashes glistened two big tears. The spirit was brave, but the body had given up the struggle.

## *ROBERT SCHUMANN*

CLARA SCHUMANN played her husband's pieces with such a wealth of expression that folks wondered why they had never heard of them before.

And today, wherever hearts are sad, or glad, and songs are sung, and strings vibrate, and keys respond to love's caress, there is in the hearts that feel and know, a shrine; and on this shrine in letters of gold two words are carved, and they are these: THE SCHUMANNS.

## *BRAHMS*

HE was deeply religious—although he never knew it. All music is a hymn of praise, a song of thanksgiving, a chant of faith. Music is a making manifest to our dull ears the divine harmony of the universe, and thus all music is sacred music, and all true musicians are priests, for by their ministrations we are made to realize our Oneness with the Whole. Through music we read the Universal.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York


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FOR a view of the real perspective of life, the development of an acute sense of moral proportion, a mental grip on relative values of things and circumstances, and hard-headed business sense, I recommend THE FRA Magazine—Not for mummies. Price, Two Dollars per year—with a book thrown in—(an extra red apple on the top of a heaping basket)—East Aurora, New York.

[A free advertisement by Evan Johnson, Editor "Office Appliances," done simply to pass a good thing along.]

I AM aware that there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe, from the time it issues from the coiled and poisoned worm in the distillery until it enters into the hell of death, dishonor and crime, that it dishonors everybody who touches it—from its source to where it ends. I do not believe anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against the liquor crime. All we have to do is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream, of the suicides, insanity, ignorance and destitution, produced by the devilish thing. And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against that damned stuff called alcohol.

—Robert G. Ingersoll.

ALL truth is safe and nothing else is safe; and he who keeps back the truth, or withholds it from men, from motives of expediency, is either a coward or a criminal, or both.—Max Muller.

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# WHAT TO READ?

The Libraries of the World are cumbered with the Unimportant, and the Books Worth While are generally Out of Sight. Stacks of Paper and Cloth, gilt and leather, bear down upon us. The "Six Best Sellers" lure the Hesitating and the Well-Intentioned, and so the Great and the Good are side-tracked.

Now, Literature without Selection is a maze, a confusion, a babble of Voices; so the Student possessed only of a Hungry Mind finds himself confounded on the very Doorstep of Knowledge.

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will occur at East Aurora, August First to Twelfth, inclusive. Two formal programs daily. There will be speakers of note, talkers of power, sweet singers from everywhere ✍ No introductions! Everybody will know everybody else. The Spirit of Brotherhood will prevail.


THE man scrambles out of bed, leaps into his clothes, flops down at the breakfast-table, gulps thrice, races down the street, swings onto a car, elbows into the elevator, flings open the office-door—and sits down and reads the morning paper for an hour! Morning after morning does he, until his friends lament over a premature grave. He has rushed through a long life into a long eternity. He has n't stopped to masticate life.

There is lots of nourishment in life, if eaten properly. Stevenson, who had solved the x and y of the equation we call life, put it in words that shout: "Some people swallow the universe like a pill." ¶ We gobble through life, these days. Life is really a very pleasant feast, with the music of the spheres as an orchestra, but we gulp it down as if it were a dairy-lunch on the nearest corner ✍

Many times have we been told that life is what we make it ✍ And many make it a pill!

"Keeping up with business" is laudable; but we should n't have to put one hand on the hearse to keep up with the procession. We are merely tearing off the leaves of life without looking to see how far the calendar is numbered. ¶ Hurry is a brother to Worry, and we all know what Worry killed. And its victim had nine lives! Beware of the Hurry and Worry Brothers.

Many people can "see" a World's Fair in a day. Others stay all Summer and leave regretting that they can't make another tour. They have been masticating.

European waiters firmly believe that stomach-trouble is as catching in the States as measles. The second day that a London waiter serves

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an American he greets him with, "And how is your stomach today, sir?"

You can rush and hurry all you want to, but you can't get away from a poor, mistreated stomach. It will follow you up day and night with an accusing finger!

Dispatch in business is all well and good ✍ But we become so contaminated with it that it affects us at the family hearth, or at the seashore. Business should be left behind locked doors ✍ Life outside the door marked "Private" should be well digested ✍ The will-o'-the-wisp just ahead is alluring; but if we bolt our life for it, we find by that stern old schoolma'am, Experience, that it gets farther and farther ahead, until at last we stumble into the final bog. ¶ Let us be Epicureans at life's table—but let us fletcherize.—Homer Croy.


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Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Treasurers and Cashiers of many different Texas Banks constitute the membership of the Texas Loan and Guaranty Company.

These men would not risk their reputation by being associated with other than an absolutely fair and reliable Investment Proposition.

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¶This fact alone commends itself to judicious investors, and might alone be sufficient to induce your interest were it not reinforced by the *security of the business* carried on by these men.

The Business of the Texas Loan and Guaranty Company is to loan money on Texas Property—but only on First Mortgages—and only Fifty per cent of the Officially Assessed Value of the Property.

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The grouchiest pessimist can not give reasons why Texas Lands may decrease in Value. There are none.

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The Texas Loan & Guaranty Company, Houston, Texas


✍

COMMERCE is a game of skill, which every man can not play, which few men can play well. The right merchant is one who has the just average of faculties we call common-sense; a man of strong affinity for facts, who makes up his decision on what he has seen. He is thoroughly persuaded of the truths of arithmetic. There is always a reason, in the man, for his good or bad fortune; and so, in making money. Men talk as if there were some magic about this, and believe in magic, in all parts of life. He knows that all goes on the old road, pound for pound, cent for cent—for every effect a perfect cause—and that good luck is another name for tenacity of purpose.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

✍

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Memory is the Key that works the combination that yields to your use the accumulated data of the years.

The Value of what You Know is increased or lessened by your facility in producing it on The Minute—when you need it.

We hear much of the "Prepared Man." What is Preparedness? I'll tell you. Preparedness is being able to USE all you know.

Not lack of Knowledge has held you back, but Lack of the USE of Knowledge.

Memory Training is a Practical Science. You can Catalog your Accomplishments and File-Index your Thoughts ✍ How?

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It has corrected curvatures and deformities; it has rejuvenated many deteriorated physiques; it has brought aspirants up to the required height of the U. S. Naval Academy, the U. S. Military Academy; it has pulled men into the King's Cavalry and into His Majesty's postal service, and has helped some into the service of our metropolitan municipalities.

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***FIDELITY TITLE AND TRUST COMPANY, Pittsburgh, Pa.***

341 and 343 Fourth Avenue


'HERE is a good living to be made in politics, if one is lucky and popular. e same thing may be said of gambling, with popularity clause omitted. But in both re are a lot of failures, and outside appear-es are deceptive in both cases. The gam-r is apt to have to pawn the diamonds, ich you view with envy, and the profes-nal politician occasionally finds himself on wrong side, and out of a job. Nor is the eer of the politician an unvaried soft snap, even when things are running smoothly. He may not work hard, and the pay may be good, but he does a number of things which displease people, and they abuse him in a manner to penetrate the hide of a pachyderm. Also, the politician does considerable work for the job. It is a disagreeable, fawning, and frequently underhanded work; displaying an interest in people and things which bore you, and feeling more the shouts of the opposition than the applause of the followers. The followers, too—the closest ones—are such because they see a chance of sharing the prize. Yet a good many men long to enter politics; no doubt, some of them really enjoy it as a game, and are willing to take the good with the bad. But even such as these are apt to overlook better opportunities, and surely no man whose chances are good in other lines should be tempted away by a political career.

—E. W. Howe

EVERY year I live increases my conviction that the use of intoxicating drinks is a greater destroying force to life and virtue than all other physical evils combined.—Beecher.

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DISCIPLES of unrest would have the world believe that this is the day of the rich; whereas, on the contrary, never in the history of the United States have the poor and those persons of restricted means been enabled to procure so much for so little.

The rich may speed in their automobiles, but for five cents the poor may royally ride from one side of a city to the other, or even be carried miles into the country. ¶What an improvement over the days of our forefathers, when it was either own your private conveyance, or else journey by foot or in the expensive stage.

The rich may seclude themselves in spacious villas and country places, but the country-place of the poor is provided, absolutely free of expense to them, in extensive parks, where grass, trees, fountains and music, flowers and statuary are theirs to enjoy as if created by their pocketbooks.

For two cents a letter may be sent a distance which once would have demanded twenty-five cents. To the address of the poor as to the hall of the rich the carrier delivers the mail, and for the farmer whose labor will not permit him to go to town there is the rural service.

For five cents the poor man may talk over the telephone as far as the rich man; and into the cottage as into the mansion has been extended the electric light, at a reasonable rate.

The rich may have their private libraries; but much better libraries are open to the knock of the common people.

This is not the day of the rich; it is the day of the poor, wherein especial attention is being paid to the person not with much, but with little to spend.—Edwin L. Sabin.



**The Winning Crew**

Must have strong hearts and steady nerves, as well as strong muscles.

The "shortness of breath" caused by coffee is a sign of weak heart. Athletes know it and they quit coffee and many use

**POSTUM**

It is made of wheat, skilfully roasted, including the bran-coat which Nature has stored with Phosphate of Potash for supplying the gray substance in brain and nerves.

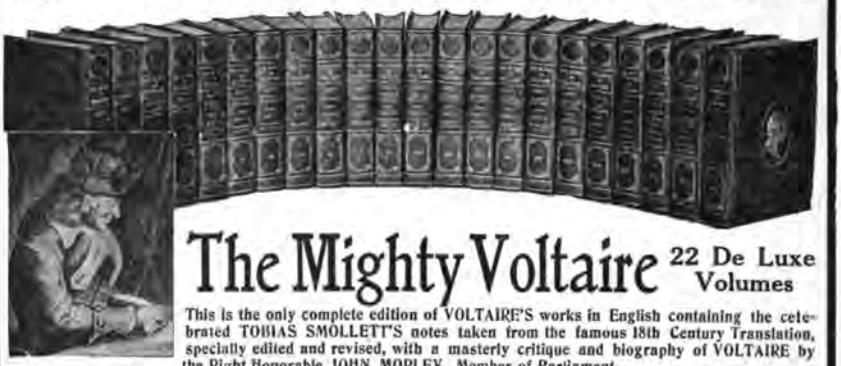
**"There's a Reason" for Postum**

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

This is the year that you are coming to The Roycroft Convention
July First to Tenth

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# A WONDERFUL BARGAIN





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**Voltaire's writings** have a tremendous influence upon all mankind. **Justice Seabury,** sitting in the Appellate Term of the Supreme Court, New York, N. Y., in handing down a decision recently, made this statement in connection with the writings of Voltaire: "Differ as men may as to the views of Voltaire on many questions, none can deny the great influence of his works in promoting justice and humanity and the reign of reason in public affairs."

**During his life** the truth and boldness of his writings shook France to its foundations. They affected so many officials in high places that he was imprisoned three times, once in the Bastile for an entire year. The authorities did not dare let the people read his wonderful writings.

**Voltaire is the** intellectual giant of all ages—History records no genius with so many mental gifts. He tore down the rotten superstructure of ignorance—unearthed a mass of buried truth—wrote with marvelous skill the history of those who had lived and gone, and explored the glorious fields of poetry, drama and fiction.

**The love of Voltaire** is amorous but nevertheless exquisite—his dramas rival those of Shakespeare—his fiction fascinating—his wit spontaneous—charming.

**Voltaire's writings are an education in themselves**—a never failing source of intellectual refreshment, recreation and amusement. There is a wealth of material to meet the demands of any mood of one's mind at all times.

**Voltaire's writings** are a wonderful help and uplift to all mankind. The Royal Road to "know thyself" is to **"read** and **know Voltaire."**

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**Read How This Beautiful Edition Was Made.** This edition is printed from new, large type, very readable, on a special antique finished paper, illustrated from exquisite old French designs, which form in themselves a rare gallery of famous historical characters. The work contains over 100 photogravure illustrations, 36 being colored by hand, forming a collection of gems by the world's most famous artists. These 22 De Luxe Volumes with Index are handsomely and durably bound in Red English Buckram, the volumes are stamped upon the back in gold, with a medallion of Voltaire in gold upon the side, with gold tops, silk head-bands, silk ribbon book marker, and each volume contains an Illuminated Title Page.

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For a State or an individual to fail in these respects is as reprehensible as to wage an unholy war or to commit crime. We are so careless of our responsibilities that we need waking up.

To educate a child is not merely to send him to school so many hours five days a week during nine months of the year. To educate a child is not to pump into him in one way or another a certain predetermined amount of fact. To educate a child is to give him certain tools with which to work, to instil into him a few fundamental considerations often more easily secured from books than otherwise, but, what is more to the purpose, to train the mind so that it may grow constantly in logical power, in apprehension, and be able to form correct judgments in all the perplexing stages of existence. Life is not run on any fixed basis for all. There is a difference even among slaves.

EVERY good parent wants to see his children grow up with good character, definiteness of purpose, and capability of achievement. It makes no difference in what stratum of life you find the parent, those are his ambitions for his children. The parent is to a large extent responsible for the development of his children; but the State is to a large extent responsible also. Both are bound to use their powers in the right direction and to exercise them constantly and intelligently.

We desire our children to be quick to lay hold upon the best things of life and to more than take our places when our activities are ended. We are doing something in this direction in the public schools, but so far in a feeble way. While we thought there was nothing to do except to

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follow the old ruts, we were not without excuse. At present we know our deficiencies, we know some of the remedies, and we shall be responsible according as we fail to make use of opportunities which lie before us of improving the mental, moral and physical status of the rising generation.—Joseph M. Rogers.

The charm of reading is the recognition of what we know.

IF all intellectual friendships, none are so beautiful as those which subsist between old and ripe men and their younger brethren in science or literature or art. It is by these private friendships, even more than by public performance, that the tradition of sound thinking and great doing is perpetuated from age to age.—Hamerton.

Do not covet your neighbor's virtues.

FRA ARTHUR LIPSON, who portrayed the Bogus Count in Geo. M. Cohan's "The American Idea," says of the beginning of his career, "After months and months of disappointments I finally got an engagement as super with Richard Mansfield in 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' where I lasted just one rehearsal. You see, I was so busy watching the great artist act that I forgot to supe. Mr. Mansfield failed to appreciate the compliment and I lost my job."

THE man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is under ground.—Sir Thomas Overbury.

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UNDERWOOD
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Greater Speed
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"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"
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New York and Everywhere

Everybody who is Anybody will be here—at
The Roycroft Convention, July First to Tenth.

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"The Filter that *Filters*"

DON'T take chances by drinking water that is *supposed* to be free from germs. The clearest well-water is often alive with bacteria. Water previously filtered—at a distance from your home—may be laden with germs when it reaches you. ¶ To be *sure* that your drinking-water is absolutely germ-free and pure, filter it right in your home through the

**FULPER**
**Germ-proof Filter**
and Cooler Combined

The "Fulper" Disc is a natural stone, specially processed—the pores are so small that bacteria simply can't get through.
The "Fulper" is made of gray glazed stoneware, in two parts. Sanitary and easy to clean. Family size, $3.85; separate ice-chamber, 55 cents.
Don't risk a substitute. If your dealer has n't the "Fulper," send us the money, with his name, and we will see that you are supplied.

Trade Mark
Your Guarantee

**OUR FREE BOOK**
"Nature's Laboratory," explains why nearly all drinking-water contains germs, and gives convincing scientific tests of the efficiency of the "Fulper." Write for a copy today.

FULPER POTTERY CO.
Founded 1805
**21 Main Street** **Flemington, N. J.**




**PARIS GARTERS are *Tailored* Garters**

To *bind* the leg with a strip of elastic hinged with metal is any man's method; to *clasp* the leg with a Tailored Garter is the prerogative of the Well Informed.

Paris Garters are *Designed* to fit the leg of Man, and to give the muscles Full Play. Paris Garters are *Tailored* with as much thought for the Service they are to Perform as a Custom-made Suit.

With Paris Garters no metal can touch the flesh to chafe, to burn, to annoy.

With Paris Garters the fit is snug without shutting off Blood Circulation or furrowing the flesh.

**Incomparable for Summer Wear**

With Knee-Length Drawers, Paris Garters are Incomparable. They hold the sock firmly, easily, without wrinkles or let-down.

Paris Garters do the work assigned to them, in the Best Way, with the Least Annoyance to you.

If you don't find Paris Garters at your Haberdasher's, forward twenty-five cents for a sample pair in cotton or fifty cents for an Immortal-like effect in silk




This IS the Paris Garter Box

A. Stein & Company
**Make Them at 180 Center Ave., Chicago, Illinois**


In meeting those troubles that we have, there is a certain exultation; the effort to solve them in itself lessens their oppression. Where they seem to bring a physical strain, it is generally more the effect of worry than the cause of it.

Every one of us has often had troubles before and has overcome them, so that even if the present ones seem to be worse, we are better able for them, for we had not then the same experience or resourcefulness to overcome them with. We learn by our experience that troubles are not arbitrary nor useless, and that the way to look at them is as we look at a difficult game we are playing: people often do make themselves anxious and feverish about the results of even a game, for the anxiety is in themselves and is little relieved by change of circumstances.

Carnegie said that he made a success mainly by meeting all his troubles smilingly. I guess he has had as many times of anxiety as anybody, in his life; probably, however, the smilingness is only a result of his point of view; it can not be a cause: having confidence in his own ability he goes up against problems knowing that they will be solved somehow. ¶ Even

IT is nearly useless to give advice—entirely useless if unsolicited; but not so bad to write it, because nobody has to read.

But one who has had all the same sort of anxieties as those who come to him in trouble gets a certain prescriptive right to talk, even about himself. Most of our troubles are really created by our own attitude towards events, and it is not so much the pressure of the difficulties we have now that affects us, as our apprehension of the future.

Everybody who is Anybody will be here—at
The Roycroft Convention, July First to Tenth.

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if they were not solved and our plan for improving things miscarry, the world would still get, as we ourselves get, just what it needs and nothing else. About the success or failure of those schemes we need not be troubled, for, do what we may, the results —that is, the ultimate results —are beyond our control. Having then done the best we can, the rest is "in the lap of the gods."

Our happiness is not truly dependent on circumstances—it is in ourselves, in the Faith, the belief in the essential goodness of the Constitution of Things.

Many of us can look back over the perplexities we have had, and acknowledge now that every one was just the thing we had to have in order to see clearly and to have constant quiet of mind.

—Bolton Hall.






THE liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out the vitals and threatening destruction, and all attempts to regulate it will not only prove abortive, but will aggravate the evil. There must be no more attempts to regulate the cancer. It must be eradicated, not a root must be left behind; for, until this is done, all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of strong drink. ¶ If it is a crime to make a counterfeit dollar, it is ten thousand times a worse crime to make a counterfeit man.—Abraham Lincoln.

A FRIEND whom you have been gaining through a whole life you ought not to be displeased with in a moment. A stone is many years becoming a ruby; take care that you do not destroy it in an instant against another stone.—Saadi.

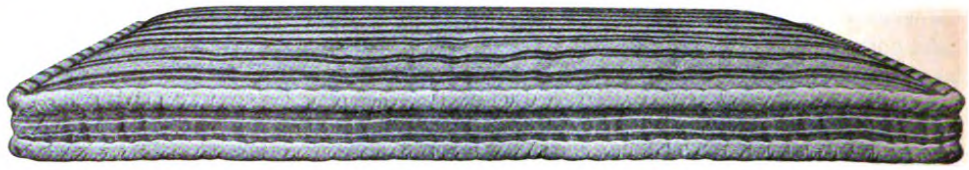
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July First to Tenth.

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# Sealy

## *The Tuftless Mattress*

***Guaranteed for 20 Years***

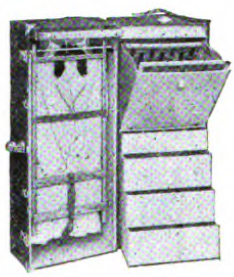


THERE are three reasons why the SEALY is the most comfortable mattress made.
FIRST: It is made without tufts or tying.
SECOND: It is made without layers, bunches or sections of any sort.
THIRD: It is made of pure white, genuine cotton.
In this advertisement we want to dwell on "reason Third."
¶ Pure, long-fiber cotton is naturally springy, does not become soggy and is clean.
But there is an adulterant—a cheap substitute for cotton, that is used in many supposedly cotton mattresses—especially the "felt" or layer sort. As the price of real cotton has gone up, the use of this substitute has naturally increased. The name of this material is "linters." Linters is the short, fuzzy scraping of the cotton-seeds. It is dirty, dusty and soggy, but cheap—costing a fraction of what good cotton costs.
¶ On the cotton exchanges it is not regarded as cotton of even the lowest grade. It is not listed or quoted as cotton, being bought and sold simply as linters. Linters makes a heavy, soggy, unsanitary bed that bears no comparison to the pure white, clean, springy SEALY. ¶ The SEALY way of making a mattress allows the natural resiliency of the long, curly, cotton fibers to have full play. Other processes "felt" and roll the cotton into layers before it is put into the tick—then tie the layers down and together by tufting.
The SEALY is made of one giant "bat" of cotton, air-blown into the correct size and shape for the mattress. The tick is simply a casing and does not confine the filling or retard its natural springiness. The whole story is too long for this space—SEND FOR OUR BOOK.

**"THE REAL DIFFERENCE IN MATTRESSES"**

This book gives new information on an old subject. It is a book of revelations to those who have not known the true inwardness of mattresses. It is a protection to the mattress buyer and user. This book will insure your getting full value in buying a mattress—which you can not be sure of without it. Sent free. Write for it today.

**SEALY MATTRESS COMPANY, DALLAS, TEXAS**



## *"THEY ARE JUST GRAND"*

That's What Every Woman Says About

## The Latest "Likly" Wardrobe Trunks

The simplicity of the new "Likly" packing arrangement—only a single strap—is a priceless advantage, and is quick and easy to operate. ¶ Sixteen to eighteen suits or gowns, and the accessories to go with them, are readily carried, and every garment is instantly accessible when the trunk is opened.
In addition to the wardrobe section, there is a large and roomy complete chiffonier section, including a drawer especially designed to accommodate a large hat, but which may be utilized for other purposes.

**The "Likly" Midget Wardrobe Trunk for Men** is also one of the simplest, most convenient, and most compact wardrobe trunks made, and is an excellent short-trip trunk for busy men. It will carry, without wrinkling, three suits and an overcoat, or four suits. ¶ It has special compartments for shirts and underwear, neckwear, collars, handkerchiefs and hosiery, shoes and a hat.
And there is only a single strap to operate in packing and unpacking. ¶ If you appreciate having your belongings in perfect condition and instantly accessible when traveling, you need a "Likly" Wardrobe.

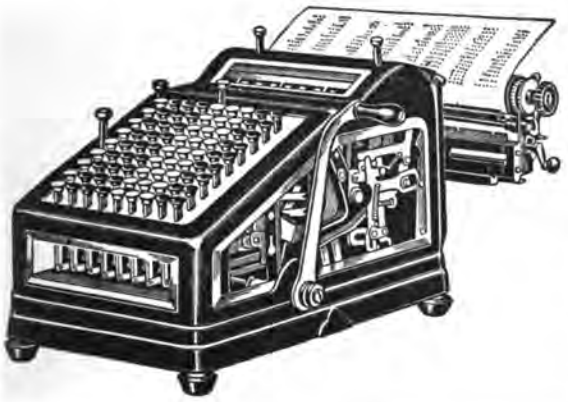


*A Complete Wardrobe Booklet of Special Styles for Men and Women will be Sent on Request*

**HENRY LIKLY & COMPANY**
**116 Lyell Avenue, Rochester, New York**


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# WALES Visible Adding and Listing Machine



## The WALES Remains "Independent"

THE WALES Visible Adding-Machine has been, is, and shall continue to be controlled by a company whose object is not stock-jobbing, manipulation, or monopoly, but the manufacture of the most modern adding-machine. The Supreme Court has sustained the position of the Wilkes-Barre stockholders in protecting the WALES against "trust" acquisition. This is a machine worth knowing about.

**The Adder Machine Company**
**Wilkes-Barre Pennsylvania**

## Here's a Summer Suit of Pure Irish Linen

***A Real Natty-Looking Suit, Tailored like the Made-to-Order Article, and our Special Price is only $6.75. You Could Pay Twice the Price and not get so Good an Article.***

LET us send this suit to you. We 'll take the risk: that is to say, you send us $6.75, and the suit goes forward to you—express or any way you like. Full charges prepaid to your regular delivery office. Take a Fair amount of time—say a week—to decide whether the suit measures up to what you expected. If you think—which you won't—that you 'd rather have your $6.75 back, just pack the suit nicely and return it to us, plainly addressed.

As soon as we get it, you 'll have an Express money-order or a Post-office order by next mail—all of which is a fine example of the implicit confidence we have in the merit of this very remarkable Linen Suit.

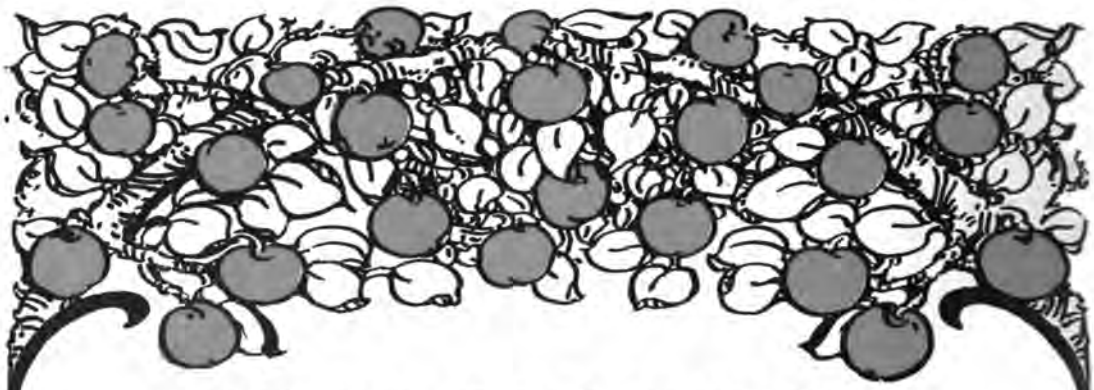
*THESE DETAILS WILL INTEREST YOU*

A womanly-looking suit. Just like the illustration. Made of guaranteed pure Irish Linen Suiting. Tailored with all the skill that the most expert tailors are capable of. A perfect-fitting, graceful-hanging coat and skirt suit that your friends will surely think cost you more. A suit that will be a joy to wear. A suit that while plain and simply tailored, nevertheless reflects a fine degree of individuality. Write today, send $6.75, and give us your measurements—Bust, Waist-band, Length of Skirt—that 's all. Address

O'CONNOR - WHITNEY CO.
Corner Smithfield and Diamond Sts., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania




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# APPLE ORCHARDING IN THE SPOKANE COUNTRY

## Commercial Apple Orchards are Wonderful Wealth-Producers. Through us you may become identified with the industry and thus increase your income

Out here in the Spokane Country the Apple Industry, commercially engaged in, is the one big *Opportunity of the Hour*, and we have taken this page to invite you to become interested in it with us. ¶ The market for high-class winter apples is *hopelessly undersupplied*. An apple throughout the East is a *luxury*. ¶ The production of the world shows a *decrease* during the past 13 years from 69,000,000 to 21,000,000 barrels. Meantime, *the population has increased*. ¶ The apple is used in *more* different ways than is any other food, and the amount of ideal or perfect orchard land is limited. ¶ These few facts *emphasize* the importance of the Apple-Orchard Industry and will give you an inkling as to the profits that Apple Orchards *must earn* for their owners.

**A Word from A. G. Hanauer—Personally**

Your *money* should work for *you* as hard as *you* work for *it*—an investment of *$100* earns for some as much as an investment of *$300* does for others.

*Through us* you can increase your income materially, as many other Readers of THE FRA have arranged to do, and every day a few more are deciding favorably.

*I am desirous that you know the Orchard Industry as I know it*, and I want to send you our new Booklet entitled: "APPLES OF GOLD," provided, of course, you wish to increase your income—and I am quite sure that that is the ambition of every one.

***Mail the coupon now—that 's the first step***

A. G. Hanauer

We are the largest orchard operators in the Northwest and are developing a number of orchard properties under the Unit System of Ownership. Each property of from 100 to 300 acres is divided into a number of parts called Units, and these Units are sold on small monthly instalments, bringing the investment easily within the reach of any one who will cultivate the "Saving Habit" and is willing to lay aside a little each month—for a purpose.

The investment is backed by the best collateral—secured by the best security—**Washington Apple-Orchard Land**—and the value of the land **increases** each month in proportion to the sum total of your payments, which earn **7 per cent** per annum for you, **just as fast as they are paid in.**

From the moment the young trees are set out the planted orchard has a **greater** asset value; and by and by, in a few months—for time is a swift, fleet thing—all your payments will have been made, the trees will have reached maturity, **they will begin to bear.**

The orchard then begins to pay and the Units that you own, which cost you $200 each and which you paid for in small monthly instalments, will be worth $400 or more and return you liberal interest on the enhanced value.

What would all this mean to you if you were receiving this increased income?

Surely it is worth knowing more about, and that is why the coupon appearing below is hereto attached for your convenience.

**HANAUER-GRAVES CO.**
**Corner First and Stevens Spokane, Wash.**

REFERENCES: Old National Bank, Spokane; Traders National Bank, Spokane; Spokane & Eastern Trust Co., Spokane; Union Trust Co., Spokane

HANAUER-GRAVES CO., Spokane, Wash.:
Write me fully concerning your plan. *Mail me your new booklet, "Apples of Gold."*

NAME.....

STREET.....

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FRA, June

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# Three Generations of Experts

Stein-Bloch use the expression, "This label means fifty-five years of Knowing How." In other words, experience—the teacher of teachers.

Here are three portraits—an old man, a middle-aged man and a boy. These three are working in the Stein-Bloch tailor-shop, making Stein-Bloch clothes.

The old man is the boy's grandfather. The middle-aged man is the boy's father. They represent three generations.

When the grandfather went to work at the Stein-Bloch bench he was no older than the boy. He learned his trade, handed it down to the father, thence to the boy.

This means the highest development of the art of tailoring—the force of heredity added to lifelong training. It is but one instance out of many in the Stein-Bloch Shop.

It is three times one man's fifty-five years of Knowing How. The knowledge of the past master, the skill of maturity, the enthusiasm of youth.

Try on these clothes at your leading clothier's; remember what you have read. The label embodies it. It means fifty-five years of Knowing How.

The Stein-Bloch Co.
Wholesale Tailors

***Send for "Smartness"—the book of world-wide styles***

## THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

**Tailors for Men**

**OFFICES AND SHOPS:**
**Rochester, N. Y.**

**CHICAGO:**
**1422 Republic Building**

**NEW YORK:**
**Fifth Avenue Building**

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## Has Tried Them All—Uses "New Perfection"

The housewife with years of experience—the woman who knows how to cook—finds, after practical tests and hard trials, the New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is her idea of what a good cook-stove really ought to be.

She finds it requires less attention, costs less to operate, and cooks all food better than any other stove she has ever tried.

She finds the New Perfection oven bakes and roasts perfectly.

# New Perfection

WICK BLUE FLAME

# Oil Cook-stove

has a Cabinet Top with a shelf for keeping plates and food hot.

There are drop shelves for coffee pot or saucepans, and nickeled towel racks.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive.

Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

**Cautionary Note.**—Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "NEW PERFECTION." Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

## Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)

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Donovan, of Detroit Chance, of Chicago Kling, of Chicago Wagner, of Pittsburgh Jennings, of Detroit

The men who uphold the standards of American sport today are clean men—clean of action and clean of face. Your baseball star takes thought of his personal appearance—it's a part of his team ethics. He starts the day with a clean shave—and, like all self-reliant men, he shaves himself.

Wagner, Jennings, Kling, Donovan, Chance—each of the headliners owns a Gillette Safety-Razor *and uses it.* The Gillette is typical of the American spirit. It is used by capitalists, professional men, business men—by men of action all over this country—*three million of them.*

Its use starts habits of energy—of initiative. And men who *do* for themselves are men who *think* for themselves.

Be master of your own time. Buy a Gillette and use it.

You can shave with it the first time you try. The only perfectly *safe* razor and the only safety-razor that shaves on the correct hollow-ground shaving principle.

No stropping, no honing.

Send your name on a post-card for our new Baseball book—schedule of all league games—batting records—24 pages of interesting facts and figures. Every fan should have it. It is free.

*King C. Gillette*

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 40 W. Second Street, Boston

New York, Times Building Chicago, Stock Exchange Building Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London
Eastern Office, Shanghai, China Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 40 W. Second Street, Boston

Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris

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# Annihilator of Space




To be within arm's reach of distant cities it is only necessary to be within arm's reach of a Bell Telephone. It annihilates space and provides instantaneous communication, both near and far.

There can be no boundaries to a telephone system as it is now understood and demanded. Every community is a center from which people desire communication in every direction, always with contiguous territory, often with distant points. Each individual user may at any moment need the long distance lines which radiate from his local center.

An exchange which is purely local has a certain value. If, in addition to its local connections, it has connections with other contiguous localities, it has a largely increased value.

If it is universal in its connections and inter-communications, it is indispensable to all those whose social or business relations are more than purely local.

A telephone system which undertakes to meet the full requirements of the public must cover with its exchanges and connecting links the whole country.

***The Bell Telephone System annihilates space for the business man to-day. It brings him and any of his far-away social or business interests together.***

## AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
### AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

***One Policy. One System. Universal Service.***


THIS is a rich nation. The present generation knows little about taxation. Indeed, only during our Civil War were taxes ever high in this country, compared with those of other nations. A few years ago we remitted seventy million dollars per annum in stamp taxes laid during the Spanish war. It is doubtful if any person was relieved thereby, and now the nation would be very glad if it had the money. We could raise a similar sum without much difficulty. In fact, our trouble with taxes has not been so much the sum raised as the manner of laying them, which has involved a vast economic principle which has been injected into politics. Japan levies a tax of eight dollars per capita, or forty per cent of the average income. Yet it manages to get along and seemingly prospers. ¶ Our present difficulty in raising more taxes for school purposes rises out of the fact that they are now almost exclusively levied on real estate. Real estate certainly bears more than its proper proportion, because it is the most palpable property, that which can least easily escape. It is certain that one of the reforms of the future is a better adjustment of the burdens of taxation, but instead of waiting for that adjustment, it seems to me that the demand for more money for the schools will be the lever in bringing it about. The property in this country is estimated to be worth one hundred twenty billion dollars, a sum which is inconceivable, but we know that a large portion of it does not bear its proper share of the public burdens. The public schools cost less than one-third of one per cent of that sum. If one per cent of the

Always in times of stress a vast number of people look to the Government for relief. But what shall we say of a Government which makes war on those who are now giving work to millions, and thereby assure us peace and prosperity!

Read the Railroad FRA for August

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total amount should be spent for schools—and that seems a modest demand—there would be enough for all requirements—more than could be used advantageously at once. And it would be an investment of the most profitable kind.—Jos. M. Rogers.

THE business of our Government should be on an economic basis. "Deals" are a hundred times more common in Washington than they are on Wall Street.

I would rather see the financial appropriations and expenditures of this country handled by John D. Archbold and Andrew Carnegie than to leave these matters to Congress. What this country needs now is more skilled business men and fewer professional politicians. ¶ As an actual fact, neither Carnegie nor Archbold are Wall Street men. They are not speculators, they are creators and producers. ¶ These great financiers build railroads, irrigate vast sections of arid land, tunnel mountains, mine the ores, while the chief ambition of many Congressmen is to vote money for battleships. ¶ Our great enterprisers are on the side of income. Washington is mostly on the side of expense.—W. C. Foster.




# Wish a Position?

There are now hundreds of vacancies needing good stenographers at salaries from $10 to $25 per week. No matter whether you use

# The Underwood Standard Typewriter



or not, our Free Employment Department will help you find a position. Our Employment Department is the largest in the world and offers free service to both employer and employee. If in New York City, Phone Barclay, 6800, or address

**Employment Department**

Any Branch Office

**Underwood Typewriter Company, Incorporated**

New York and Everywhere


HE who helps a child, helps humanity with a distinctiveness, with an immediateness which no other help given to human creatures in any other stage of their human existence, can possibly give again. By helping children we help humanity at its best end.

—Phillips Brooks

IT keeps the society doctors busy nowadays hunting up new diseases that the common people do not have.

He who tries to incite class-hatred and make it appear that there is war on between the railroads and the people is a wicker-sham. The railroads thrive only as the people thrive, and every railroad-manager knows it.

Only a Magazine of character can hold the Advertisers who use THE FRA

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# Autology



Dr. Moras has written a Commonsense Book on Autology, and by so doing, placed the Standard of the Creed of Health farther to the front than any man who has lived for a thousand years.—ELBERT HUBBARD

Dear Sir:

I have read your Autology with care. It has been of unusual interest throughout. Your words on the power of environment agree with my experience exactly.

The whole work, from beginning to end, makes a splendid environment for producing active thought.

Yours sincerely,
LUTHER BURBANK.
Santa Rosa, Cal.

I have read your book AUTOLOGY with much interest and profit. I congratulate you on improving on Graham, Trall, Dewey, Densmore, Bellows, Miles, Haig, Fletcher, Smith, Christian, Just, Broadbent and others.
—HENRY BOOL, Ithaca, N. Y.

I say this is a book. There are men and men; but there is much difference. When it comes to measuring men by an ideal standard there are but few; the same is true of books. Autology, by E. R. Moras, M. D., is a book.—DR. J. H. TILDEN, Editor of "A Stuffed Club," Denver, Colo.

## Well or Sick, You Need AUTOLOGY

**Autology** is no theory, no fad, no creed. It deals with the **practical business** of your **body and brain** as you have learned to deal with the practical business of your home affairs, plants and flowers, your land and grain, your dollars and cents.

With it there need be no such thing as pain or sickness in your life. Do you realize what that means? That you may see and know for yourself, write for my free, **absolutely free.**

## "GUIDE TO AUTOLOGY" FREE

**By EDMOND R. MORAS, M. D.**




We consider Autology one of the most wonderful books ever written.—PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE.

### EVERY CHAPTER IS A GEM

The editor of **Health Magazine**, published in New York, whose opinion is eagerly sought by thinking people all over the world, has this to say on the Chapter on Digestion: "It is a veritable gem, and will prove a blessing to untold thousands." There are over thirty such gems as fine as you ever want to read, and they cost you nothing, absolutely nothing, now or later—just the time to read them at your leisure.

**Every subject** is treated not only in a unique way, in plain, every-day language, as interesting as any novel, but it is as vital to your well-living as breathing and eating. Send for it and judge for yourself. It is free, absolutely free, and sent postpaid.

**Address your request for a FREE copy of "Guide to Autology," containing a wealth of information whose health and brain value can't be reckoned in dollars and cents, to**

E. R. MORAS, M. D., DEPARTMENT 792, HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

**Harvard University Medical School, '88; College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago), '89; Formerly House Physician and Surgeon in Cook County Hospital (Chicago); Professor of Obstetrics, College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago); Member of Chicago Medical Society, etc.**


THE vivisectors, those who cut, torture and mutilate in the name of science, disgrace our age. They excite the horror and indignation of all good people. It is impossible for the ingenuity of man to say anything in defense of cruelty—of heartlessness. Vivisection should be controlled by law. We should allow no animal to be tortured. Those who are incapable of pitying animals are incapable of pitying men.—Robt. Ingersoll

IT has long been an American trait to see in the strength of another nation not a peril, but an increased guarantee for the peace and progress of the world. It is most desirable that this wise and far-sighted view should be received as a leading principle everywhere. That it is the true expression of Germany's attitude towards America has been well voiced by Emperor William II, when he said to W. W. Phelps, then Ambassador in Berlin: "From childhood I have admired the great and expanding community you represent. Among the many conspicuous characteristics of your fellow citizens, the world admires in particular their spirit of enterprise, their respect for law, and

NO one has success until he has the abounding life. This is made up of the many-fold activity of energy, enthusiasm and gladness. It is to spring to meet the day with a thrill at being alive. It is to go forth to meet the morning in an ecstasy of joy. It is to realize the oneness of humanity in true spiritual sympathy.—Lillian Whiting.

All progress has its inception in a heresy, and all realities are but dreams come true.—Whitlock

The man who knocks on the railroads belongs to the Lobsteria. As the railroads prosper we all prosper. When the shops shut down, orders for iron are canceled, and the empties line the sidings, we are all up against it, and the bread-line forms.

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their inventiveness. Germans feel themselves the more drawn to the people of the United States because of the many ties that inevitably accompany kinship of blood. ¶ The feeling which both countries entertain most strongly is that of relationship and friendship of long standing, and the future can only tend to strengthen the heartiness of our relations!" —Karl Von Lewinski.

THIS country does not need a uniform divorce law so much as a uniform law of divorce procedure. Such a law should contain provisions against such action as the sealing of papers in divorce cases. Divorces should be granted "in the open," and not in Star Chamber. Men who are of the world know that in only too many divorce cases, even those in which the suit is brought by the wife, the woman is coerced into the action mostly through a threat of withholding funds. Therefore the showing of statistics that women outnumber men as plaintiffs means nothing except that it shows some more of the damnable shallowness of so-called chivalry towards women. Men who are too chivalrous to enter a suit and make charges against wives they want to get rid of, are not too chivalrous to force their wives to sue by starving them into acquiescence, which they could n't do were it not for woman's economic dependence. The law should so regulate divorce that in the proceedings there would be "a square deal" for the woman, and "a square deal" is something woman seldom receives in anything — she 's deceived and coerced in marriage, in business, in divorce, in everything.—William Marion Reedy.



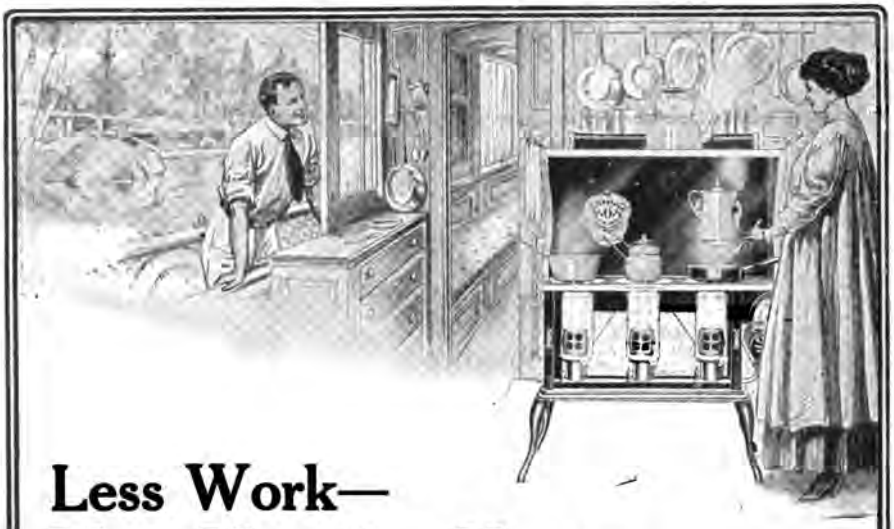

# History in Tabloid

THE Roycroft Fraternity was founded fifteen years ago by a man with a small capital and an expanding ego. ¶ The work has grown, and the workers have grown with their work. The concern now employs over five hundred people, and has a capital of half a million dollars. It has issued no bonds nor mortgages, and extends its lines only as it has the money and sees the way open. It is not given to plunging or speculation. The business has evolved slowly and steadily from the first, and is still evolving. ¶ The Roycrofters issue three magazines, *The Fra, The Philistine* and *Little Journeys*. These magazines have a combined paid-up circulation of over two hundred thousand copies a month, and are believed to exercise a vitalizing influence on the thought of the world. ¶ The Roycrofters print and bind books; they also have a blacksmith-shop, a furniture-shop, two hotels, a farm of a hundred acres and a "Chautauqua Assembly," and an art pottery is under way. Located in their central stone building is a Bank, which is operated under the title of "Elbert Hubbard, Banker," as a personal assurance to the depositor of right treatment. ¶ The policy of the Bank is a conservative one. It loans money to Roycroft workers who are building homes, or making improvements, and need a little transient assistance. This Bank started six years ago, and has grown slowly ever since. It pays four per cent interest per annum, on quarterly balances, adding the interest to the principal. Deposits from One Dollar up received, subject to check at any time. ¶ Experience has shown that banking by mail is safe and convenient. *You are invited to open an account with us*—also an account for your boy or girl. A bank-account is an education.

*Address:* ELBERT HUBBARD, Banker, East Aurora, N. Y.


Business in this country gives work and wages to every one who wants to work.
Let business alone.
Advertisements will be accepted in THE RAILROAD FRA for August.

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# Less Work—
# More Vacation Hours

Good cooking for sharp appetites, in the house-boat—bungalow—camp, with a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove. The perfect stove for summer in the house—cottage—anywhere. Easily portable. It broils and toasts, and, with the New Perfection Oven, bakes and roasts perfectly. Intense heat concentrated at the burners—nowhere else—kitchen not overheated.

Convenient, cleanly, economical. Fuel obtainable everywhere. No smoke—no odor. No wood to chop—no coal to carry. The

## New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
## Oil Cook-stove

has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot; drop shelves for the coffee pot or saucepans, and nickeled towel racks.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove very attractive and invites cleanliness.

Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

**Cautionary Note:** Be sure you get this stove — see that the name-plate reads "NEW PERFECTION." Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

## Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)

IF I could have my way, I should build a couple of warships a year less than we are now building. Perhaps one would do. I would take that five million or six million dollars a year and start at least one thousand agricultural schools in the United States at five thousand dollars a year each, in the shape of model farms. This model farm would be simply a tract of land conforming in size, soil treatment, crop selection and rotation, and methods of cultivation to modern agricultural methods. Its purpose would be to furnish to all its neighborhood a working model for common instruction. Cultivating, perhaps, from forty to sixty acres, it could exhibit on that area the advantages of a thorough tillage which the small farm makes possible; of seed specially chosen and tested by experiment at agricultural-college farms; of proper fertilization, stock-raising, alternation of crops and the whole scientific and improved system of cultivation, seeding, harvesting and marketing.

The farmers of a county could see, must see, as they passed its borders, how their daily labors might bring to them increased and improved results. The example could not fail to impress itself upon an industry becoming each year more conscious of its defects and needs. As fast as it was followed, it would improve farm conditions, make this a form of enterprise more attractive to the young and the intelligent, and add enormously to the volume of farm products which constitute our enduring national wealth.

The experiment would cost but a fraction of the amount sometimes given freely for more questionable purposes. It would require a

THE FRA Magazine for August will be the RAILROAD NUMBER. It will deal with railroad-builders, railroad-managers and the boys who look down two glittering streaks of steel, and carry our lives in their hands.

How do we interest all the Advertisements that appear in THE FRA? We Don't. THE FRA itself does that

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small amount of land, all told, to place a model farm in every agricultural county in the United States. There should be a trained man to each farm of, say, eighty acres; and a general superintendent, an able and efficient agriculturist, to manage three or four counties and to visit the different farms.

All such farms in a State might be put under the general supervision of the agricultural college in that State, as a part of its experimental work. Results reached by this arrangement would have the conclusiveness of a demonstration in science. Every crop that could be or ought to be raised should be experimented with, not at some distant spot seldom visited, but right at home on the farm. I would bring the model farm into every agricultural county; and if any farmer was in doubt, he could visit it, see with his own eyes, and find out what he ought to have done and what he could do next time. It would do for the farming population what the technical school does for the intending artisan, and the schools of special training for those who enter the professions. Side by side with the common school it would work for intelligence, for progress, for the welfare of the country in a moral as well as a material aspect.—James J. Hill.


# Your Vacation.

SUGGESTIONS FROM THE

# KODAK CATALOG



No. 3A FOLDING POCKET KODAK

*Pictures, 3¼ x 5½.*

**$20.00**

The most popular of all cameras; takes the full size post card picture, 3¼ x 5½ inches.

Provided with every feature for the most serious work, yet so simple as to be effectively handled by the novice.

Equipment includes double Rapid Rectilinear Lens, Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter, Automatic Focusing Lock, Brilliant Reversible Finder and Tripod Sockets. Covered with fine black seal grain leather, nickeled fittings. Top coat pocket size.



No. 1 FOLDING POCKET KODAK

*Pictures, 2½ x 3¼.*

**$10.00**

The smallest and simplest of all the Pocket Kodaks. Especially designed for those who wish to take good pictures the simplest way. Pulling down the bed automatically springs the front into position, no focusing necessary—just locate the image in the finder and press the lever.

Equipped with first quality Meniscus Achromatic lens, fitted to Pocket Automatic Shutter, adjusted for both snap shot and time exposures. Brilliant Reversible Finder. Covered with black seal grain leather, nickeled fittings.



No. 3 BROWNIE CAMERA

*Pictures, 3¼ x 4¼.*

**$4.00**

Designed for one of the most popular of amateur sizes, the No. 3 Brownie brings 3¼ x 4¼ pictures within the scope of simple inexpensive Brownie photography. Easily operated by the children, it will satisfy the grown-up people as well. Equipped with first quality Meniscus Achromatic lens, Eastman Rotary Shutter, adapted for both snap shot and time exposures. Two finders. Covered with fine quality imitation black leather, nickeled fittings.



No. 1A FOLDING POCKET KODAK—SPECIAL

*Pictures, 2½ x 4¼.*

**$15.00**

Made for those who want a dainty little pocket camera with quality all through. Light and compact, yet possesses every requisite for serious work.

Equipment includes Rapid Rectilinear Lens, Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter, Automatic Focusing Lock, Tripod Socket and Brilliant Reversible Finder. Covered with fine quality black seal grain leather, nickeled fittings.



No. 2A FOLDING POCKET BROWNIE

*Pictures, 2½ x 4¼.*

**$7.00**

Inexpensive, devoid of all complications extremely simple to understand and to operate, this dainty little pocket camera takes first class pictures. Equipped with first quality Meniscus Achromatic Lens, Pocket Automatic Shutter, (adapted for both snap shots and time exposures). Automatic Focusing Lock, Tripod Sockets and Reversible Finder. Covered with fine quality black imitation leather, nickeled fittings.



No. 2 BROWNIE CAMERA

*Pictures, 2¼ x 3¼.*

**$2.00**

Remarkable pictures have been produced by these simple fixed focus cameras, even in the hands of school children, while work of the highest character has been done by experts.

Equipped with first quality Meniscus Lens, Eastman Rotary Shutter, adapted for both snap shots and time exposures. Two Finders. Covered with fine quality imitation black leather, nickeled fittings.

*Kodaks and Brownies, $1.00 to $111.00. Ask your dealer or write us for our complete catalogue.*

**EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N. Y.** *The Kodak City.*


THE Dump School of historians dump every detail of a man's life into the book, and compel the reader to sift and sort the vital and valuable from the non-essential. "Little Journeys" does better. It selects the pivotal and vital points in a man's career and holds these up, giving us in this way an index of character.

Ex-parte actions against the railroads should be forbidden by the statute. Burglary, hold-ups, strong-arm tricks, rape, are all ex-parte proceedings

Read the Railroad FRA for August

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# THE INK-POTTERER

***An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard***

YOU remember how George William Curtis made the Old-Fashioned Bookkeeper, in *Prue and I*, discourse wearily on the wearing of somber clothes: "*Black is my natural color. That somber hue is professional with me; it begets no false theories concerning my intentions. It belongs to bookkeepers as to clergymen, physicians and undertakers. We wear it because we follow solemn callings.*"

This man was of the Old School—a gentleman of soft voice and careful manner, but judged by present standards you would not call him a success. Some other Man had made his life for him. Some other Man had told him when to move and when to stand still.

Each year, each month, each day, his tasks were the same. Without Initiative, without Purpose—he merely meandered through. Limited always by a meager salary, in the twilight of age we find him "*with shiny knees and carefully-brushed elbows*" haggling with an apple-woman—mindful of necessary economies.

You do not find this man on the Avenue now. He only marks a passing age.

The Shiny Black Suit and White Tie no longer garb the Auditor, the Accountant, the Bookkeeper. The Goose-Quill Pen is in the Museum. The Midnight Oil has ceased to burn over the man *searching for the Mistake.*

The Ink-Potterer of yesterday—the Grind, the self-accepted jest of His Time—has been supplanted by an active-minded man—alive to every phase of his position.

¶ "Keeping Books" no longer employs a Man from dawn of youth to the grim, gray night of age.

"Keeping Books" is more than jotting down, striking a Balance and sending out Bills: pretty Figures, self-suppression and small salary.

Keeping Books today is keeping in the Van of the Business itself.

The Bookkeeper of our time and age is the economist, the systematizer, the distributor, the organizer.

The Burroughs Adding and Listing Machine now does all the detail work, all the endless addition that bent the back of the Old-Time Bookkeeper. Bookkeepers who are *going on*, use the Burroughs.

The Burroughs Adding and Listing Machine makes all your time *thinking* time.

**Seventy-One Styles**—One to Handle Any Kind of Work: and Made to Fit Any Pocket.

There are seventy-one different styles of Burroughs Adding and Listing Machines made to cover every requirement. Sign the coupon and receive the literature that will make helpful suggestions for your business. (These are NOT Burroughs Catalogs, but BUSINESS AIDS for every business man.)



Check the Books That Appeal to You and Sign Coupon

"Why Don't You Go Home?" (for retailers).
"Cost-Keeping Short Cuts."
"How Days and Dollars Can be Saved."
"A Better Day's Work." (The best business-help book ever published.) 192 Pages.

*Your Name*_____

*Position*_____

*Firm Name*_____

*Address*_____

FRA 7 10

Burroughs Adding Machine Co., 247 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

Foreign Office: 65 High Holborn, W. C., London, Eng.


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# The Roycroft Fraternity

Questions from the July FRA. Use these questions for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. Members who are working for Certificates or Diplomas should answer the questions on separate sheets and send papers to us for examination and marking—no charge.

## Lesson Number One

1 (a) Who wrote Ecclesiastes? (b) Which do you like best: Omar or The Preacher?

2 Who was (a) Sappho? (b) Renan? (c) Polonius? (d) Robert Collyer?

3 Is the Book of Job allegorical or historical?

4 What constitutes heroism?

5 Was Moses a direct and practical man or a theologian?

6 What is power? Contrast the victor of ancient times with the modern conqueror.

7 For what should hero medals be given?

8 Has Moses' account of creation any basis in Geological experience?

9 Do "Job's Comforters" exist today?

10 Are the guilty always punished and the innocent rewarded?

11 Which is worse: loss of wealth or loss of health?

12 What is meant by the "Order of Melchizedek"?

---

## Lesson Number Two

1 Do we ever get something for nothing?

2 Do we always reap as we sow?

3 What is the reactionary effect of fear?

4 (a) Is sickness ever a benefit? (b) Did you ever enjoy poor health?

5 Do explanations ever explain?

6 What is (a) the chief end of argument? (b) the usual result of argument?

7 Name the advantages and disadvantages of (a) friendship; (b) enmity.

8 What is (a) blasphemy? (b) Higher Criticism? (c) heresy? (d) profanity? (e) irreligion?

9 What is Nirvana?

10 Where and what was Olympus?

11 Distinguish between Satan, Belial, Beelzebub, Mephisto, Devil and Old Nick.

12 Who were (a) the Sabeans? (b) the Chaldeans?

## Lesson Number Three

1 What relation do salesmanship and advertising bear to each other?

2 What qualifications should a great speaker have?

3 Which accomplishes more: unconscious genius or conscious ability?

4 Where and what is the Mammoth Cave?

5 Define advertising.

6 For what are the following famous: (a) Battle Creek? (b) South Bend? (c) Dayton? (d) East Aurora?

7 Is salesmanship a science or an art?

8 What did Peter Cooper do for New York?

9 What is your idea of the utility of the "ball-bearing" bluff?

10 What, in your opinion, is the secret of success?

11 Are the people in the cities degenerating?

12 Are there playgrounds in your city? Should there be playgrounds everywhere?

---

## Lesson Number Four

1 (a) What would happen if men were as much engrossed with trifles as are their wives? (b) Are they?

2 How do German women compare domestically with American women?

3 Who or what is to blame for the attitude of American women toward housework?

4 Who is (a) Sarah Tyson Rorer? (b) Emma Ghent Curtis? (c) Lyman Abbott? (d) Edward Bok?

5 What is the two-power standard as applied to the British Navy?

6 Which is greater: environment or heredity?

7 Are the world's nations justified in their war expenditures in times of peace? And if money spent for warships were expended in good roads, what would be the result?

8 What is the effect of the sedentary life?

9 Which would you rather do: invent an Oliver "Forty" or write "Hamlet"?

10 (a) Name three great astronomers. (b) Have women ever attained fame as astronomers?

11 (a) What is a Limerick? (b) Is it poetry? (c) What should be done with men who write Limericks?

12 What is an advertising psychologist?

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# Food, Fasts, Fruits and Fools

*An Advertisement By*
ELBERT HUBBARD

"Feed your family more fruit and there will be no necessity of indulging in forced fasts."—DR. ADOLPH LORENZ

OUR bodies are fed and nourished by food.

No one you ever saw could get along without eating, except for a very few days. When the digestive apparatus is out of order, the whole man suffers, and especially is he unreliable and incapable mentally.

The brain and stomach seem to work in close sympathy.

And while food is a primal necessity, yet the fact is, most people eat much more than they require, and a goodly degree of life's energy is taken up getting rid of the surplus.

So sternly has this truth been impressed upon certain people that they have said, "Yes, true enough; we will just go without one meal—we will cut out breakfast."

As a curative measure in disease, the fast is often a positive force for good. But for the normal person accustomed to three meals a day, a habit pretty well fixed in the race, the no-breakfast plan should not be attempted if you consider work, not rest, the object of life.

The fasting fan is a man with a Berkshire bias.

He has the true porcine proclivity. He gorges, gobbles, guzzles, gulps, and loses his appetite. He swings between satiety and license.

The term moderation is not in his bright lexicon of words.

His forced fasts are as vicious as his feeds. He is as unreliable as the dope-fiend, for he is apt to be drunk on an idea, with his nose in the

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air looking for a Universal Panacea. When fasting, it takes all his will to forego food, and others then have to do his work.

When gorging he is by force strictly in Class B and too close to the trough to see the stars.

Forced fasts are orgies turned wrong side out.

The woman who marries a fast fan has her troubles cut out for her; no matter what she cooks or how she cooks, the critic will wail, and root only of what his mother used to make. He is satisfied with nothing because he is at war with himself.

The recipe for reforming the world is this: Reform Yourself, and eat Hunts' Quality California Fruits—luscious, delicious, nutritious, classy, economical, beatific—a delight to the eye, and a joy to the palate!

A dish of Hunts' Quality California Peaches starts the gastric juices, osculates the sense of taste, makes you smack your lips, and puts you in humor for the day.

California Sunshine sets the orchards ablaze with color, and satisfies the sense of sight. Hunts' Quality Fruits make us "livable," reduce the worries of life, give patience and poise. The fruit diet spells peace, poise and power. Fruit every meal! Yes, and especially breakfast. Be moderate, but eat the things that appeal to your eye, your sense of smell—the things that taste. A can of Hunts' Quality Fruits is a bouquet of delight from the Pacific Coast.

Happy are the children born into a family where the good mother has the "Hunt Habit."

We will mail you, postpaid, a prettily illustrated booklet, *"Hunts' California Canned Fruits,"* and a valuable receipt-book entitled, *"Forty-Nine Dainty Desserts,"* if you will send us the name of your grocer.

HUNT BROTHERS CO.

*Largest Canners of Highest-Grade CALIFORNIA FRUITS*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

CANNERIES: Los Gatos, Santa Clara Co.; Hayward, Alameda Co.; Gridley, Butte Co.

*Members of The American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food-Products*

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# The Unique Hydraulic Force-Pump



**will positively remove any obstruction from wash-basins, bathtubs, toilets, kitchen-sinks, washtubs, floor-drains, ice-boxes or soda-fountains**

Every American Family who lives at Home is familiar with the awe-inspiring wail, "The Sink is stopped—the water refuses to run out!" Into this brief sentence is packed the Promise of inconvenience inestimable.

When the Sink refuses to work, there is trouble, dire trouble, just ahead. Home talent tries Hot Water to "melt" the grease, and pokes in wire to tap the plug.

But if the obstruction is well wedged, just 'round the corner of the pipe, such measures bring no good results.

Presently things back up, and you have muck and mess and disagreeable odor.

¶ Then enters the Lordly Plumber, with a bias toward lead-pipe vivisection —he who rips up the floor and tears down the plaster to find the trouble. His Bill is usually sufficient.

To forestall the visit of the Plumber Man, with its attendant miseries, you should have ready for instant use the Unique Hydraulic Force-Pump.

You call this Pump into service the minute the clog forms; and before it has time to set, you shoot a solid column of water with great force down the pipe. No matter where the clog is located, the rush of water carries it away with the force of a spring freshet.

The Unique Force-Pump is as simple to operate as a bicycle-pump, and it is absolutely effective in the hands of any one.

PRICE—$10.00 Each Sent Anywhere on Receipt of Price

With this pump and ten minutes' time, every little while you may cleanse the pipes in your house and keep disease far off.

MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY

NATIONAL PRODUCTS CO., 17 Battery Place, New York


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# *Consider the Flour-Sack—!*

*An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard*

WHAT does it Profit a Miller to grind the Best Wheat, in the Best Way, into the Best Flour—and then to pack and ship the Product in Porous and Absorbing Cloth Sacks?

Very well may he call His Flour "Superior," in his Clean Mill, but freight-cars of mixed cargo are not so clean. And in the handling and rehandling, the cloth picks up all the impurities and digests them into the Flour.

Through the open weave of the cloth, infinite insects crawl, attracted by the starch in the Flour. And there they live and propagate.

In storage-houses and back rooms of groceries, strange odors are assimilated. After awhile the Flour *you* Purchase is not that which pleased the Miller's eye. The Life and Buoyance and Freshness have been drained through the cloth.

Note you this: All the Cloth Flour-Sacks you have ever seen were well coated with Flour. Part of the contents had sifted out.

Think this out for yourself: If Flour can get out of the Bag, Impurities can get in. The exit of one is the entrance of the other.

## *All Good Housekeepers* ***Insist*** *on* ***Paper*** *Flour-Sacks*

All Good Housekeepers should insist on Flour in Paper Sacks. Paper Sacks are Sanitary, and the way the Flour leaves the Mill, that way it reaches your home.

Paper Sacks are clean, wholesome—they keep the Good in and the Bad out.

Also, they are cheaper: For each Cloth Sack you receive, you pay a commensurate amount, every time, everywhere. Millers can not afford to give away Cloth Sacks. Some one must Pay—and it's you.

When you Buy Cotton, for goodness' sake Buy Cotton. But when you Buy Flour buy only that—Clean Flour.

Now, it's very safe to assume that a Miller who (knowing all that is written here) packs His Flour in Paper Bags to protect your Health, and Interests, and His Flour, has a Flour Worth Protecting.

At least that's the way it seems to me.

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## No Particular Class of People

OCCASIONAL people believe that to use the facilities offered by a High-Grade Trust Company they must first belong to some particular class, lodge, party, clique, set, or be "in Society," or listed in Bradstreet's or Dun's.

But the clear Fact is, that any Honest Man or Woman is Welcome within our doors; and every convenience and courtesy will be shown to him or her.

If you have saved some money and you want to build, and you need a little more, come in any day and we 'll talk it over.

There are many possible ways that we can help you.

## When Age Compels Ease

No matter how great may be a Man's earning power, he one day reaches a Point of Diminishing Returns.

He has earned his Ease, and he needs it.

But for this Age which comes to all of us, Youth must Provide.

The Home that will make pleasant your Dignified Years should be built now

It is every man's right to own His Own Home. And very often that can be very easily arranged with moderate capital.

Don't wait till you have the last dollar saved. Let us co-operate with you, then start to build at once.

## Civilization Means Homes

The track of Civilization is marked by Homes.

Without the family group, the family dinner-table, the family fireside, there is a famine in Patriotism, Business, Art, Literature, Learning.

"No Man," wrote a modern scribe, "ever lifted his hand in defense of a Flat or an Apartment Hotel."

Civilized Man must own a House and live in it.

Home-Builders who have Desire but not quite enough Cash should arrange for a loan at the Fidelity Title and Trust Company.

¶ The Fidelity Title and Trust Company makes a specialty of loans on mortgages, so arranged as to be payable in instalments monthly, yearly, or at stated terms of years. The amount loaned is based upon the Company's own appraisement, and in the case of the monthly plan is particularly advantageous to those desirous of purchasing a home. The monthly instalment amounts to little more than rent, and at each payment interest ceases on the amount of principal already paid

FIDELITY TITLE AND TRUST COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

341-343 FOURTH AVENUE


A NEW era is dawning on the world. We are beginning to believe in the religion of usefulness.

The men who felled the forests, cultivated the earth, spanned the rivers with bridges of steel, built the railways and canals, the great ships, invented the locomotives and engines, supplying the countless wants of civilization; the men who invented the telegraphs and cables, and freighted the electric spark with thought and love; the men who invented the looms and spindles that clothe the world, the inventors of printing and the great presses that fill the earth with poetry, fiction and fact, that save and keep all knowledge for the children yet to be; the inventors of all the wonderful machines that deftly mold from wood and steel the things we use; the men who explored the heavens and traced the orbits of the stars—who have read the story of the world in mountain range and billowed sea; the men who have lengthened life and conquered pain; the great philosophers and naturalists who have filled the world with light; the great poets whose thoughts have charmed the soul, the great painters and sculptors who have made the canvas speak, the marble live; the great orators who have swayed the world, the composers who have given their souls to sound, the captains of industry, the producers, the soldiers who have battled for the right—these are our Christs, apostles and saints. The books filled with the facts of Nature are our sacred scriptures, and the force that is in every atom and in every star—in everything that lives and grows and thinks, that hopes and suffers—is the only possible god.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

Always in times of stress a vast number of people look to the Government for relief. But what shall we say of a Government which makes war on those who are now giving work to millions, and thereby assure us peace and prosperity!

Read the Railroad FRA for August

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CONTEMPT for human sciences was one of the first features of Christianity. It had to avenge itself upon philosophy; it feared that spirit of investigation and doubt, that confidence of man in his own reason, the pest alike of all religious creeds. The light of the natural sciences was regarded with a suspicious eye, as being a dangerous foe to the success of miracles, and there is no religion that does not oblige its sectaries to swallow some physical absurdities ❧ The triumph of Christianity was thus the signal of the entire decline both of the sciences and of philosophy ❧

—Condorcet.

❧

IN mental vision there are four ranges: The man who can look no further than the present is mentally blind; the man who can plan for the future has his eyes open; he who can plan for a lifetime is a general; and the man who can plan for generations is a genius.

—Sheldon.

❧

I HAVE told you of the man who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, in order that the fruit might look larger and more tempting. In like manner I always make the most of my enjoyments, and, though I do not cast my eyes away from troubles, I pack them into as small a compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others.—Robert Southey.

❧

A BAD man is wretched amidst every earthly advantage; a good man—troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.—Plato.


# A Postage Stamp Puts the "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner in Your Home



YOU see here an Electric Suction Cleaner which weighs but *ten* pounds instead of sixty. The "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner enables you now, for the first time, to clean by electricity, without lugging a sixty or eighty pound machine from room to room—up and down stairs. It represents as great an advance over heavy weight vacuum cleaners as these cleaners represented over brooms. For it is the only really portable Suction Cleaner.

Manufactured Exclusively for the RICHMOND SALES CO.
By THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO. Park Ave. and 41st St., New York

Five Factories
Two at Uniontown, Pa.—
One at Norwich, Conn.—
One at Racine, Wis.—
One at Chicago, Ill.

Manufacturers of
"RICHMOND" Boilers and Radiators, "RICHMOND" Enameled Ware, Bath Tubs, Sinks, Lavatories, "RICHMOND" Suds Makers, "RICHMOND" Concealed Transom Lifts, and "RICHMOND" Stationary Vacuum Cleaning Systems.

## Anyone Who Can Afford Brooms Can Now Afford the Best Suction Cleaner Made

All that any Vacuum Cleaner or Suction Cleaner can do, the "RICHMOND" does. And it does, besides, some things which no *other* machine can do.

You can, for example, use the "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner with or without hose. The hose attachment slides off and on with the same ease that your foot slides into an easy slipper.

Slip on the hose, and the ten pound "RICHMOND" with its six special cleaning tools (all furnished without extra cost) cleans hangings, walls, books, bedding, upholstery, clothing, hats, underneath radiators, furniture, etc. It is also supplied with a special attachment for hair drying, pillow renovating, etc.

Slip off the hose and you have a floor machine which weighs no more than a common carpet sweeper. The every day work of rug and carpet cleaning—of cleaning hard wood floors, tile floors, hearths, bath-rooms, porches, etc., can be done either with or without the hose.

### A Postage Stamp the Only Cost

required to put this ten pound cleaner in your home. Just send us your name and address and we will have delivered to your door without one penny of expense to you—without obligation of any kind—a "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner. You can prove for yourself in your own home just what this will do for you. But write today and we will include with our reply a handsome illustrated booklet.

## The Richmond Sales Co.

Sole Selling Agents
Dept 6
160 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.





### Fill Out and Mail This Coupon Now

RICHMOND SALES CO., Dept. 6
160 Broadway, New York

I would like to have a "RICHMOND" Electric Suction Cleaner demonstrated in my home, provided it places me under no obligation whatever.

Name _____

Address _____

My Electric Light Co. is _____


He who tries to incite class-hatred and make it appear that there is war on between the railroads and the people is a wicker-sham The railroads thrive only as the people thrive, and every railroad-manager knows it.

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# Finley Feeds Folks

**Not an Advertisement, By ELBERT HUBBARD**

ALSO, Finley eats at his own Phalansterie. ¶ If you love letters, art, truth, economy, and eats that are ample, but not expressed in fancy, either in price or in style, then feed with Finley at Finley's. ¶ Cleveland, Ohio, is the place, and anybody can direct you to the location. ¶ Finley runs a restaurant; the restaurant does not run Finley. It is a restaurant that is more than a restaurant, for its fittings are those of exquisite good taste, where nothing that is cheap, tawdry or bizarre finds a place. Richard I. Finley has exercised an influence that is tinting the literary, not to mention the gastronomic, taste of all Cleveland. He is reviving the days of the "Cheshire Cheese" and the "Mitre Tavern," where Doctor Johnson, Goldy, Boswell, Addison and Steele waged a merry battle of books and brains. ¶ Moreover, Finley is making money. ¶ Finley's latest enterprise has been to start a FRA Fraternity Junta, every Wednesday evening, with a forty-cent supper at Six O'Clock, with quick service, followed by a round-table discussion until eight. ¶ Many restaurants supply music. ¶ Finley furnishes Ideas. ¶ The enterprise has proved that there is a hunger of the heart as well as a physical hunger. ¶ When we dine, we like to dine with congenial people. So popular are these FRA Junta Suppers that it looks as if Finley would be forced to have one every evening, so as to accommodate all those who believe in the radium rays, the calcium carbide, the feast of reason and the flow of soul. ¶ Finley's success shows what personality can do when married to human service. ¶ Brains count, even in a biscuit-bazaar


## Wedding Silver

Gorham Silverware of today will be even more appreciated by future generations than the heirlooms of the past are by the present generation.

No investment that can be made will produce greater dividends in immediate pleasure and future satisfaction than a piece of silver handicraft bearing the Gorham mark

Aside from its intrinsic value Gorham Silverware, offered by leading jewelers, has the distinction of representing the perfection of the Silversmiths' Art at this period of American History.

The ownership of a piece of Gorham Silverware will mean as much to future generations as the ownership of an "old master" means to the Art lover of today.

# The Gorham Co.

Silversmiths

New York

GORHAM SILVER POLISH - THE BEST FOR CLEANING SILVER


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# *The* OLIVER HOTEL *at* South Bend, Indiana



JAMES OLIVER

WHEN James Oliver, the Plow Man, built The Oliver Hotel he built his personality into it. This Hotel is just like the "Old Man" himself—four-square from the ground up—no veneer, no pretense without the premise, nothing cheap, nor tawdry, nor out of place, but fine, airy, clean and comfortable.

¶Men who know little of Art or Harmony sense the serenity, the "smoothness" of THE OLIVER and linger long whenever time and business permit.

South Bend is a small city—as cities are rated numerically, say fifty thousand—yet many a place of greater size yearns for a Hotel like THE OLIVER. James Oliver built this Hotel because of his love for South Bend. He built it anticipating the next fifty years.

Outside the door the country stretches away and the river ambles slowly along. Inside is Metropolitan convenience set to the sure motion of many men on busy business bent.

Traveling men on their way West arrange their headquarters at THE OLIVER instead of in Chicago. There is rest and Hominess at THE OLIVER.

THE OLIVER may not produce great profits, that is not necessary. But it has well-paid, happy, helpful help—and the Hotel never wants for guests to fill its rooms.

Any one who once comes to THE OLIVER comes back, and that 's certain.

Are there other hotels in South Bend? There may be, but no one knows nor cares. Ask the Oldest Inhabitant!



South Bend and THE OLIVER are on the Main Line of travel from Anywhere to Anywhere—particularly when going East to West or West to East.

For an Auto Party—just a good run from Chicago. Come down one day and go back the next. Regular stopping-place for Glidden Tourists.

Rates are most moderate and service exceptional.

Have you read "A Little Journey to the Home of James Oliver," by Elbert Hubbard? If not, drop us a postal card and we will be glad to send you a copy, gratis.

## THE OLIVER HOTEL

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA


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PROF. HENRY DICKSON
Principal Dickson School of Memory, The Largest and Most Successful School of Mental Training in the World.

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

## A Wandering Mind

never arrives at a Supreme Conclusion. There are no terminals for the train of Scattered Thoughts. Frequent stops at Way Stations retard the speed at which Live Ideas must travel in order to Get There. And inviting side-tracks lead only to the insurmountable bumper.

The Great Men of all ages are those who have grasped the Ability to Concentrate. They focused attention upon the *thing* itself and without Violence of Direction moved straight to Success.

If you wish to Grow and Become, center your Mind on one Splendid Achievement and hold it there.

## STOP FORGETTING

It is the constant casting about for a Fact Misplaced in Memory that shatters the Force of Concentration. Train your Memory to retain Knowledge and have it ready when Occasion demands. Try a little System in your Mental Storehouse.

Professor Henry Dickson of the Dickson School of Memory Training will send his valuable book, "How to Remember," free to any reader of THE FRA. Professor Dickson by his Method of Instruction enables you to avoid the oft-recurring vexation of forgetting names, places, dates, faces, quotations, speeches and all other facts and incidents which should be on the tip o' the tongue. ¶ The Dickson System has been heartily recommended by PROFESSOR DAVID SWING, ELBERT HUBBARD, DR. LATSON and thousands of others

COUPON FOR MY FREE BOOK
PROF. HENRY DICKSON, Prin. Dickson Memory School, 932 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Send me your free Booklet, "How to Remember"

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

## RAZORS SOME MEN SHAVE WITH A HOE OTHERS USE A *MAN'S* RAZOR

The Jarvie "Bohler Steel" Razor is not a hoe. It is a hand-forged razor made from the famous Bohler Steel. It is made in the shadow of the Alps by Austrian craftsmen whose knowledge of razor-steel has been handed down to them for generations.

Mr. Jarvie recommends every razor, having tested each one personally. Razors of Bohler Steel have stood constant use for two years without honing.

These razors are sold for Five Dollars. After you have bought one you will not part with it for Fifty.

THE SHOP OF ROBERT JARVIE, 1340 East Forty-Seventh Street, Chicago, Illinois

## WANTED—Tree-Doctors

JOHN DAVEY—Father of Tree Surgery, and Honest, Honorable Roycrofter at Large—will consider the applications of Healthy, Hearty, Young Men to join his staff and learn about trees and tree-doctoring. ¶ Mr. Davey will pay a commensurate wage to the young man whom he considers eligible—even while learning. ¶ This is a legitimate opportunity for wideawake fellows to get into the open air and do good work with Brains as well as Brawn.

Address: THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., KENT, OHIO.


SALAMIS lifted Greece to the skies. In the return was a new epoch, the most brilliant the world has known, a brief century packed with the art of ages, filled to the tips with grace, lit with a light that still dazzles. It was too fair. Willed by destiny, it menaced the supremacy of the divine. "But by whom," Io asked, "is Destiny ruled?" "By the Furies," was the prompt reply.

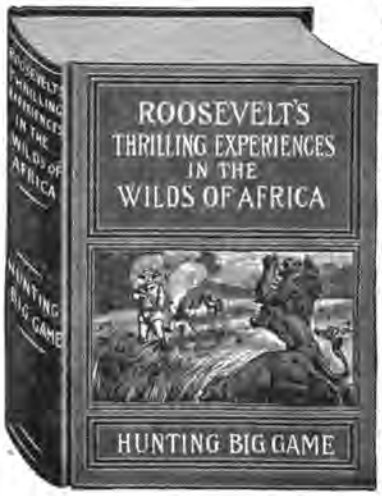
They were there. From the depths of the archaic skies they were peering, prepared to pounce. After one war came another. After the rout of incoherent Persia, a duel between Sparta and Athens, a duel of jealousy, feminine in rancor, virile in strength, from which Sparta backed, yet only to return and fight again, only to fall at last as Athens did, as Thebes did, too, beneath the might of Macedon, expiring in those convulsions that summoned Rome. Meanwhile there was but light. Death had not come. In between was the unexampled reign of beauty, during which, after Æschylus and Pindar, were seen the splendors of Sophocles, the magnificence of Euripides, the wisdom of Socrates, and the rich, rare laugh of Aristophanes. That being insufficient, there was Phidias, there was Plato, art at its highest, beauty at its best, and that the opulent chain they formed might not end too suddenly, there followed Praxiteles, Apelles, Aristotle, Epicurus and Demosthenes. Even with them, that chain could not end. Intertwisting with the coil of death, it Hellenized Asia, Atticized Alexandria, girdled Rome, resting in the latter's Lower Empire until recovered by the delighted Renaissance.—Edgar Saltus.

The man who knocks on the railroads belongs to the Lobsteria. As the railroads prosper we all prosper. When the shops shut down orders for iron are canceled, and the empties line the sidings, we are all up against it, and the bread-line forms.

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THERE is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison, if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand; alms to sots; and the thousandfold Relief Societies; though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold.

—Emerson.


A WORLD-FASCINATING NEW BOOK!

**Roosevelt's Thrilling Experiences in the Wilds of Africa Hunting Big Game**

An Exciting Chase for Lions, Elephants, Rhinoceri, and other Ferocious Beasts of the Plain and Jungle.

**By MARSHALL EVERETT**
**The Great Descriptive Writer and Traveler**

Illustrated with a large number of Exciting Scenes and Photographs of Wild Animals and Strange Natives of Darkest Africa.

NO JOURNEY OF MODERN TIMES has attracted such great attention or excited such great interest as Roosevelt's journey through the Wilds of Africa in search of the Big Game of that Dark Continent.

The rising generation have been brought to a more interested realization of the Marvelous Wonders in the Heart of Africa.

This story of magnificent achievement and wonderful discovery, thrills and captivates the reader. Not only Roosevelt's journey is fully described, but also the Exciting Experiences of Stanley, Livingstone and Baker, in exploring the then unknown wilds of this most wonderful region.

ROOSEVELT, THE GREAT AMERICAN HUNTER AND NATURALIST, goes to Africa, where the game is larger and more abundant, and there he shoots the largest and most ferocious of all wild beasts, the Lion, Rhinoceros and Elephant, and gets the finest specimens of Monkeys and many other animals.

ROOSEVELT WITNESSES the STRANGE CUSTOMS of the strangest of all the World's People. Freaks of Medicine Men and Rainmakers. Peculiar marriage customs. Horrible antics of the Wizards and Snake Charmers.

Wonders that interest and educate the most languid. Every page is full of thrilling incidents and startling scenes, and the secrets of yesterday become the knowledge of the world to-day.

A vast Treasury of all that is marvelous, interesting, wonderful and instructive in the Dark Continent, and with graphic descriptions of the mighty rivers, wonderful cataracts, inland seas, vast lakes, great forests and the diamond mines of untold wealth.

The book itself comprises nearly Four Hundred Large Octavo Pages, printed on fine paper, and beautifully bound, with scores of magnificent, full-page phototype engravings of scenes in the heart of Africa; its dark mysterious forests, mighty rivers, huge mountains and far-stretching plains; with pictures of lions, elephants, giraffes, and of other strange animals, hitherto unknown to civilization, that Theodore Roosevelt has killed.

*What a Scene for a Thrilling Story! Africa* the Dark Continent, the land of Mystery! Mere descriptions of it have always been interesting. The accounts of Livingstone and Stanley have sold heavily in the United States, but the story of Theodore Roosevelt, who is one of us, the every-day, intimate history, as told by the friends and companions of his trip, has a fascination absolutely incalculable.

Added to this there is a complete description of wonders of Africa; full accounts of the famous exploring expeditions that were made from time to time; ethnological treatises on the strange savage tribes, their customs, religious superstitions, mysterious "devil dances," secret rites and ceremonies; adequate estimates and details of commercial possibilities of Africa: in short, a standard work, useful, indispensable, filled with the best modern information; of permanent value.

**ROOSEVELT'S TRIP COST $100,000**

The cost of a trip through the wilds of Africa, through the pages of this book, will only be $1.50 to readers of this great work. It cost the publishers thousands of dollars to produce a book that goes to the reader for $1.50. Nearly 200 Superb Illustrations. Nearly 400 large octavo pages. A Beautifully Bound Volume.

**OUR GREAT OFFER**

Book will be sent FREE to any person sending in $2.00 in payment for two yearly subscriptions to HEALTH and 20c. additional for postage.

**HEALTH PUBLISHING CO., 134 W. 65th Street, New York**


To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was poetry; He formed it, and that was sculpture; He varied and colored it, and that was painting; and then, crowning all, He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal drama.

—Charlotte Cushman.

YOU whom I love, be not troubled by the cry that I send to the supreme goal, do not grieve at this impatience, for I have faith that the infinite is the great trysting-place. There shall I find you radiant, and you shall behold me purified, and we shall love one another as upon earth, and at the same time as in heaven, with the mystical increase of the immensities.—Victor Hugo.

IF God is the author of all, it is He who created the devil; if the devil is wicked, if he strives to counteract the projects of the divinity, it is the divinity who has allowed the overthrow of His projects, or who has not had sufficient authority to prevent the devil from exercising his power.—D'Holbach.

THE FRA Magazine for August will be the RAILROAD NUMBER. It will deal with railroad-builders, railroad-managers and the boys who look down two glittering streaks of steel, and carry our lives in their hands.

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# Let Fox Flowers Forgive Your Fault

When all Excuses fail and you simply can't explain any further—send flowers.

Fox Flowers are Peacemakers.

Many a Woman may doubt what you say and you may babble on forever and get nowhere. But what's the use?

Fox Flowers will tell your Story to Better Advantage.

¶ Don't hesitate. Let Fox decide. He knows the right flowers for every Emergency.

If it's your Sweetheart, and you forgot to buy the Theater-Tickets, and "Spoiled the Whole Evening" —Fox will help you regain her favor.

If it's your wife, and you stayed too late at the "Office" the Night Before—have Fox arrange a box of Flowers to "square you."

Fox never makes Mistakes. Be Foxy—and neither will you.

*Fox delivers flowers anywhere.*

Flowers for Vacationers, Steamer-Baskets and such—just now.

**CHARLES HENRY FOX**

*At The Sign of The Rose*

**Broad Street Below Walnut, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**


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# ADJUSTING CAUSES WITHOUT DRUGS—

## THE PRACTISE OF CHIROPRACTIC

Men and Women of Brains and Ambition, intent on benefiting the Human Race as well as themselves, should investigate the Practise of Chiropractic, as taught and Practised by the Faculty and Graduates of The Palmer School of Chiropractic.

Considered as a Profession with a Future, there is perhaps none other that offers such commonsense opportunity and fruitful future.

The World, which for Centuries has been stuffed with pills, powders, and potions—hack-sawed, mutilated, sewed, and opened again—is in revolt. The uselessness of dope and bloodshed by the "legitimate profesh" has at last made an impression, and Public Opinion is rising against it.

## The Palmer School of Chiropractic

**B. J. Palmer, Developer of Chiropractic, President, and his able Faculty are** equipped to teach students the Chiropractic Method of adjusting the cause of disease. The Complete Course takes twelve months, and the returns are immediate.

Graduates are not turned out of this school each year "jammed with theory" and entirely lacking the Practical.

Four months of The Palmer School of Chiropractic Course is given over to Clinic Work. And at present these Clinics (twice daily) are caring for more than five hundred Patients.

The charge for tuition, lecture courses, and practical demonstration is most moderate. And you pay only average living expenses.

Any man, any woman, seeking a Lifework, should investigate Chiropractic—also, The Palmer School of Chiropractic, the School which is called the "Fountainhead" by all Master Chiropractic Practitioners. ***Complete Literature Free on Request.***

**The Palmer School of Chiropractic, Davenport, Iowa**

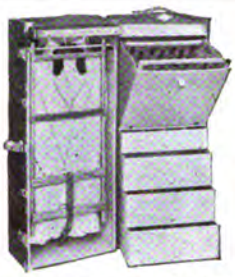
**"Chiropractic Fountainhead"**

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# THE LATEST "LIKLY" WARDROBE TRUNKS

**WILL CARRY YOUR CLOTHES—ANYWHERE—WITHOUT WRINKLING THEM**

Most trunks deliver your clothes at the Journey's End in mussy shape. Before your Vacation is fairly under way you must pay a good-sized Tailor Bill for "pressing out" your bewrinkled effects. ¶Good Trunks do more than transport your wardrobe "in bulk." ¶The "Likly" Wardrobe Trunk separates each garment from the other, and holds them gently and firmly in place without crushing.



**THE LATEST "LIKLY" WARDROBE TRUNK FOR WOMEN**

Sixteen to eighteen suits or gowns, and the accessories to go with them, are readily carried, and every garment is instantly accessible when the trunk is opened.
In addition to the wardrobe section, there is a large and roomy complete chiffonier section, including a drawer especially designed to accommodate a large hat, but which may be utilized for other purposes.

**THE "LIKLY" MIDGET WARDROBE TRUNK FOR MEN**



Is also one of the simplest, most convenient, and most compact wardrobe trunks made, and is an excellent short-trip trunk for busy men. It will carry, without wrinkling, three suits and an overcoat, or four suits.
It has special compartments for shirts and underwear, neckwear, collars, handkerchiefs and hosiery, shoes and a hat.

You need a "Likly" Wardrobe to keep your belongings in perfect condition and instantly accessible when traveling.

***A Complete Wardrobe Booklet of Special Styles for Men and Women will be Sent on Request***

**HENRY LIKLY & COMPANY** **116 LYELL AVENUE, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK**

# HOTEL MAJESTIC

WEST 72d STREET AT CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK




Absolutely fireproof; refined environment; open-air and enclosed restaurants on highest elevation roof-garden in the city. As cool as mountain or seashore. Rooms with privilege of bath from $2.00 up; rooms with private bath from $2.50 up; parlor, bedroom and bath from $5.00 up.

¶ The comforts and luxury of the Hotel Majestic, its superior cuisine and service, combined with the most moderate charges, place it absolutely in the front rank of all New York City hotels. Its location facing and overlooking the entire park is the best, removed as it is from the noise of the lower city, yet within ten minutes of shopping and amusement centers. Favorite resort of tourists from all over the world. Illustrated Booklet on request.


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# WALES Visible

## Adding and Listing Machine




## The Only Perfectly Visible Machine

With the WALES, every item is printed right before your eyes, and simultaneously the total to that point appears in the same field of vision, so a single glance shows both figures without lifting a carriage or moving your hands from the keyboard.

This feature is exclusive with the WALES and makes for great speed and accuracy.

The Self-correcting Keyboard acts just as you think—if you press the wrong key the natural thing to do is to jump to the right one and that is all you have to do with the WALES—the correction is automatic.

The Non-add Key allows listing of credits, etc., without appearing in the total.

The Non-print allows you to add into the total without printing the item.

These features, with its perfect construction, make the WALES superior to all others.

We will send a WALES to any office for a 30 day free trial.

Write for details.

*An important decision was recently handed down by the Supreme Court sustaining the position of the Wilkes-Barre stockholders in protecting the WALES against "trust" acquisition*

**THE ADDER MACHINE COMPANY, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.**

# Sealy

## *The Tuftless Mattress*

***Guaranteed for 20 Years***



THERE are three reasons why the SEALY is the most comfortable mattress made.

FIRST: It is made without tufts or tying.

SECOND: It is made without layers, bunches or sections of any sort.

THIRD: It is made of pure white, genuine cotton.

In this advertisement we want to dwell on "reason Third."

¶ Pure, long-fiber cotton is naturally springy, does not become soggy and is clean.

But there is an adulterant—a cheap substitute for cotton, that is used in many supposedly cotton mattresses—especially the "felt" or layer sort. As the price of real cotton has gone up, the use of this substitute has naturally increased. The name of this material is "linters." Linters is the short, fuzzy scraping of the cotton-seeds. It is dirty, dusty and soggy, but cheap—costing a fraction of what good cotton costs.

¶ On the cotton exchanges it is not regarded as cotton of even the lowest grade. It is not listed or quoted as cotton, being bought and sold simply as linters. Linters makes a heavy, soggy, unsanitary bed that bears no comparison to the pure white, clean, springy SEALY. ¶ The SEALY way of making a mattress allows the natural resiliency of the long, curly, cotton fibers to have full play. Other processes "felt" and roll the cotton into layers before it is put into the tick—then tie the layers down and together by tufting.

The SEALY is made of one giant "bat" of cotton, air-blown into the correct size and shape for the mattress. The tick is simply a casing and does not confine the filling or retard its natural springiness. The whole story is too long for this space—SEND FOR OUR BOOK.

### "THE REAL DIFFERENCE IN MATTRESSES"

This book gives new information on an old subject. It is a book of revelations to those who have not known the true inwardness of mattresses. It is a protection to the mattress buyer and user. This book will insure your getting full value in buying a mattress—which you can not be sure of without it. Sent free. Write for it today.

SEALY MATTRESS COMPANY, DALLAS, TEXAS


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## The Standard Oil Company

By ELBERT HUBBARD

THIS booklet is a reprint from "THE FRA" for March, Nineteen Hundred Ten. All copies of that number of the magazine are exhausted. The essay is an attempt to be judicial, and to give a fair statement and due credit to a great industrial institution, at a time when a few good folks "see things" and are elevating their voices to a shriek

In order to meet the demand from Public Libraries and individuals who wish the booklet in a more enduring form we have issued a special edition on hand-made paper, bound in boards or limp leather. Price for these books is One Dollar Each. The regular edition in paper covers sells for Ten Cents Each, or, say, One Dollar for a Dozen.

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

## Minnicoganashene

A HARD name to pronounce, called locally "Minnicog." This is a picturesque summer resort on one of the largest islands of the Georgian Bay, only three and one-half hours' run by the Grand Trunk Railway System from the City of Toronto, Canada, and beautifully situated among the 30,000 islands of that territory. Splendid hotel accommodation, good fishing, fine boating and no hay-fever. Bass, trout, pickerel and pike abound. For illustrated descriptive matter and all information, write to

GEO. W. VAUX, G. P. A.

MONTREAL, QUEBEC



## No. 602 Ulery Pocketknife Tool-Kit

Tools are only truly effective when they are Personal. Depend on the General Supply, and they are never around when you need them.

"Who hid the screwdriver?"

"Has anybody seen the corkscrew?"

No matter where you are, the same condition exists—no one can find the tools. Because no one in particular owns them, no one in particular cares for them. ¶Every man, not past the age of usefulness, should carry a Pocket-Kit—as he carries a Watch.

The need for an immediate tool arises in all sorts of queer places.

In the Woods, Driving, Walking, Around the Shop, at Home, Fishing, Wheeling, Boating—you find something to do and you could do it better if you were rightly and conveniently equipped.

The Ulery Pocketknife Tool-Kit weighs little, no trouble to carry and makes you master of the situation. Any tool ready for use in a minute.

Set Complete—Seven Tools—$2.25.

Sold with an unlimited guarantee.

U. J. Ulery Co., C25½ Warren St., New York

## The Writerpress



A machine "of affirmation" for affirmers. Have you something to sell? Put some of the real, vital *you* which makes *your* goods *different*, into a series of form letters, get a Writerpress with which you can make the letters, to all appearances typewritten, at the rate of 1,000 to 2,000 per hour, send the letters to selected lists, keep it up, and watch your business grow. Let us tell you more.

THE WRITERPRESS COMPANY

400 Writerpress Bldg. Buffalo, N. Y.


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A few weeks before his passing, Stevie Crane sent me this manuscript. I thought it tipped a bit too much to t' other side, when I first read it. But I got it out the other day and read it again. I liked it better. THE FRA readers shall judge.

What?
You define me ~~God~~ with these ~~#~~ trinkets?
Can my misery meal on an ordered walking
Of surpliced numbskulls?
And a fanfare of lights?
Or even ~~upon~~ the measured pulpiting
Of the familar false and true?
Is this ~~God~~?
Where then is hell?
Show me some bastard mushroom
Spring from a pollution of blood.
It is better.

Where is ~~God~~?

~~#~~ Stephen Crane

Oh Hubbard, mark this well. Mark it well: If it is over-balancing your discretion, inform me.
S.C.

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# The Announcement

## On the Opposite Page Tells Its Own Story

There is no other magazine like HUMAN LIFE. It is absolutely original. It is the only magazine dealing exclusively with people. Its stories and pictures are from the best authors and artists. Its pages are filled to overflowing with human-interest pictures and stories. It truthfully presents, month by month, the great and the near-great—their life-motives, homes, families and modes of life. It is the one magazine for flesh-and-blood Americans.

HUMAN LIFE is original, optimistic, vigorous. It is a live-wire magazine for live-wire people—people who know, people who think, people who do things. Elegantly printed and finely illustrated.

HUMAN LIFE calls a spade a spade—does not pat a successful thief on the back, and has nothing but condemnation for wrongdoers. When it strikes it hits straight out from the shoulder. It is none the less a magazine of optimism, for there is so much more good than bad in the world that the majority of its articles are uplifting and inspiring stories of good men and good women.

Alfred Henry Lewis—its Editor-in-Chief—is the greatest writer of vigorous, virile, pungent English in this Country—the caustic contributor to the "Saturday Evening Post," "Cosmopolitan," "Success," "Collier's" and half a hundred other representative periodicals; the author of "The President," "The Boss," "Wolfville," "Wolfville Days," "Wolfville Nights," "The Life of Andrew Jackson," "The Story of Aaron Burr" and other books of story and adventure, every one scintillating with strenuous life. Mr. Lewis' fingers are upon the public pulse, he knows what the public wants, and he gives them running-over measure; his knowledge of men and things is as wide as the wide, wide world.

The following foremost contributors will write flesh-and-blood, human-life stories for HUMAN LIFE—"The Magazine About People"—during 1910 and 1911.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Thomas Drier | David Graham Phillips | Upton Sinclair |
| Charles Edward Russell | Margaret Rohe | Bailey Millard |
| Vance Thompson | David Belasco | Nanon Tobey |
| James B. Morrow | Clara Morris | Jay E. House |
| Catherine Cavanagh | Arthur Tarbell | Clifford S. Raymond |
| Ada Patterson | Alice Rohe | Sloane Gordon |
| Rufus H. Gilmore | Earl W. Mayo | Bruce Barton |
| Elbert Hubbard | Brand Whitlock | Homer Croy |
| | and many others. | |

Truth is stronger than fiction, and the true human-life stories about people printed month by month make not only the most interesting of reading but educate and instruct the entire family. You should subscribe for HUMAN LIFE today.

In addition to its many leading, illustrated articles each month HUMAN LIFE'S regular departments are crisp, up-to-date and entertaining.

| | |
|---|---|
| Modern Mortals | Camera on Folk of the Hour |
| Actresses of Today | Celebrities of all Sorts |
| Caustic Comment of the Cartoon | Items of Human Interest |
| Mirth Makers | Poems We 've Liked |

Every patriotic American will want to read Mr. Lewis' story of the Life of Roosevelt. There will be a great demand for HUMAN LIFE. You can obtain it on most news-stands for 10¢ a copy. It is a 15¢ magazine for only 10¢.

The better way, however, to make sure that you obtain HUMAN LIFE commencing with the June issue is to use the coupon below and subscribe now for one year. NOW! TODAY!

HUMAN LIFE PUB. CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

GENTLEMEN: I enclose a dollar bill for HUMAN LIFE one year, beginning with June issue, which starts Alfred Henry Lewis' Roosevelt Story.

Name

Street

City ..... State

THE FRA 7 10

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# Editorial Announcement by Alfred Henry Lewis



THE management of HUMAN LIFE has asked me to write the story of Theodore Roosevelt. Also, bowing to a better wisdom than my own, I have consented to do so. The initial chapters are to appear in the June number of this magazine. These will pick him up in his cradle — probably carry him as far as his graduation from Harvard, and, since stepping from the elm-shaded walks of Harvard he plunged — splash! — into politics as your cold swimmer takes a header from some dock-head, the Roosevelt whom we know should from that moment begin. Likewise the excitement.



Politics is to Mr. Roosevelt what water is to a fish or air to birds. He belongs in politics — his home is there. As often Warwick as king, he has not only put other men in office — as Mr. Taft — but has himself been in succession Assemblyman, Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Colonel in the field, Governor, Vice-President, and President. He has had his peep into every angle of government, and both Mr. Roosevelt and the world have come the better off for the peeping. As this is written he is disturbing the pyramids and mayhap the Sphinx by his liberal eloquence, and — I guide by his time-card — when it is read he should be ransacking about Europe anywhere between the Kaiser and King Edward, Oxford and Berlin. He is scheduled to be with us in America by the middle of June, and since we want him to return and he himself is quite as hot to reach us, there is every argument for believing that June schedule will be carried out.

There be folk, whose wishes doubtless are fathers to their thoughts, who believe that Mr. Roosevelt will succeed Mr. Taft as President of these United States. For myself I do not share their views, since Mr. Roosevelt himself has carefully — or was it carelessly? — closed that door against himself. However, all that is another story and must be left in the telling for 1912. Meanwhile, I shall take up the story of Mr. Roosevelt as it has already occurred — the story of the flesh-and-blood Roosevelt — the HUMAN LIFE Roosevelt — avoiding as far as I may the sun-dried, bloodless style the common curse of most biographers.



Bar the One who died on Calvary and Abraham Lincoln, there has been more ink and paper given to Mr. Roosevelt than to any other man. Also he has not yet touched fifty-five and the end is not yet. His career should be a lesson to every one — the boy, the youth, the man of middle age, the grandsire hobbling on two canes. All activity, Mr. Roosevelt has often shown that it is better to do the wrong thing than do nothing at all. In politics this last is peculiarly true. The best thing is to do the right thing; the next best is to do the wrong thing, the worst thing of all things is to stand perfectly still. In the last instance, so far as an adverse destiny might be concerned, you offer practically a pot shot. What events may be seeking your destruction have time to shoot from a rest. As if by instinct Mr. Roosevelt realized this, and keeping ever in motion forced events in his case to do their shooting off-hand.

More than his activity and industry, however, his indomitable honesty has served the Roosevelt turn. It is that chilled-steel honesty, always and under all conditions evinced, which has been the throbbing, pulsating cause of every one of his great victories. That fact of honesty has never failed to save him with the people. He has followed off the wrong trail as often as any other man. He has never been infallible. He has proposed the wrong thing, supported the wrong thing. He has helped the wrong man, hated the wrong man. But he was always honest; and while his head took sometimes the left-hand turn, his heart never did. From his earliest step into politics the public has never doubted him on that angle of honesty. Also that faith was his citadel — his tower of strength. Knowing him to be honest, the people would never be parted from him. For strange as it may sound to Tallyrands of intrigue, the people would sooner go to smash with an honest man than succeed with a rogue.



If I can get out that which is within me the story of Mr. Roosevelt should possess qualities of interest. I have known him personally for well-nigh twenty years. He has not been told that I intend to write his story, since I hold to the theory that I am not driven to ask his consent. He has made himself public property for fairly the third of a century. He has held office upon office, and been paid for doing so. From what day he cast his first vote, Mr. Roosevelt has insisted upon walking the ramparts of publicity, and long ago forfeited all right to complain against being made the subject of discussion. He who has asked for and been given a Presidency cannot regard himself as a secret, and owns no right to be astonished when he finds himself in print. Wherefore I shall write of Mr. Roosevelt — write what I know and how I know it, what I think and why I think it. That should, I think, mark the proper line between us. To do more would be an invasion of his rights; to do less would be a surrender of my own.

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# LITTLE JOURNEYS
# GREAT MUSICIANS

***BOOK ONE—Bound in Boards, Hand-Made Paper, Portraits, TWO DOLLARS***

## *WAGNER*

I WILL not say that Wagner was—he is. The man himself in life was often worn to the quick by the deprivations he had to endure, or the stupid misunderstandings he encountered, so at times he was impatient, erratic, possibly perverse. But all that is gone—his mistakes have been washed in the blood of time—only the good survives. The best that this great and godlike man ever thought, or felt, or knew, is ours. He lives immortal in his Art.

## *PAGANINI*

PAGANINI, the man of mystery and moods, produced music that Orpheus-like transformed the world. We are better for his having been, and this world is a nobler place in that he lived and played, for listen closely and you can hear, even now, the sweet, sad echoes of those vibrant strings, touched by the hand of him who loved them well.

And when we remember the prodigious amount of practise that Paganini schooled himself to in youth; and join this to the recently discovered record of his long monastic retreats, when for months he worked and played and prayed, we can guess the secret of his power. If you wish a recipe for doing a deathless performance I would give you this: work, travel, solitude, prayer, and yet again—work.

## *CHOPIN*

MORE of Chopin's music is bought in America every year than was sold altogether during the lifetime of the composer. His name and fame grow with each year. Everywhere—on concert platform, in studio or private parlor—there you will find the work of Chopin. That such a widespread distribution must have a potent and powerful effect upon the race goes without argument, although the farthest limit of that influence no man can mark. It is registered with Infinity alone. And thus does that modest, mild and gentle revolutionist Frederic Chopin live again in minds made better.

## *MOZART*

MOZART would often rise early in the morning to set down some melody in music that he had dreamed out during the night. On such occasions he would leave a little love-letter for his wife on the stand at the head of the bed, where she would find it on first awakening. One such note, freely translated, runs as follows: "Good Morning, Dear Little Wife: I hope you rested well and had sweet dreams. You were sleeping so peacefully that I dared not kiss your cheek for fear of disturbing you. It is a beautiful morning, and a bird outside is singing a song that is in my heart. I am going out to catch the strain and write it down as my own, and yours. I will be back in an hour."

## *BACH*

THERE stood the boy bathed in sweet sounds, with streaming eyes and responsive heart. His inward emotions supplemented the outward melody, for music demands a listener, and at the last is a matter of soul, not sound; its appeal being to a harmony that dwells within. So played Reinke, and back by the door, peering from behind a pillar, stood the boy.

## *MENDELSSOHN*

IN his "Songs Without Words," the spirit of the Master is best shown. There the grace, gentleness and sublimity of his soul are best mirrored. And if at twilight you should hear his "On the Wings of Song" played by one who understands, perhaps you will feel his spirit near, and divine the purity, kindliness and excellence of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.


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# LITTLE JOURNEYS
# GREAT MUSICIANS

***BOOK TWO—Bound in Boards, Hand-Made Paper, Portraits, TWO DOLLARS***

## *LISZT*

AND even in that cloister-cell, with its stone floors and cold, bare walls, the leaden hours brought the soundless presence of a tall and stately woman. Through the desolate bastions of his brain she glided in sweet disarray, looked into his tear-dimmed eyes, smoothing softly the coarse pillow where rested that head with its lion's mane which we know so well—a head now whitened by the frost of years. No sound came to him there, save a soft voice which Fate refused to silence, and this voice whispered, and whispered yet again—"Death shall not divide us, nor is Eternity long enough to separate thee from me."

## *BEETHOVEN*

BEHOLD his face—is there not something Titanic about it? What selfness, what will, what resolve, what power! And those tear-stained eyes—have they not seen sights of which no tongue can tell, nor pen make plain!

## *HANDEL*

THE excellence of Handel is shown in that he achieved the enmity of some very good men. Read the "Spectator," and you will find its pages well peppered with thrusts at "foreigners," and sweeping cross-strokes at Italian Opera and all "bombastic beaters of the air," who "smother harmony with bursts of discord in the name of music."

## *VERDI*

SHE prevailed upon him to leave her, and then come back at the finale and tell her all about it. He went away. When he returned he stumbled up the stairway and slowly entered the door. The last act had not been completed—the audience had hissed the players from the stage. Upon the ashen face of her husband the stricken woman read all. She tried to smile. She reached out one hand on which loosely hung a marriage-ring. The hand dropped before he could reach it. The eyes of the woman were closed, but upon the long black lashes glistened two big tears. The spirit was brave, but the body had given up the struggle.

## *ROBERT SCHUMANN*

CLARA SCHUMANN played her husband's pieces with such a wealth of expression that folks wondered why they had never heard of them before.

And today, wherever hearts are sad, or glad, and songs are sung, and strings vibrate, and keys respond to love's caress, there is in the hearts that feel and know, a shrine; and on this shrine in letters of gold two words are carved, and they are these: THE SCHUMANNS.

## *BRAHMS*

HE was deeply religious—although he never knew it. All music is a hymn of praise, a song of thanksgiving, a chant of faith. Music is a making manifest to our dull ears the divine harmony of the universe, and thus all music is sacred music, and all true musicians are priests, for by their ministrations we are made to realize our Oneness with the Whole. Through music we read the Universal.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York


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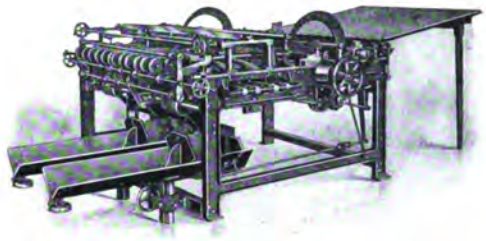
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# THE ROYCROFTERS
## USE



## Brown Folding-Machines

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**Brown Folding-Machine Company**

**Erie, Pennsylvania**



# The Microbe, Discontent

*by Harold A. Holmes, President*

DISCONTENT is a microbe that does great injury to some people, and is exceedingly beneficial to others. Its action depends entirely upon the condition of one's mental attitude. ¶If it sours the disposition, breeds jealousy, unbalances sound judgment, ferments the mind into a mad passion for quick riches; or if it urges you to undertake things, overnight, that need years of mature effort to accomplish, then it is doing you great injury and should be banished from the system. ¶If it kindles a healthy ambition, if it inspires you to do good work today so that better things can be accomplished tomorrow; or if it gives a clearer vision of the great future to be attained, coupled with a willingness to do the necessary climbing, then it is exceedingly beneficial to you and should be nourished and encouraged. ¶*The Caxton Magazine* is a periodical for discontented folks, and is filled with inspiration for ambitious minds. ¶It is not intended for lazy people, and the indolent ones do not enjoy it. It prints straight-from-the-shoulder stories about men and women who are rendering quality service—tells What they are doing—How they are doing it—Why they are succeeding—and How you can learn from them and apply your knowledge. ¶Discontented folks can get more real help out of *The Caxton Magazine* than they can obtain for a hundred times the cost anywhere else. ¶Send us one dollar, and receive *The Caxton Magazine* for twelve months. Read the first number, and if you do not get ideas that are worth more than the cost for a whole year, tell us, and your dollar will be promptly returned. You run no risk—so send the dollar today. This is the magazine that you will eventually subscribe for.

**The Caxton Society, Pittsfield, Mass.**

.....1910

THE CAXTON SOCIETY
PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Enclosed find one dollar, for which send *The Caxton Magazine* for twelve months. It being understood that if I do not like it, you are to return my dollar promptly.

.....

FRA .....


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# THOUGHTFUL SHOES

**AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD**

Feet are like People—they vary.

If all feet were "standardized" there would be no Shoe Problem. You could simply designate the material that pleased you most—and never mind the "make."

But each and every one of us have feet with Personality plus—peculiar, particular feet—and Any Make of shoes will not do.

To shake in Powder and then jam home your foot in an unfitted and unfitting shoe is a sin against Commonsense.

And to wear shoes that pinch just the least leetle bit, or rub, or suffocate the feet, is to make every minute miserable.

There can be no annoyance equal to a hurting shoe.

"Trifles make perfection, but Perfection itself is no trifle," admitted Michelangelo five hundred years ago.

All the little niceties that go to make livable shoes are "trifles"—to makers who consider them so.

The Coward Shoes are *Thoughtful Shoes*. They have width where width is needed, and snugness where snugness helps. They are friendly. If your foot sags or spreads, or bunches, or chafes or grows tired too soon—or if you are hard to fit—you need The Coward Shoe.

'T is one thing to be a Capitalist employing Workmen to turn the handle and grind out "factory" shoes; and 'tis quite another thing to be a Practical Shoemaker and an Expert in Foot Anatomy as is James S. Coward.

Many of Coward's Shoes anticipate Serious Foot Trouble, and remedy it before the ailment becomes chronic.

# THE COWARD SHOE

**FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN**

All Coward Shoes fit perfectly, because Coward wants them to. Explain fully to Coward your "tender spot," and it will all be arranged for when you try on your first pair of Coward Shoes.

## Some Coward "Special" Shoes

***The Coward Good-Sense Shoe*** *(made especially for tender feet)*
***The Coward Straight-Last Shoe*** *(for slim, straight, slender feet)*
***The Coward Bunion Shoe*** ***The Coward Arch-Support Shoe***
***The Coward Corn-Room Shoe*** ***The Coward Orthopedic Shoe***

JAMES S. COWARD, 264-274 Greenwich St., New York
**(Sold Nowhere Else)**

**MAIL ORDERS FILLED. SEND FOR CATALOG.**


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How much fun you get out of your vacation will depend on what you take in your kit as well as on what you leave out. The experienced camper knows. He travels light—but he never neglects to take the necessities.

Out in the open—in thousands of camps scattered all over the country—you'll find men using the Gillette Safety Razor.

Any man who has ever gone to camp without a razor has experienced the nagging annoyance of a stubble of beard—the heat, uncleanliness, discomfort.

Take a Gillette in your vacation kit. You don't have to learn to use it—just take it and shave.

You'll want to shave regularly no matter where you go—to mountains, seashore, the summer hotel.

Start each day right. Spend three minutes with the Gillette. You'll find twice the snap in your morning dip in surf or lake.

Have your own Gillette. Don't borrow. Be self-reliant. Have done with Stropping and Honing. The Gillette way is the modern way.

Don't wait till the last minute. Get your Gillette in time. If there is anything we can do, write to us.

Goodbye and Good Luck.

*King C. Gillette*

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 40 W. Second Street, Boston

New York, Times Building Chicago, Stock Exchange Building Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London Eastern Office, Shanghai, China Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal

Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris



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# Annihilator of Space




To be within arm's reach of distant cities it is only necessary to be within arm's reach of a Bell Telephone. It annihilates space and provides instantaneous communication, both near and far.

There can be no boundaries to a telephone system as it is now understood and demanded. Every community is a center from which people desire communication in every direction, always with contiguous territory, often with distant points. Each individual user may at any moment need the long distance lines which radiate from his local center.

An exchange which is purely local has a certain value. If, in addition to its local connections, it has connections with other contiguous localities, it has a largely increased value.

If it is universal in its connections and inter-communications, it is indispensable to all those whose social or business relations are more than purely local.

A telephone system which undertakes to meet the full requirements of the public must cover with its exchanges and connecting links the whole country.

***The Bell Telephone System annihilates space for the business man to-day. It brings him and any of his far-away social or business interests together.***

## AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
### AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

***One Policy. One System. Universal Service.***


ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS is a good, hard-fighting, old sea-dog—but what he doesn't know about trade would be a very valuable contribution to the sum total of human knowledge. And yet he is as intelligent as the average. We have in mind his black-typed anxiety in "Hampton's Magazine" as to the amount we are paying out each year to foreigners in ocean freights, amounting to five hundred million dollars a year. "Remember," says the good admiral, "that all this good money has gone into the pockets of foreigners, and a similar sum will go every year without benefit to our people beyond carrying their products to market."

A sad case, truly! And it goes all through our business life. We pay millions to draymen, and get nothing for it—but our hauling. We pay the Asiatics millions each year for tea, and get nothing in the world for it—except the tea. We pay several hundred thousand dollars a year to the Germans for meerschaum pipes, mechanical toys and harmonicas, and never get a solitary thing for the money—except the goods. And we pay to British, Germans, Spaniards and Norwegians all those millions for carrying our goods over the sea, and bringing goods to us, and they never do a thing to earn them—except supply transportation.

Cheer up! If we get five hundred millions' worth for five hundred million dollars, who loses?—"Farm and Fireside."

THERE is no genius like the genius of labor. There is no reward like that which comes to energy, system, perseverance.

—Napoleon.

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A MASS-MEETING of employees of the New York Central was held Saturday afternoon, June Twenty-Fifth, and the following resolution was adopted and sent to President Taft:

Whereas, In view of the increased cost of living and the necessity of higher wages to meet such cost; and

Whereas, The railroads generally have granted recently such increases as will, partially at least, meet the increased living expenses; and

Whereas, In order to pay the railroad employees wages commensurate with the living expenses, the railroads have found it necessary to make certain conservative advances in freight and commutation rates, which have occasioned appeals to the Interstate-Commerce Commission and the Public-Service Commissions; and

Whereas, Statistics and information that we have been able to obtain show that manufacturers, merchants, department-stores, owners of houses, and dealers generally have increased their prices and obtained more or less large returns upon their investments; be it therefore

¶ Resolved, That the undersigned committee, representing two hundred thousand railroad men, respectfully petition the President of the United States, the Interstate-Commerce Commission, the Governors of the States, and the State Commissions to give careful consideration to the rights of railroad employees, in arranging for an early review of the appeals on the question of freight-rates, and allowing the railroads such just and reasonable increases in freight-rates as will permit them to pay the wages now in effect, as well as to permit railroads to provide necessary money for increases in facilities.


Victrola

Tone

That's where the Victrola is pre-eminent.

You might be able to build a cabinet that outwardly would resemble a Victrola. You might even copy the inside construction and details, if they were not protected by patents. But there is no copying the superior Victrola tone-quality.

That represents years of patient experiment—with various woods, with different proportions, with numerous vibratory surfaces—and it is simply astonishing how slight a variation in size, in shape, in position, produces discord instead of harmony.

No, the Victrola tone can't be equaled! Even though the eye could take in every detail of construction, there is still that same indescribable "something" which makes the Stradivarius supreme among violins, which gives to the Victrola such a wonderfully sweet, clear and mellow tone as was never known before.

Hear the Victrola today at the nearest Victor dealer's. Ask him to play the new Caruso-Scotti Duet from Madame Butterfly (89043). Then you'll realize the wonderful advance in quality of tone due to our improved process of making Victor records.

The new Victor catalogue lists more than 3000 selections—both single- and double-faced records. Same quality—only difference is in price. Buy double-faced if the combination suits you.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records.



Victrola XII $125
Mahogany



Victrola XVI $250
Circassian walnut

Mahogany or quartered oak, $200


It is safe to say that governments have committed far more crimes than they have prevented.

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# James Oliver's Own Hotel

## His Gift to South Bend

Whenever a Hotel man drops off at South Bend and visits The Oliver, he immediately starts to figure.

With his tablet in hand he estimates—so much for overhead, so much for help, so much for provisions—and South Bend with only Fifty Thousand inhabitants. Impossible! They can't do it. It does n't Pay.

The "Does n't Pay" story is an Old one around The Oliver. You see the man with the tablet is not possessed of all the Facts.

¶ He does n't know that traveling men from every State make The Oliver their Headquarters, when traveling East and West, North and South, Going out and Coming in.

¶ He does n't know that The Oliver has a clientele, made up of the Biggest Business men in the Country.

He does n't know—nor appreciate the advantages of a Big City Hotel—with City Service—in the Country.

South Bend is the Front Lawn of Chicago.

¶ Here you can rest before you tackle the Big Town, or just after you leave it.

And anybody who is Anybody, who goes to South Bend, always visits The Oliver.

You would be surprised how many Old Friends one finds in the Lobby—no matter when you get there.

They give so much at The Oliver for the reasonable rate which they charge, Men come—come back, and keep on coming.

James Oliver built The Oliver Hotel and arranged for its maintenance.

The Idea of profit did not urge him on. He wanted to serve the Community—that was all.

You must stay a while at The Oliver to learn how well he planned.

THE OLIVER HOTEL
SOUTH BEND INDIANA



JAMES OLIVER

South Bend and THE OLIVER are on the Main Line of travel from Everywhere to Anywhere—particularly when going East to West or West to East.

For an Auto Party—just a good run from Chicago. Come down one day and go back the next ¶ Regular stopping-place for Glidden Tourists.

Rates moderate and service exceptional.

Have you read "A Little Journey to the Home of James Oliver," by Elbert Hubbard? If not, drop us a postal card and we will be glad to send you a copy, gratis.




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# Teaching The Boy To Be Useful

***An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard***



DOCTOR RUMELY of the Interlaken School has paid me One Hundred Dollars for writing this Ad and printing it in THE FRA. But he could n't have paid me One Hundred, and told me how to write it.

¶ And if the Good Reader of this Magazine will watch the text-pages during the months to come, he 'll see more about this man Rumely and his School which is a School.

Doctor Rumely knows that the only way to make useful citizens of boys is to teach them to be useful boys. At Interlaken School, La Porte, Indiana, he is working out this theory, practically.

Straight scholastic methods are good in a way, but they go not far enough.

You can not cook by studying a textbook. You must cook.

You can not run an auto by correspondence. You must get into the car and take the wheel, also chances. The way to learn horsemanship is to get on and ride.

You can not appreciate how hot the fire is till you put your finger in it.

Only Practical Experiences are profitable. This most applies when the Person is young and impressionable.

So Rumely, instead of cooping up restless, active, ambitious boys in stuffy class-rooms, with prim clothes and primmer manners, takes them to the Garden-Plot, the Farm, the Carpenter-Shop, the Machine-Shop, and teaches them to do by doing.

¶ As in life, they are confronted by a problem, and it is their business to get over or around it.

Suppose there 's a building to be raised. The work is turned over to the Boys of Interlaken.

The teacher is always present to suggest and encourage—but the real work of planning, designing, construction and decoration is done by the Boys themselves.

They learn to think, to act, to employ their own initiative, and—best of all—to work.

Interlaken Boys get all the ordinary School offers in the way of "Book Knowledge." And in addition they learn how to make their brains and their hands work together.

If you want your boy to be a ninny or a muff, a sissy, dubb or mutt, don't send him to Interlaken School.

But if you want him to be an Intelligent, Cheerful Worker, with two willing hands and a brain equally developed, ready to take his place in the New Order of Things, give him the chance to spend a year or more with the real Boys—the Manly Boys of Interlaken.

You 'd better write to Doctor Rumely to make arrangements—and soon. Address

**DR. EDWARD A. RUMELY, INTERLAKEN SCHOOL**

**LA PORTE, INDIANA**

***Catalogs and all necessary information furnished to interested Parents or Guardians***

**P. S. Doctor Rumely was a boy once himself, and has never gotten over it.**

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# Autology



Dr. Moras has written a Commonsense Book on Autology, and by so doing, placed the Standard of the Creed of Health farther to the front than any man who has lived for a thousand years.—ELBERT HUBBARD

Dear Sir:

I have read your Autology with care. It has been of unusual interest throughout. Your words on the power of environment agree with my experience exactly.

The whole work, from beginning to end, makes a splendid environment for producing active thought.

Yours sincerely,
LUTHER BURBANK.
Santa Rosa, Cal.

I have read your book AUTOLOGY with much interest and profit. I congratulate you on improving on Graham, Trall, Dewey, Densmore, Bellows, Miles, Haig, Fletcher, Smith, Christian, Just, Broadbent and others.
—HENRY BOOL, Ithaca, N. Y.

I say this is a book. There are men and men; but there is much difference. When it comes to measuring men by an ideal standard there are but few; the same is true of books. Autology, by E. R. Moras, M. D., is a book.—DR. J. H. TILDEN, Editor of "A Stuffed Club," Denver, Colo.

## Well or Sick, You Need AUTOLOGY

Autology is no theory, no fad, no creed. It deals with the practical business of your body and brain as you have learned to deal with the practical business of your home affairs, plants and flowers, your land and grain, your dollars and cents.

With it there need be no such thing as pain or sickness in your life. Do you realize what that means? That you may see and know for yourself, write for

## "GUIDE TO AUTOLOGY" FREE

By EDMOND R. MORAS, M. D.




We consider Autology one of the most wonderful books ever written.—PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE.

EVERY CHAPTER IS A GEM

The editor of Health Magazine, published in New York, has this to say on the Chapter on Digestion: "It is a veritable gem, and will prove a blessing to untold thousands." There are in the "Guide" over thirty such gems as fine as you ever want to read, and they cost you nothing—just the time to read them at your leisure.

Every subject is treated not only in a unique way, in plain, every-day language, as interesting as any novel, but it is as vital to your well-living as breathing and eating. Send for it and judge for yourself.

Address your request for a FREE copy of "Guide to Autology," to

E. R. MORAS, M. D., DEPARTMENT 792, HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

Harvard University Medical School, '88; College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago), '89; Formerly House Physician and Surgeon in Cook County Hospital (Chicago); Professor of Obstetrics, College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago). Member of Chicago Medical Society, etc.


TIES which once cost, in track, fifty cents, now cost one dollar and twenty-five cents, in track. A passenger-car that once cost four thousand dollars now costs eight thousand dollars. A locomotive once costing ten thousand to twelve thousand dollars now costs sixteen thousand to eighteen thousand dollars. The smaller general supplies show increases of from fifty to five hundred per cent, and these are the rule and not the exception. The railroads have no receptacle like the Biblical widow's cruse, from which they can get more than the contents, and the point has been reached where the public must decide whether they desire the railroads to curtail their services to a degree commensurate with their income, or whether the public desires to retain their present excellent service, and pay enough to enable the railroads to continue to give it.

NAPOLEON said, "The cure for ills at home is a foreign war."

There is another cure, and that is to set the people to work. Where a large number of men are unemployed, there is constant danger that discontent will explode in mob violence. There is where men of the Bwana Tumbo type come in, and start a foreign war.

The Industrial leader sets men to work, and thus makes all snug and secure. This is a very modern proposition. Beware of the Business-Baiter! He symbols idleness, discontent, strife—war!

And what did General Sherman say that war is?

The rugged battle of fate, where strength is born, we shun.
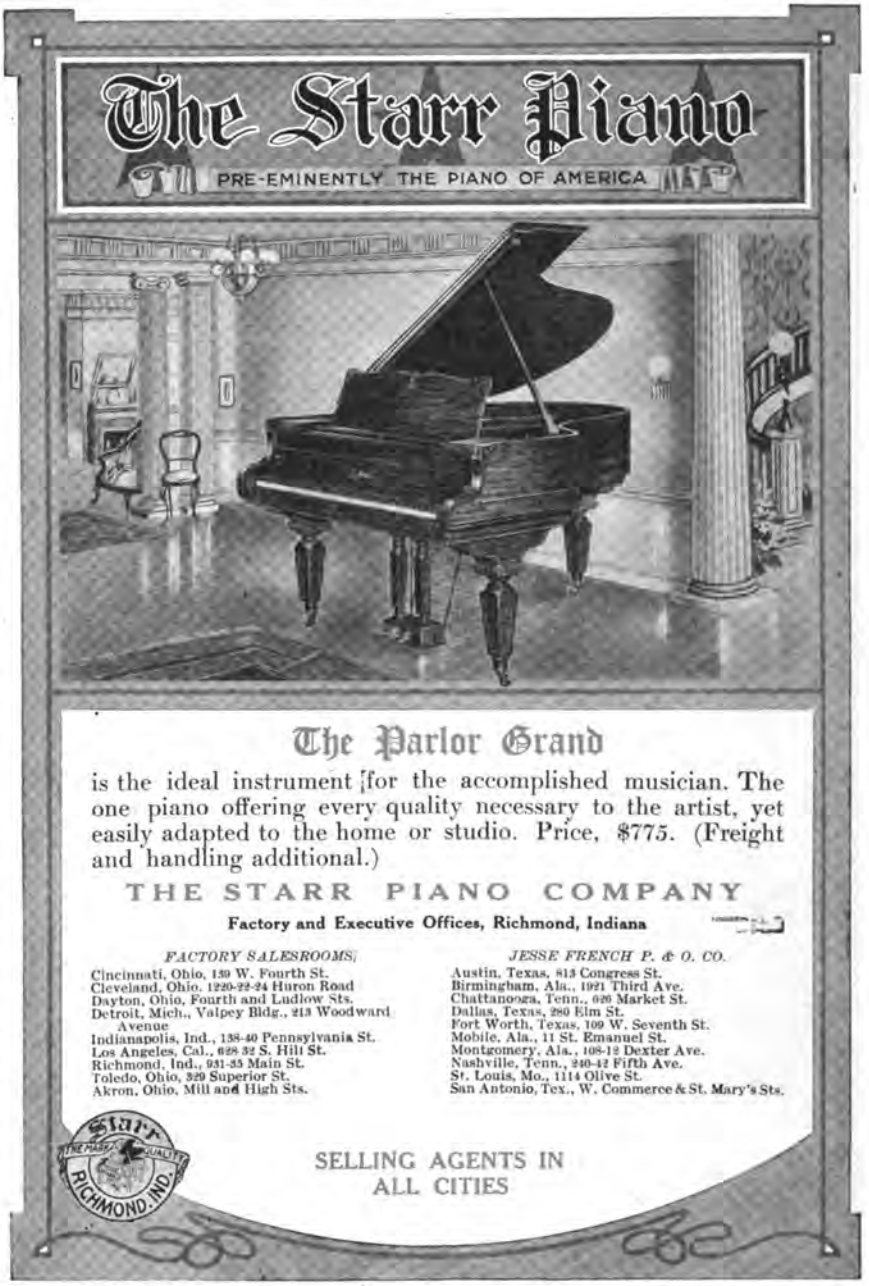
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ALL political economy that is not mere empty theory rests upon the ratio of population to land area, the abundance and value of the products of the soil, and the proper balance and interrelation of the different industries. We have been busy as a nation helping the so-called industrial interests of the country—in fact, everybody but the man on the farm.—James J. Hill.

VACCINATION is a crime, not that it kills everybody vaccinated, but because it kills some of them and maims others. I could show you a woman, the right half of whose face was marred as a direct result of blood-poisoning from vaccination. The sight of this unquestionable disfigurement should shame every vaccinator in the land.—Dr. Zachary T. Miller, Pittsburgh.

MENTAL slavery is mental death, and every man who has given up his intellectual freedom is the living coffin of his dead soul. In this sense every church is a cemetery and every creed an epitaph.—Ingersoll.

There is no reformation in degradation.






THINKING-IN sours the soul, inflates the ego, stagnates the liver and makes a cesspool of the stomach. Thinking-out cheers the heart, purifies the blood, beautifies the face and whets the physical and moral appetite. Which way are you thinking, in or out?
—Dr. Blanchard.

THOUGH we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.—Emerson.

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# FOX *SURPRISE* FLOWERS

## FOR LOVERS—MARRIED OR TO BE



SPECIALLY men, young, old, and of Uncertain years, who have Sweethearts far off, should read this very carefully.

Some lucky fellow's Girl goes vacationing not too far away.

But some do go far away, too far away, and there can be no week-end visits, no—nothing.

Even letters are inadequate to express your loss. They are so trite—so much like the last.

Now here's where Fox comes in.

Fox suggests that you send a Bouquet of Flowers to the Girl far off, by his Special Service. Different flowers each week.

He'll put them on her Breakfast-Table or deliver them before Dinner in the evening—just as you say.

The Girl may be stopping at one of those tiresome Summer taverns where everything is canned, including the conversation, with no flowers for company but the Rubber-Plant and the "Property" Daisies on the front lawn.

Or staying at some healthful, barren, little village where your daily letter is an event; where a Box of Chocolates marks an epoch.

What do you think that she would think of a dozen limpid, lovable Roses?

Suppose they just happened in, unexpected, with your card attached?

The Roses would make her room beautiful for days.

What do you think that she will think of the man who was so thoughtful?

*Fox delivers flowers anywhere.*

CHARLES HENRY FOX

*At The Sign of The Rose*

**Broad Street Below Walnut, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**


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# Quality as a Printing Asset

*An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard*

WHEN I was in Sandusky last week I called on my friend, Tom Barnes. Tom and I worked and loafed together on the old Springfield "Republican," back in the Eighties. He was a pretty good comp, was Tom, and he saved up the dough and bought him a little printshop at the corner of Decatur Avenue and Eighth Street, where he built up a tidy little business and gained the reputation of turning out fairish work.

When I met Tom some two years ago, he had lost his old-time, cherubic plumpness, and there was an expression in his troubled eyes that looked like blue funk.

The reason I soon discovered, after a little examination by the right oblique. He had fallen a victim to that bugbear of the whole printing business—price-cutting.

His competitors had gone in for throat-slitting, cheeseparing tactics, and had taken away some of Tom's best contracts, and naturally he felt that it was up to him to cut likewise, if he expected to stay in the game.

He told me his story with a rueful face and many objurgations and maledictions and expressions of disgust.

"I tell you, Fra, the printing business is on the bink. Machine-made printing and slapdash methods have stove a hole in the good old typographic barque, and it takes a devil of a pile of bailing to keep afloat. There is not a price-cutter among us but what knows that his figures are away below par, but we keep on in just the same damphool rut, for fear the other fellow will sideswipe us and bowl us over with a lower estimate.

"I've had to mortgage my house to get money enough to get some badly-needed equipment. And just look at the work we have to turn out. Say, is n't it fierce?"
It certainly looked the part.

And here is what I said to Tom:

"Tom, cut out price-cutting and get back on the safe and sane platform of fair profit for high-grade work. You know I 'm running a printery—and I 'm not in it for my health alone. I won't cut prices for anybody, and yet I 'm not headed for destruction on the high-speed clutch —not exactly!

"And I 'll tell you, old man, the secret of my success. It 's just this: Do the work better. Quality pays, and it is the only thing that does pay. It is the best and only lever to raise prices and increase profits.

"The customer that you are compelled to hold by the slender thread of low prices is here today and gone tomorrow—the mere flotsam and jetsam of trade.

"The customer you hold by service and quality is bound to you with hoops of mutual interest—and is a permanent asset of your business.

"The only way to get above competitors is to admit of no competition—in quality of service. Don't expect to beat the price-cutter at his own game—you can't, without both of you going down in the gutter.

"You can't maintain a high standard and a low standard in one shop. The one means sanity and length of days —the other the quagmire of despair. Get out on the high ground, brother! Quit serving two masters, and with an eye single to your own best interests, follow the bent of your soul and turn out the good stuff as of yore, when it was a delight to the eye and a joy to the cosmic self." ¶ Tom had a strange gleam in his eye, as he wrung my hand at the railroad-station.

Last week, when I entered his shop, there was the merry hum of industry and the diapason of presses grinding smoothly away, with old Tom Barnes, looking ten years younger, busily overseeing the erection of a new Monotype battery.

"Hello, Fra!" he yelled, making a grab for my outstretched paw. "How 's everybody?—Mother Grant, Felix and the bunch? All lovely? Good! You see, this looks like business—more business and lots of it. I 've got seven of them going now—three keyboards and four casters, and they 've spelled 'Success' for me with a cap 'S'—in fact, turned virtual defeat into easy victory. No more groveling in the depths of mediocrity for yours truly. I 'm a Quality Printer now."

And he certainly looked it—from the toe of his shoe to the top of his carroty head.

The Roycrofters are enthusiastic users of the Monotype. We started in to do everything by hand, but when the machine can do the work better, we let the machine do it and use the hands for passing the medicine-ball. We find the Monotype the only Composing-Machine that keeps up The Roycroft Standard and yet keeps cost down to a minimum.

Monotype is the only shop-made type that approaches foundry type.

Justly earned is that other name of the Monotype—"The Versatile Machine that keeps itself busy."

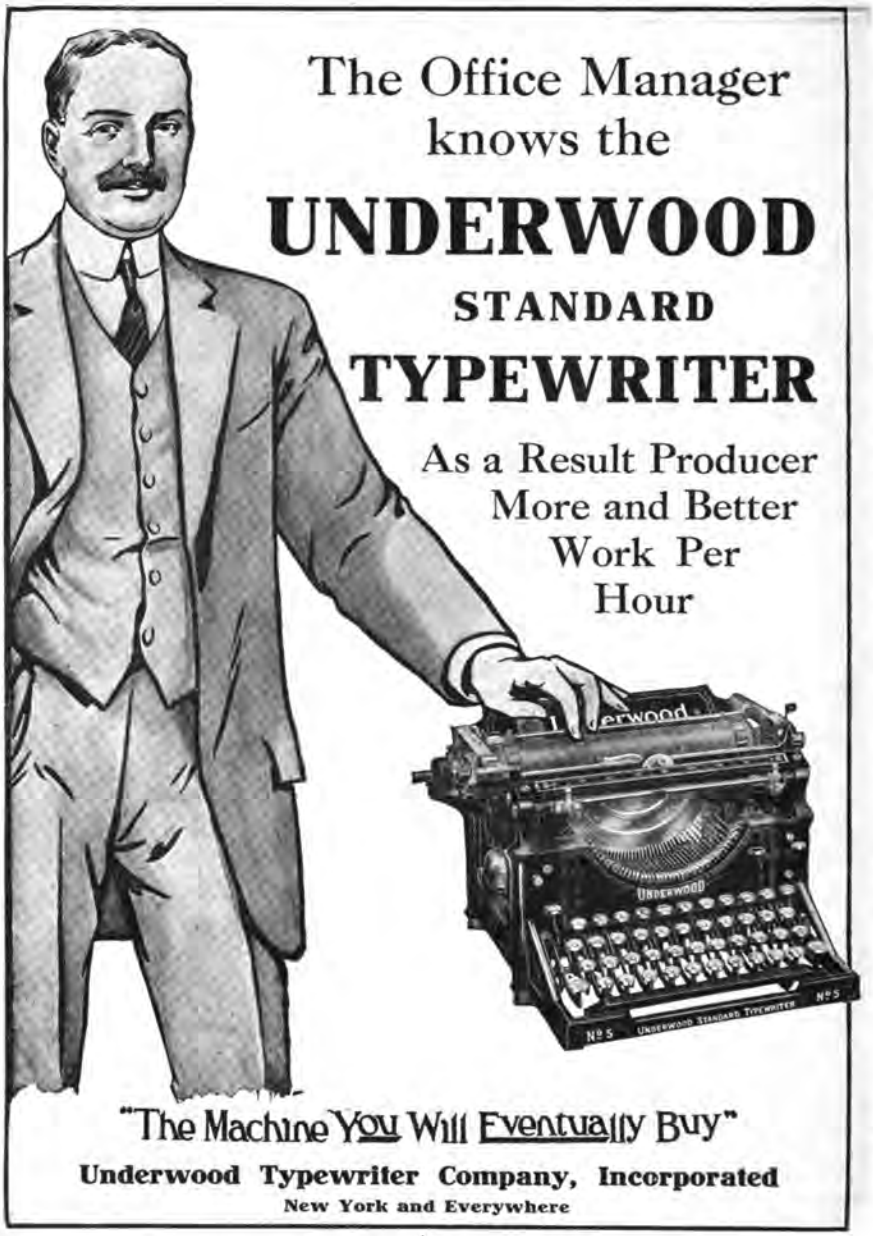
But of all things, Brother Printer, bear this in mind: The ability to give your customer what he wants is worth a whole lot more than the time saved by not having to argue him into being half-satisfied with what you can give him. Here 's the formula: Get Monotype-wise. Send a card today for "Printing for Profit," to

## LANSTON MONOTYPE MACHINE CO.

### PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA


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WHERE did the heads of our greatest corporations spring from? Were they born with silver spoons in their mouths? Are they idlers? Are they parasites? Are they of less worth to the nation than the average politician?

Was Edward H. Harriman born to riches? His father was a hard-up clergyman, and Harriman himself began at a few dollars a week. Did James J. Hill fall heir to the magnificent railroad kingdom he now presides over? Or is he any less useful a citizen than even the President of the United States, with all due respect to the Chief Executive? Mr. Hill was a railroad clerk before he became a railroad president. John D. Rockefeller also started at the bottom. So did Andrew Carnegie. J. P. Morgan inherited a fortune contemptible in contrast with that which his commanding brains and personality have created. President Corey, of the Steel Trust, as all the world knows, was an ordinary chemist not so very many years ago. So was Charles M. Schwab. George Westinghouse's fame rests not on his birth or on his bank-account, but on his brain-work. The same can be said of Edison. The Vanderbilts and the Goulds were born rich, but are they today rising or falling in the railroad world? Edwin Hawley, the latest star in the transportation firmament, began by buying eggs from his rural neighbors. The latest addition to the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. was a fifteen-dollar-a-week bank-clerk not so very many years ago—he (Henry P. Davison) is only a little over forty—and another member of the firm (George W. Perkins) used to sell insurance. Every one of the "Standard

Of course every one or any one can not appreciate THE FRA. But those who can, quite often *do*. The September is the Education Number.

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## *Today is Yours*

Do your day's work today. Perform your every good deed today. Smile the good smile. Pass the gracious compliment. Build strong for the future *today.*

The Here and Now is all that you control. Tomorrow may find your world on ends.

Save your money today, and if you *need* it later on there is no delay, nor "red tape."

Your very best "insurance" is a Bank-Account, drawing Four per cent interest. No matter how small your start, your start is a *good* start. Start today.

## *Pocketbook Friendship*

You never question the sincerity, the friendship, of your Pocketbook. In every emergency it stands firm, reliable, ready. Yet your Pocketbook is a Bank-Account in miniature. Your Bank is a *Powerful* Friend—good to know at all Times.

The man with a Bank-Account can not help being a better man. You can most always trust this man, for he realizes responsibility. ¶ A Bank-Account will help you to get a better job—will help your promotion—and it will help you, when you are ready, to buy an interest in the firm.

## *Convenient Cash*

Always there is a chance to spend money. Wherever you go, you find something to buy, or something to do. You soon Part with your Convenient Cash—the money you carry in your pockets. Some good people try to save, but they postpone. Here 's the simple remedy: make your start. Put $5.00 or $10.00 in the Bank *Now.*

After that, everything will come easy. You will be surprised to see how money piles up when it 's "put away." The small change that you spend in idle purchases—alone—often means a splendid total at the year's end.

Save for one year and see how you like it.

---

On Regular Savings-Accounts at the Fidelity Title and Trust Company Four per cent interest is paid and compounded semi-annually. On Accounts subject to check at sight, and where the Balance warrants it, Two per cent per annum is paid. Certificates of deposit are issued and interest paid thereon.

*FIDELITY TITLE AND TRUST COMPANY, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

***341 and 343 Fourth Avenue***


Oil crowd" had humble beginnings. Frank A. Vanderlip, who is now president of the greatest national bank in the country, is an old reporter—and proud of the fact. George B. Cortelyou, now head of the Gas Trust, was once a stenographer who did his work with a pen guided by brains. Theodore N. Vail, the genius of the telephone organization that is gradually (and efficiently) covering the United States, is another self-made man and one whose career is only in its infancy. Just watch him and watch Hawley. I could go on and run through the whole gamut of the financial, railroad and business world and easily quote instance after instance of men, now famous, whose original opportunities were, perhaps, less inspiring than yours and mine.

Combinations place a premium on brains, for money without brains can not insure permanent prosperity. It is absurd to think that huge organizations "run themselves." Any concern left to run itself will soon run its owner out of business.—Bert C. Forbes.

Power left to itself attains a terrific impetus a governor is needed.

MAKING the white light a warning signal on railroads is a reversal of the old custom, yet the system has been adopted by some roads and is likely to come into general use. The New Haven road, the West Shore, and the Subway in New York have abolished the white light, thereby making it a danger signal by not recognizing it. Red still means stop, or danger, but the cautionary color is orange, while the clear signal is green. The reason is that a broken lamp shows white.

Now is always the best time to subscribe to THE FRA. Two Dollars is the subscription cost to say nothing of the free Roycroft Book.

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# Horses and Humans

## An Advertisement

*A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!—Shakespeare.*



THIS is a horse town. In East Aurora have lived Pa Hamlin, Ed Geers, Budd Doble, Billy Andrews, Billy McDonald, S. H. Knox, Henry C. Jewett. All were my neighbors and friends. I have ridden with them all, traded horses with them all, trotted horses with them on the track and around the stove. And when I wanted to borrow a sulky or a harness, I knew where to go.

We met on a horse basis—I love you because you love the things I love.

I love any man who loves a horse.

I love any man who delights to grease harness on Sunday morning; to "lead 'em out" and go over 'em with loving care, and tell what this horse might have done had he been given half a chance.

In this village we now hold the world's triple-team trotting-record, and we have held the double-team record, the three-year-old record, and the single-harness horse record was ours until Ketcham of Toledo, with Cresceus, knocked a quarter off of The Abbot's time, and put us to the bad, pulling in all our loose mazuma.

In East Aurora is now the only covered mile-track in the world. On this track I have gotten up behind John R. Gentry, Sweet Marie and Hal Pointer.

Down at Pa Hamlin's track on the flat, on many a morning in June, I have jogged in the quiet sunshine, when the dew was on the clover and the thrushes in the hedge—Belle Hamlin, Justina, Prince Regent—the nine-heat hero—Fantasy, Daredevil.

Ed Geers once opened his silent yawp long enough to say to me: "Lookee, Fra, you 'd have made a great reinsman had you only left the ink alone!"

It was Ed Geers who sent me a can of *Reducine* as a present. It was the first time I had ever heard of the article. My saddle-mare, Garnet, Sire, Hamlin's Almont, Dam by George Wilkes, was getting a little puffy in front. Ed rode up in an exercising-cart, handed out the can, pointed to my mare's front legs, sighed, shook his head and rode away. He is that economical of words.

Ali Baba tried the *Reducine* according to the label, and soon these legs were as slick as a colt's. Here 's a standard-bred mare, sixteen years old, out of a producing mare, sired by a horse with eighty or so in the thirty list, and she has never been harnessed. How 's that! And do you know the same of another? I ride this horse, and so does

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# Spavins and Splints

## By Elbert Hubbard

*The more I see of women, the better I love my horse.—Ali Baba.*

my daughter, who was born the same year. A saddler must be absolutely safe and sure on his pins—that's the one thing!

The grass is the natural place for a horse's hoofs—God did n't intend the horse for a rocky road or a pavement. He belongs on the moist turf. But we men put them on the hard, dry road and then expect them to keep without "puff or blemish."

Spavins, splints, puffs, soreness of the tendons come from this demnition pound. To counteract the soreness, the Vets have tried firing and blistering, on the theory that a violent action could only occur in one part of the body at one time. I would not say that there is nothing in counter-irritation, but I do say that *Reducine* has done for my saddlers what the blister never has. I have a gelding by Chimes—Robert Browning, we call him—who would go suddenly lame, and then go down on his nose, from two little splints. We tried *Reducine* and knocked the splints galley-west.

These standard-bred, high-class, nervous, intelligent horses that go off on a little amble make the sweetest sort of saddlers. They are responsive, cheerful, go to the end of the road, and come in fresh.

¶ Often I ride twenty miles in two hours, and never do I use whip or spur. And in spite of the benzine-buggy, good horses were never so high around this neck of the woods as they are now. Perhaps the auto has got us used to big money. A thousand dollars for an untried looker? Yes, neighbor, exactly so. But we take care of our horses—we keep them free from swollen muscles, sore tendons, splints, curbs and spavins, by catching the thing with *Reducine* mixed with love, health and commonsense.

"Say, Fra," said Jack Splan to me the other day when he was up here, "when you throw your leg over that animal you are on a horse!"

¶ The horse was Belle Chimes, standard, registered, with her front legs under her. A horse is just as strong as his front legs, and no stronger. The use of *Reducine* is a humane treatment—the blister is torture—firing is fierce. And I would no more pain a horse than I would a child.

*Write for Booklet—it's Free.*

*Reducine* is made in Ireland, but Tom Murphy tells me he would use it even if it was n't. For sale at Druggists and Harness-Stores. Price, $4.00 per can—Cash with order in all cases. Or send New York Draft, Express Order or Post-Office Order.

**The Reducine Company, 90 W. Broadway, New York**


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# Your Vacation.

SUGGESTIONS FROM THE

# KODAK CATALOG



No. 3A FOLDING POCKET KODAK

*Pictures, 3¼ x 5½.*

**$20.00**

The most popular of all cameras; takes the full size post card picture, 3¼ x 5½ inches.

Provided with every feature for the most serious work, yet so simple as to be effectively handled by the novice.

Equipment includes double Rapid Rectilinear Lens, Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter, Automatic Focusing Lock, Brilliant Reversible Finder and Tripod Sockets. Covered with fine black seal grain leather, nickeled fittings. Top coat pocket size.



No. 1 FOLDING POCKET KODAK

*Pictures, 2¼ x 3¼.*

**$10.00**

The smallest and simplest of all the Pocket Kodaks. Especially designed for those who wish to take good pictures the simplest way. Pulling down the bed automatically springs the front into position, no focusing necessary—just locate the image in the finder and press the lever.

Equipped with first quality Meniscus Achromatic lens, fitted to Pocket Automatic Shutter, adjusted for both snap shot and time exposures. Brilliant Reversible Finder. Covered with black seal grain leather, nickeled fittings.



No. 3 BROWNIE CAMERA

*Pictures, 3¼ x 4¼.*

**$4.00**

Designed for one of the most popular of amateur sizes, the No. 3 Brownie brings 3¼ x 4¼ pictures within the scope of simple inexpensive Brownie photography. Easily operated by the children, it will satisfy the grown-up people as well. Equipped with first quality Meniscus Achromatic lens, Eastman Rotary Shutter, adapted for both snap shot and time exposures. Two finders. Covered with fine quality imitation black leather, nickeled fittings.



No. 1A FOLDING POCKET KODAK—SPECIAL

*Pictures, 2½ x 4¼.*

**$15.00**

Made for those who want a dainty little pocket camera with quality all through. Light and compact, yet possesses every requisite for serious work

Equipment includes Rapid Rectilinear Lens, Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter, Automatic Focusing Lock, Tripod Socket and Brilliant Reversible Finder. Covered with fine quality black seal grain leather, nickeled fittings.



No. 2A FOLDING POCKET BROWNIE

*Pictures, 2½ x 4¼.*

**$7.00**

Inexpensive, devoid of all complications extremely simple to understand and to operate, this dainty little pocket camera takes first class pictures. Equipped with first quality Meniscus Achromatic Lens, Pocket Automatic Shutter, (adapted for both snap shots and time exposures). Automatic Focusing Lock, Tripod Sockets and Reversible Finder. Covered with fine quality black imitation leather, nickeled fittings.



No. 2 BROWNIE CAMERA

*Pictures, 2¼ x 3¼.*

**$2.00**

Remarkable pictures have been produced by these simple fixed focus cameras, even in the hands of school children, while work of the highest character has been done by experts.

Equipped with first quality Meniscus Lens, Eastman Rotary Shutter, adapted for both snap shots and time exposures. Two Finders. Covered with fine quality imitation black leather, nickeled fittings.

*Kodaks and Brownies, $1.00 to $117.00. Ask your dealer or write us for our complete catalogue.*

**EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N. Y.** ***The Kodak City.***


ful and able man is due to Mr. Loree's inherent modesty, which shrinks before the barest suggestion of anything resembling an interview. It should not be inferred from it, however, that his life has not been an eventful one, brimful and bubbling over with hard work and thrilling experiences, for that is exactly what it has been. ¶ On leaving college, he secured a position on the engineer corps of the Pennsylvania Railroad as assistant foreman. While in that position he very early distinguished himself by taking charge of the corps when the foreman proved himself incapable and the men were on the point of open mutiny. This was in the vastnesses of the Pennsylvania mountains, and it was only the indomitable pluck and executive ability of young Loree that kept the men pushing on through these wild regions until their work was completed. ¶ Perhaps his most thrilling achievement came in connection with the Johnstown flood. Mr. Loree was within a few miles of the stricken valley when the catastrophe occurred, and instantly, without pausing for instructions, he commenced a definite work of relief. By the time communication had been re-established,

WHEN it was announced that a goodly portion of the mantle of the late E. H. Harriman was to fall upon the shoulders of Leonor F. Loree, many asked in bewilderment: "Loree? Loree? Who is Loree?" It was only the railroad men who could answer, and even they knew him only as the "noiseless genius" who had soft-pedaled his way to the presidency of the Delaware & Hudson Company, one of the most prosperous railroads in the country. This general ignorance of a force-

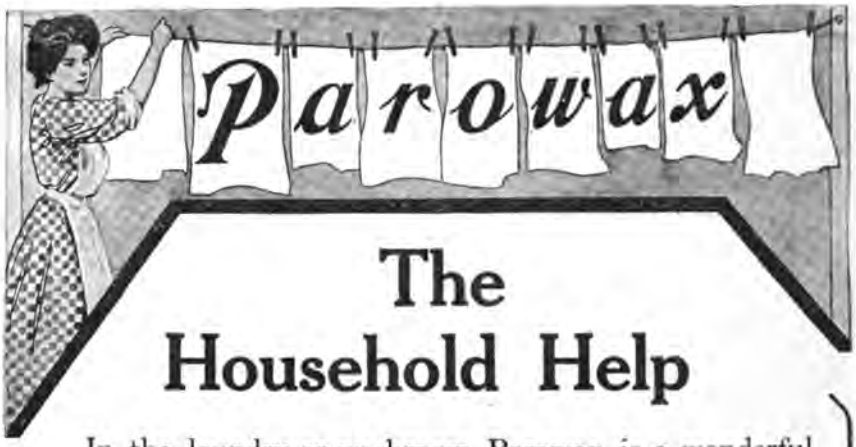


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he had accomplished so much that he was left permanently in charge of the work. Before a relief-train could reach the scene of devastation, bridges had to be rebuilt, roadbeds reconstructed and tracks relaid. To plan and to accomplish all this work, in the midst of the turmoil and excitement, Mr. Loree went for several days without sleep.—"The Bookkeeper."

LESS is just now being said about the many "deal" rumors which filled the air only a short time ago, but under the surface some of these plans are being quietly pushed forward. Almost openly admitting the great mistake it made in ever letting go of Chesapeake and Ohio, and especially of letting it go into the hands of so resourceful a competitor as Edwin Hawley, the Pennsylvania has taken back the Norfolk and Western (which parallels the Chesapeake), and is said to be developing great plans by which the Norfolk is to be used as a strong counteracting influence to the spread of the Hawley power. Announcement may be expected almost at any time, on the other hand, that the Chesapeake has secured its long-wanted entrance into Chicago, the road being thus placed in a position to compete on even terms with the great trunk lines carrying freight from the Middle West to the Atlantic seaboard. Rock Island's plans, too, for an invasion of the East, are still simmering. Control of the Lehigh Valley has already been secured, and not a few well-informed people are every day looking for the announcement to come that the Wabash line is to be made the connecting link and the Rock Island run into New York.


# The Household Help

In the laundry or washroom Parowax is a wonderful help. It is of value to the housewife or laundress in two distinct ways—it saves time and labor in washing and lengthens the life of the clothes. Did you ever stop to think why you have to rub clothes as well as soap them? This is the reason: You have to rub the clothes in order to loosen the dirt.

If you could loosen the dirt without rubbing the clothes it would save the labor of hard rubbing, and the clothes would last much longer, because, of course, hard rubbing injures the fabric. You can loosen the dirt and preserve the fabric. Parowax does it.

You simply put one-half teacup of shaved Parowax and the usual quantity of shaved soap in the hot water in the boiler, which is sufficient for one boiler of wash. After taking the clothes from the boiler, rinse thoroughly in warm water. The Parowax and the soap dissolve quickly, and so loosen the dirt that the old amount of rubbing is unnecessary. Every atom of dirt slips away from the fabric. Parowax is odorless and tasteless and leaves no odor in the clothes.

Consequently, clothes washed with Parowax last longer and come out of the wash whiter—white as when new. This labor-saving and wear-reducing value of Parowax is seen in every kind of washing, especially on women's finer goods, lacy waists, dainty underwear, and lingerie of every kind.

To protect the user, the trade-mark "Parowax" has been given to the grade of Pure Refined Paraffine sold by this Company for years. This absolutely pure paraffine has been used all these years for sealing jellies, etc., and for washing and ironing.

Dealers everywhere sell the Parowax brand of Pure Refined Paraffine. Beware of articles offered as substitutes. Look for the name of the

**Standard Oil Company**
(Incorporated)


The Education Number of THE FRA should particularly interest Teachers.

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# INDESTRUCTO
## — TRUNKS —

WHEN you buy a trunk, you want quality—for a reasonable price. You want a trunk that has merit—one that has proved its merit.
The man who invented Indestructo Trunks was a traveler. He gave his lifetime to the study of travel requirements—he knew the trunk business thoroughly—he studied construction—he saw the fault of the ordinary type of box trunks.

This idea of Indestructo Trunks came from his observations of trunks: not on dealers' floors or in his office, but out where the jolts are the thickest and where the strain was the most racking.

He watched the trunks loaded and unloaded from cars—watched them drop off trucks piled high with baggage—watched them go jolting along platforms and through baggagerooms—and saw the error of the square-corner trunks jointed at the edges.

A trunk will invariably land on a corner or an edge; and it is there, where the joint is made, that the break is bound to come.

The idea of the round corner was evolved—no sharp projections to strike the platforms or trucks, and be split open. Then came the problem of the jointless construction—that took eight years to perfect. The Indestructo Trunk is made without a joint—a one-piece construction—just the same as though it were whittled out of a solid piece of wood, except it is stronger than solid wood.



THE INDESTRUCTO "STEAMER"

Six plies of hardwood, each one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness, are laid together with grains running in opposite directions. These are cemented together under enormous pressure, with a glue that is absolutely waterproof. You now have a material elastic and resilient, tough and light, and having no grain to split and crack out. There is no joint between these thicknesses.

The body of the trunk is assembled under pressure, and with the same cement. There are no nails or fasteners driven in end grains—that will pull both themselves and the wood through at the first heavy strain.

The maple runners and one-sixteenth-inch cold-rolled steel (heavily brassed) are fastened to the trunk with solid steel rivets—clinched with a washer on the inside under the linen lining—and clinched to stay. Steel is used in the manufacture of Indestructo Trunks because it has elasticity and has none of the brittleness of cast iron.

The bottom of every Indestructo Trunk is just the same as the top—there is no slat construction covered with tin, to dent and rust through—and there are no canvas coverings on the trunk to hide defects.



The Indestructo Trunk is built for wear, for hard wear—not for ordinary service, but for emergencies—for reliability, when the *unusual* happens—that's why we GUARANTEE YOUR TRUNK AGAINST DESTRUCTION BY FIRE AND ACCIDENT FOR FIVE YEARS from the day YOU BUY IT, because we know it will "go the route," and give you more honest service than any other trunk made today.

Indestructo Trunks are registered permanently against loss. Your baggage reaches its destination safely and promptly, and you travel in peace and comfort, because you know your baggage is safe—our *insurance* and *assurance* does that.

## ABOUT A TRAVELER

Don't go on any kind of a Trip without our delightful and authoritative bit of Travel Tips, "About a Traveler." Bound in handsome style—beautifully illustrated—contains full information regarding Steamships, Railroads, Hotels and Customs, both here and abroad. Invaluable to the Man or Woman going to Europe. The present issue bound for a Library-Table Edition. Sent to any address on receipt of Fourteen Cents in Stamps to cover the cost of packing and mailing. Address—




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# Is There a Science of Education?

THE FRA for September will be the Education Number.

The subject of Education will be discussed by a dozen or more of the most able writers, thinkers and doers of our time.

Education means growth, evolution, development. In order to prevent actual chaos, a certain number of men and women in society must be healthy, happy and competent.

To attain this degree of healthfulness, this happiness, this usefulness, is a matter of education.

The educated man is the useful man.

The greater our proportion of educated people, the safer the Republic.

How best to attain this education will be the theme in the September FRA.

Note the Special Subscription Offer below, and if you are already a subscriber, then subscribe for HER!

## To FRA ELBERTUS, Frater-in-Charge, East Aurora, New York

FRIEND: I enclose Two Dollars to pay the yearly subscription, so send THE FRA Magazine and the Book checked, and any other perquisites and emoluments from time to time that are my due, without further charge:

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| THE MAN OF SORROWS | *Elbert Hubbard* |

These books are well bound, leather backs, special portraits by Gaspard, special watermark paper, antique type, wide format. Strictly De Luxe and unique specimens of bookmaking.

THE FRA for September will be the Education Number. One of the principal articles will be by Booker T. Washington and will contain an account of some personal experiences that will be of value to every parent and teacher.

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PROF. HENRY DICKSON
Principal Dickson School of Memory. The Largest and Most Successful School of Mental Training in the World.

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

## A Wandering Mind

never arrives at a Supreme Conclusion. There are no terminals for the train of Scattered Thoughts. Frequent stops at Way Stations retard the speed at which Live Ideas must travel in order to Get There. And inviting side-tracks lead only to the insurmountable bumper.

The Great Men of all ages are those who have grasped the Ability to Concentrate. They focused attention upon the *thing* itself and without Violence of Direction moved straight to Success.

If you wish to Grow and Become, center your Mind on one Splendid Achievement and hold it there.

## STOP FORGETTING

It is the constant casting about for a Fact Misplaced in Memory that shatters the Force of Concentration. Train your Memory to retain Knowledge and have it ready when Occasion demands. Try a little System in your Mental Storehouse.

Professor Henry Dickson of the Dickson School of Memory Training will send his valuable book, "How to Remember," free to any reader of THE FRA. Professor Dickson by his Method of Instruction enables you to avoid the oft-recurring vexation of forgetting names, places, dates, faces, quotations, speeches and all other facts and incidents which should be on the tip o' the tongue. ¶ The Dickson System has been heartily recommended by PROFESSOR DAVID SWING, ELBERT HUBBARD, DR. LATSON and thousands of others

COUPON FOR MY FREE BOOK

PROF. HENRY DICKSON, Prin. Dickson Memory School, 968 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your free Booklet, "How to Remember"

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**GEORGE B. ECKER, G. E. P. A.**

**Broadway, Corner Thirtieth Street, New York**

## ATLANTIC COAST LINE


THERE is no longer any very radical difference between the leading railroad men and the best-informed advocates of public regulation regarding the proper governmental control that ought to be exercised. It is quite true that President Taft consulted freely with railroad presidents regarding the bill that is now pending in Congress. But these railroad presidents were not lacking in a sense of the relation of railroads to the public welfare, and Mr. Taft was fully justified in listening to their views of Senator Cummins—who is a careful and an authoritative student of this whole subject, and who made a great speech in the Senate lasting two or three days in advocacy of a more stringent and complete Governmental control than the pending bill calls for—is not talking in terms that are radically different from those that are used by the railroad men themselves. There are still important points of difference, but the fundamental antagonisms of twenty-five years ago are gone. The attitude of the railroads is neither corrupt nor menacing. Their principal difficulty nowadays is due to the need of providing facilities for the demands made by a rapidly-growing and very prosperous country. They are no longer objecting to any reasonable kinds of public regulation, at least so far as broad principles are concerned.—"Review of Reviews."

THERE is a conductor on the Southern Pacific in California by the name of Stafford—runs from San Francisco to Fresno—who always wears in his lapel a red moss-rose bud, and has buttoned under his blue coat a heart full of the True Faith.

Whether or not the September FRA can help you, depends wholly on you yourself.

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"Ever off the irons?" I asked. ¶ "Never!" said Stafford — "and never expect to be, and I've been in this business for over twenty-six years. This train and this track are all right; I just center on my work, and have faith that everybody else is doing the same, and let 'er go at that."

And the Conductor took the half-blown rose from his buttonhole, and gave it to me. "Oh, take it, I've got a basket of 'em in the baggage-car," said he, and passed on through the long train.

When he came back I tried to talk to him further, but he had nothing more to say.

We killed time running into Fresno, slowing down on the minute.

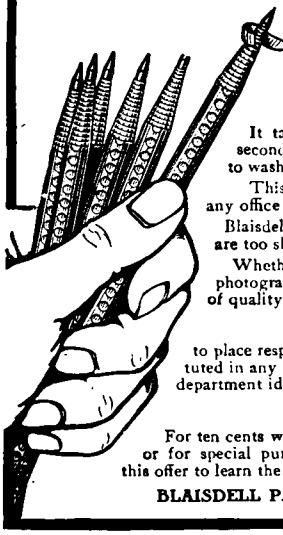
An inward peace comes when you have faith that things are all right. This faith brings good health, and good health comes from an inward peace.

To think clearly and act wisely there must be calm at the center—peace.

Doubt, distrust, uncertainty, apprehension, are destroyers of peace, and mark the first stages of dissolution. We could all live to be a hundred and never once get "off the irons" if we had faith in ourselves and faith in this Eternal Something of which we are part and particle.


**Half a Dozen Blaisdell Paper Pencils**

*"Just Nick the Paper and Pull"*



**can be sharpened in half the time of one wooden pencil**

It takes two seconds to sharpen a Blaisdell—it takes thirty seconds to sharpen a wooden pencil, not including the time taken to wash your hands afterwards.

This time economy alone is enough to recommend the Blaisdell in any office where employees' time is valuable.

Blaisdell Paper Pencils can be used to the very end, long after wood pencils are too short to whittle, making them the most economical pencils to buy.

Whether of graphite, colored crayon or for special purposes, such as copying, photography, marking metal or crockery, the Blaisdell presents a combination of quality, economy and adaptability obtainable in no other pencil.

**A Color Check System**

to place responsibility, prevent oversight and simplify office routine may be instituted in any business with Blaisdell Colored Crayon Paper Pencils; a color to each department identifies checkmarks, notations or indistinct initials.

*Any Two Pencils Sent Postpaid*

For ten cents we mail postpaid any two best quality pencils, graphite, colored crayon or for special purposes. State color wanted or for purpose used. Take advantage of this offer to learn the uses of Blaisdell Paper Pencils. Address

**BLAISDELL PAPER PENCIL CO., 4405 Wayne Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.**



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**BUT a stone's throw from New York City lies LONG ISLAND, stretching out in an Easterly direction for one hundred twenty-five miles into the Atlantic Ocean, and lying directly across the path of the Summer South winds.**

**The fascination of each section of this beautiful Island is so different from the other that the most fastidious is sure to find his or her particular enjoyment.**

**The South, or Ocean shore, offers surf and still-water bathing, safe sailing, salt-water fishing, beautiful drives and ideal golf-links; the North shore, high hills overlooking Long Island Sound and numerous bays, and clothed with forest-trees from the water's edge to the summits. The Central section is a healthful and fertile country, dotted with lakes and ribboned with streams.**

***For specific information concerning the Island, or copy of book, "Long Island Resorts," giving a list of the hotels and boarding-houses, send 6c. postage to the General Passenger Agent.***

LONG ISLAND RAILROAD

PENNSYLVANIA STATION

NEW YORK


SHIFTING of officials of two railroads has just advanced two men who have come up through the ranks to presidencies. Darius Miller, who began as a freight-office stenographer in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-seven, vacates the first vice-presidency of the Burlington to become chief executive of that road ✍ Daniel Willard, a track-laborer at eighteen, leaves the second vice-presidency of the Burlington to head the Baltimore and Ohio ✍ ✍

Perhaps you know some one who does not subscribe to THE FRA. Constitute yourself special missionary and send him (or her) the September Education Number.

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# St. Vincent's Purgatorial Society

## FOR THE LIVING AND THE DEAD

## Perpetual Membership Only Ten Dollars



ITH the kind permission of The Rt. Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, D.D., Bishop of the Diocese of Brooklyn, the Perpetual Membership fee in St. Vincent's Purgatorial Society has been reduced to ten dollars.

This means that all who become members of our Purgatorial Society, whether living or dead, and having paid the sum of ten dollars, will have read for them each year Five Thousand Five Hundred Eight Masses.

The Catholic Church remits the temporal punishment due to sin; in other words, grants an indulgence by applying to us the merits of Jesus Christ and the superabundant satisfactions of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the saints; which merits and satisfactions are its spiritual treasury. It is a Plenary Indulgence Our Holy Father has granted the members and Solicitors of St. Vincent's Union—that is, a full remission of all temporal punishment due to sin.

There is no better way to remember our departed friends and relations than by enrolling them in this Purgatorial Society. "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." We should not forget the dead; in life they were good and true to us; let us remember them, now that the hand of God has touched them. We should not turn a deaf ear to their cry. Christian charity obliges us to hear and help them. They are indeed separated from us by the dark river of death, but they have never ceased to be our brethren, members of that mystical body to which we all belong, and whose head is Jesus Christ Himself. Is it possible for one limb or member of our bodies to suffer and the others to remain indifferent? The Apostle says: "If one member suffers, do not the others too?" Consequently it is the very essence of Christianity to help the departed.

Would we not be guilty of the greatest indifference and deepest ingratitude were we to forget them now in their sorest need; or refuse them our aid? Would we not deserve to have hurled at us the terrible prophecy and reproach of the Book of Ecclesiasticus, "A hard heart shall fare evil at the last"?

We can not say that because our friends or relatives have been dead a long time they do not need our assistance. Nothing definite is known as to the longer or shorter duration of purgatorial pains. We do know this, that they are proportioned to the purity of heart wherewith the deceased appears before the judgment-seat of God—proportioned to the amount of penance done while on earth; proportioned to the help given after death by those still left behind. But when we reflect that on the other side of the grave justice, not mercy, holds the balance; when we recall St. Peter's thrilling question: "If the just shall hardly be saved, how shall it be with sinners?" and when we consider that even the Saints, after long and severe penances for slight faults, trembled before and feared the severity of God's Judgments, we may justly conclude that the *pains of purgatory are of longer duration than is sometimes imagined.* Therefore, we should hasten generously to the help of the poor souls and continue our prayers for them until death bids us depart hence.

Again, even in life and health there is no better way of providing for the future than by becoming members of this Purgatorial Society. Do not depend upon those whom you may leave after you. Be sure that you will not be forgotten after death by becoming a Perpetual Member of the Society at once. Five thousand five hundred Masses will be read each year for the living or dead. Moreover, at the death of each living member of our Purgatorial Society a High Mass will be offered up in the Chapel of St. Vincent's Home, for the eternal and happy repose of the soul of the departed one.

Address all Communications to

REV. WILLIAM L. BLAKE

ST. VINCENT'S HOME FOR POOR AND HOMELESS BOYS

Boerum Place and State Street P. O. Box 174 BROOKLYN, N. Y.

---

A zealous lady who is laboring under the hallucination that THE FRA is a Catholic publication, sent me the above ad, with a request that I publish it. For this service, at my death, a thousand Masses are to be said in one big tug to get my soul out of purgatory. Also, I am to enjoy one Plenary Indulgence every month as long as I live. On this Commodity Exchange basis, I accept the ad. Will the gentle reader please pinch himself, and realize that this is the year Nineteen Hundred Ten, the place America, and that this ad is no joke!—THE FRA.

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# The Roycroft Fraternity

Questions from the August FRA. Use these questions for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. Members who are working for Certificates or Diplomas should answer the questions on separate sheets and send papers to us for examination and marking—no charge

## Lesson Number One

1 What 's the matter with Texas?
2 Name the inventor of the locomotive engine.
3 Where was the first American railroad located?
4 Who and for what noted were (a) Robert Fulton? (b) Peter Cooper? (c) Rameses II? (d) Charles Darwin?
5 What is meant by "keeping faith with the public"?
6 What, in your opinion, is the cause of the increased cost of living?
7 To what extent is the railroad a civilizing factor?
8 What would you do first if you were President of the United States?
9 Name some of the responsibilities of the President of a great railroad?
10 What are the chief products of (a) Oregon? (b) Saskatchewan? (c) Oklahoma?
11 State briefly the history of the "Interstate-Commerce Commission."
12 Is its influence baneful or beneficial?

## Lesson Number Two

1 What is a Business-Baiter?
2 What is the Public-Service Commission?
3 What is the difference between extravagance, prodigality, wastefulness, lavishness?
4 What is a "wrangler"? Are J. J. Hill and Paul Morton eligible for wranglership?
5 State the advantages and disadvantages of a corporation.
6 In your opinion, would a foreign war be a cure for ills at home?
7 Should the Nation own the Trusts? Why?
8 Is gastronomy an art?
9 Do Orthodox Religion and dyspepsia go together?
10 What are California's resources?
11 What, in your opinion, is the economic future of the Golden-Gate State?
12 What is (a) jealousy? (b) envy? (c) suspicion? (d) hate?

## Lesson Number Three

1 Is peace of mind a business asset?
2 Is hotel life more desirable than "keeping house"?
3 Do you believe in minding your own business, or are you your brother's keeper?
4 Does life-insurance prolong life?
5 From the art viewpoint, how do our railroad structures compare with the classic buildings of Europe?
6 Is there any reason why genius should not be financially successful?
7 What are the advantages and disadvantages of (a) liquid air? (b) compressed air? (c) hot air?
8 How does woman's working ability compare with man's?
9 What do you think of John Burns' proposal to prevent mothers from working?
10 What is meant by "intensive farming"?
11 Compare the commercial advantages of Los Angeles, Seattle, Chicago.
12 Is Competition the life of Trade?

## Lesson Number Four

1 What is the significance of the following expressions: (a) Shibboleth? (b) Bride of the Nile? (c) Lone-Star State?
2 Who and what are (a) the Association of Dubbs and Mutts? (b) the Ananias Club?
3 What are the five greatest "natural wonders" of America?
4 Would you consider John Calvin a successful man?
5 For what is Senator John Sherman noted?
6 Should women actively interest themselves in Civic Reform?
7 What elements enter into the upbuilding of a modern city?
8 What do you think of Admiral Evans' argument for a merchant marine?
9 What are the necessary qualifications of a successful writer?
10 What is the attitude of the Australian Parliament toward woman suffrage?
11 Are women qualified to hold high public office? Quote examples to support your contention.
12 What do you think of the Railroad Number of THE FRA Magazine?

The Education Number of THE FRA will be on sale at all News-stands—September First and after.

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## ANNOUNCEMENT

### The "Mono-Duplex" Automatic Car-Seal

(*One-piece, double lock*)

**A Nineteen Hundred Ten Revelation.** Entirely automatic: It requires no press or sealing-iron. It is self-locking, safe, simple, convenient. **It can not be opened without being destroyed.** It can be quickly applied to any car. The locking arrangement is produced by two separate mechanical movements. These actions are positive, and prevent absolutely the existence of collusion. **An imperfect or partial closing is made mechanically impossible.** The band has sufficient surface exposed for distinct, legible and uniform markings. Each seal bears your name and consecutive numbering embossed on the band of seal. ¶ Requests for prices and terms solicited. Sample sent upon application.

E. L. SABEY, 4332 N. Lincoln St., Chicago, Illinois

## WANTED—Tree-Doctors

JOHN DAVEY—Father of Tree Surgery, and Honest, Honorable Roycrofter at Large—will consider the applications of Healthy, Hearty, Young Men to join his staff and learn about trees and tree-doctoring. ¶ Mr. Davey will pay a commensurate wage to the young man whom he considers eligible—even while learning. ¶ This is a legitimate opportunity for wideawake fellows to get into the open air and do good work with Brains as well as Brawn.

Address: THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., KENT, OHIO.

## RAZORS SOME MEN SHAVE WITH A HOE OTHERS USE A *MAN'S* RAZOR

The Jarvie "Bohler Steel" Razor is not a hoe. It is a hand-forged razor made from the famous Bohler Steel. It is made in the shadow of the Alps by Austrian craftsmen whose knowledge of razor-steel has been handed down to them for generations.
Mr. Jarvie recommends every razor, having tested each one personally. Razors of Bohler Steel have stood constant use for two years without honing.
These razors are sold for Five Dollars. After you have bought one you will not part with it for Fifty.

THE SHOP OF ROBERT JARVIE. 1340 East Forty Seventh Street, Chicago, Illinois


WHEN once it is found out that a man assumes responsibility with good judgment, there are always plenty of people who are perfectly willing that he should continue assuming it. Few men can make a success unaided. As a man emerges above the surface of a clerkship and begins to take responsibility, he becomes more and more dependent upon those below him to carry out his instructions, and no man ever achieved great success unless he was ably supplemented by the right kind of subordinates. One of the chief requisites to success is the ability to choose and hold assistants who will co-operate in every way to execute plans that are devised ❧ As an illustration, nothing will distress a man more than to have a careless stenographer and to be eternally correcting mistakes, or to be forever harassed by the fear that some mistakes may have crept into his correspondence owing to the shortcomings of his stenographer. It is a continuous strain upon the man. And this is true of all kinds of subordinates. If a man has no confidence in the men under him he is always fretting for fear they are not carrying out his orders correctly, or are doing something they ought not to be doing. This alone justifies a man in being very particular in choosing the right kind of subordinates, and if he has not the faculty or genius for selecting them he will probably wind up a failure himself, because there is no man who can do all the work of a big corporation.

—Paul Morton.

❧

Humanity wants help, the help of strong, sensible, unselfish men.

The September FRA is for all Students.

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IN the recent Convention of the Brotherhood of Railroad Conductors, Mr. Garretson, the President of the Brotherhood, said:

"The railroad companies have been fair, and really more than fair with us in the last three years. In every other industry, the earning power of the industry has increased in the last few years, and that of the railroads has decreased thirty-three per cent. This is caused by drastic legislation, and it must be stopped. Every conductor should put his shoulder to the wheel and work in the interest of his company, and to prevent such insane tactics as seem to prevail among our law-makers at this time."

This same topic was the subject of debate at a special meeting of conductors held in Columbus recently, and a letter from Garretson along similar lines was read. As a result, the Columbus body pledged itself to take active interest in the future in legislative work and stand by the companies.

DANIEL O'CONNELL had a favorite story of one Parsons, an Irish barrister, who hated the whole tribe of attorneys, and one day was approached in the lobby of the Four Courts by an attorney who was soliciting shilling subscriptions to pay the burial fee of an attorney who had died in poverty. Parsons offered the gentleman a pound note. "Oh, Mr. Parsons," said the applicant, "I do not want so much. I only ask a shilling from each contributor, and I can not really take more."

"Oh, take it, take it," said Parsons, blandly. "For God's sake, my good sir, take the whole pound, and while you are about it, bury twenty of them."

RAILROAD Companies sell transportation. ¶ Fire-Insurance Companies sell indemnity from loss and damage by Fire.

If Railroad Companies could reduce expenditures one-half, transportation charges would be cut proportionately.

Our Business is to REDUCE Losses by Fire

Result: Greatly Reduced Fire-Insurance Cost.

*Guarantee: NO FIRES FROM AVOIDABLE CAUSES, IF COMMONSENSE RECOMMENDATIONS ARE FOLLOWED*

**We have succeeded time and again**

Ermentrout & Deisher, 18 North Fifth St., Reading, Pa.

W. MORRIS DEISHER, Sole Owner

EDUCATING DEPARTMENT-STORES

AND THE RETAIL MERCHANT

*A Lecture by B. J. Munchweiler*

MUNCHWEILER'S Lecture is either delivered in person, or mailed to you, and you deliver it.

Both ways produce results.

You get your people together and you present the clear facts that this man has assembled. He talks a language which your youngest cash-girl understands and appreciates.

This Lecture is a stimulant for sales.

Occasionally, sales will jump ten per cent the week following the talk.

This man has collected his data in Department-Stores, and he talks about conditions and ways and people that actually exist.

Mr. Munchweiler will mail his Lecture to any Progressive Department-Store Manager or Retail Merchant for Five Dollars. Or, he 'll deliver it in person anywhere for Fifty Dollars and expenses.

Write for further particulars.

B. J. Munchweiler, 5417 Christian St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Yes, there is a New Education. It is the education of health, happiness and usefulness. Read the September FRA.

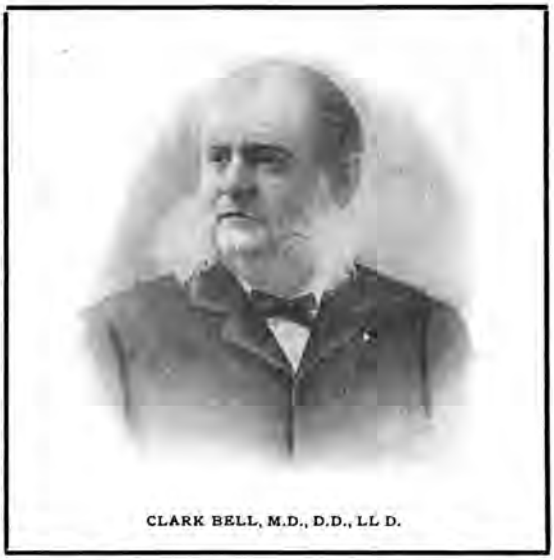
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# One Man's Opinion

**By The Hon. Clark Bell**

**Editor of "Medico-Legal Journal"**



CLARK BELL, M.D., D.D., LL.D.

ELBERT HUBBARD is *sui generis* and unique on his intellectual side. He seems to be the most prolific of all our American writers now in the world of letters. He entered the second half of his century of life recently, and has no equal in the unparalleled fecundity of his intellectuality and genius.

His creative faculty is prodigious and almost unparalleled. His literary work at the pace he is now producing is a marvel. Without considering what he writes for "The Philistine," "The Fra" and his ordinary output at East Aurora, the fruit of his pen in the columns of the "New York American" must exceed in volume that of any other writer on that Journal, or of any writer on any Journal. ¶It is of a higher type, abler, more subtle, perfect and complete, now, than at any other period of his career.

He seems all the time in his recent essays at his best, as contrasted with his earlier literary productions.

His output is not like the writers of fiction, such as Dumas, Balzac, Dickens, Ainsworth, Cooper, Bulwer-Lytton, Scott, or any of our modern novelists.

His literary faculty and fecundity in using his work as a Journalist as a standard and a model or a study of how to measure the mental capacity and strength of the human faculty and power is full of interest.

We made tests some years ago of the limit within which a man could communicate thought in coherent speech. The rapid speaker can outstrip the stenographer. What is the limit of human ability to take down speech? The apparently highest tests have seemingly been reached. Unspoken thoughts outstrip the imagination in its creative flights and far exceed the vocal power in man.

I am inclined to think Larson is right, who claims that use is the royal road to power and progress in production. The mind, like the Toledo Blade, is brightest when most used, and up to its utmost capacity and tension.

The scintillations of Elbert Hubbard's work are today the highest, rarest and most brilliant of his career. They indicate power, strength, creative force, energy, vigor and vitality, and they are on the uppermost Alps of human endeavor!

He is a genius, and will attain and reach the sublimest summits.

The Infinite has smiled upon him, and he is destined to a great future as a leader and a marvel in the realm of the highest thought in literature, of the age in which we now live.


## LITTLE JOURNEYS, *by Elbert Hubbard*

Being one hundred and eighty separate biographies of men and women who have transformed the living thought of the world. These are gathered into twenty-five volumes and made into sets in uniform binding. ¶Bound in Boards, leather backs, with charcoal-paper sides. Portraits of each subject from special drawings. Very artistic and beautiful books.

THE PRICE FOR EACH VOLUME IS JUST TWO DOLLARS

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

You may send me, on Approval, express prepaid, One Volume of the "Little Journeys." ¶If I am satisfied with the Book when it is received, I will at once send you Two Dollars, and then advise you as to my decision about taking the full set.

NAME .....

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# The Fra Platform

Work
Health
Happiness
Brotherhood
Good Roads
Co-operation
Equal Suffrage
Human Service
Manual Training in Public Schools
Universal Peace through Arbitration
Tree-planting and Forest Preservation
Good cheer and courtesy, even under provocation
The keeping of promises made to those who can not enforce them
The Kindergarten System, and its introduction into the higher grades
A Patriotism that will include other countries, with no lack of love for our own
No war of aggression, except on a popular vote of all the people, including women
Disarmament through mutual agreement; and a constant campaign of education until this is brought about
A Square Deal for horses, cows, cats, dogs, birds, rabbits, guinea-pigs, guinea-hens and all other animals, wild and domesticated
The taxation of church property and all educational or philanthropic institutions, that are not supported through and by taxation

ARE YOU WITH US?

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# LITTLE JOURNEYS
# GREAT MUSICIANS

***BOOK ONE—Bound in Boards, Hand-Made Paper, Portraits, TWO DOLLARS***

## *WAGNER*

I WILL not say that Wagner was—he is. The man himself in life was often worn to the quick by the deprivations he had to endure, or the stupid misunderstandings he encountered, so at times he was impatient, erratic, possibly perverse. But all that is gone—his mistakes have been washed in the blood of time—only the good survives. The best that this great and godlike man ever thought, or felt, or knew, is ours. He lives immortal in his Art.

## *PAGANINI*

PAGANINI, the man of mystery and moods, produced music that Orpheus-like transformed the world. We are better for his having been, and this world is a nobler place in that he lived and played, for listen closely and you can hear, even now, the sweet, sad echoes of those vibrant strings, touched by the hand of him who loved them well.

And when we remember the prodigious amount of practise that Paganini schooled himself to in youth; and join this to the recently discovered record of his long monastic retreats, when for months he worked and played and prayed, we can guess the secret of his power. If you wish a recipe for doing a deathless performance I would give you this: work, travel, solitude, prayer, and yet again—work.

## *CHOPIN*

MORE of Chopin's music is bought in America every year than was sold altogether during the lifetime of the composer. His name and fame grow with each year. Everywhere—on concert platform, in studio or private parlor—there you will find the work of Chopin. That such a widespread distribution must have a potent and powerful effect upon the race goes without argument, although the farthest limit of that influence no man can mark. It is registered with Infinity alone. And thus does that modest, mild and gentle revolutionist Frederic Chopin live again in minds made better.

## *MOZART*

MOZART would often rise early in the morning to set down some melody in music that he had dreamed out during the night. On such occasions he would leave a little love-letter for his wife on the stand at the head of the bed, where she would find it on first awakening. One such note, freely translated, runs as follows: "Good Morning, Dear Little Wife: I hope you rested well and had sweet dreams. You were sleeping so peacefully that I dared not kiss your cheek for fear of disturbing you. It is a beautiful morning, and a bird outside is singing a song that is in my heart. I am going out to catch the strain and write it down as my own, and yours. I will be back in an hour."

## *BACH*

THERE stood the boy bathed in sweet sounds, with streaming eyes and responsive heart. His inward emotions supplemented the outward melody, for music demands a listener, and at the last is a matter of soul, not sound; its appeal being to a harmony that dwells within. So played Reinke, and back by the door, peering from behind a pillar, stood the boy.

## *MENDELSSOHN*

IN his "Songs Without Words," the spirit of the Master is best shown. There the grace, gentleness and sublimity of his soul are best mirrored. And if at twilight you should hear his "On the Wings of Song" played by one who understands, perhaps you will feel his spirit near, and divine the purity, kindliness and excellence of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.


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# LITTLE JOURNEYS
# GREAT MUSICIANS

***BOOK TWO—Bound in Boards, Hand-Made Paper, Portraits, TWO DOLLARS***

## *LISZT*

AND even in that cloister-cell, with its stone floors and cold, bare walls, the leaden hours brought the soundless presence of a tall and stately woman. Through the desolate bastions of his brain she glided in sweet disarray, looked into his tear-dimmed eyes, smoothing softly the coarse pillow where rested that head with its lion's mane which we know so well—a head now whitened by the frost of years. No sound came to him there, save a soft voice which Fate refused to silence, and this voice whispered, and whispered yet again—"Death shall not divide us, nor is Eternity long enough to separate thee from me."

## *BEETHOVEN*

BEHOLD his face—is there not something Titanic about it? What selfness, what will, what resolve, what power! And those tear-stained eyes—have they not seen sights of which no tongue can tell, nor pen make plain!

## *HANDEL*

THE excellence of Handel is shown in that he achieved the enmity of some very good men. Read the "Spectator," and you will find its pages well peppered with thrusts at "foreigners," and sweeping cross-strokes at Italian Opera and all "bombastic beaters of the air," who "smother harmony with bursts of discord in the name of music."

## *VERDI*

SHE prevailed upon him to leave her, and then come back at the finale and tell her all about it. He went away. When he returned he stumbled up the stairway and slowly entered the door. The last act had not been completed—the audience had hissed the players from the stage. Upon the ashen face of her husband the stricken woman read all. She tried to smile. She reached out one hand on which loosely hung a marriage-ring. The hand dropped before he could reach it. The eyes of the woman were closed, but upon the long black lashes glistened two big tears. The spirit was brave, but the body had given up the struggle.

## *ROBERT SCHUMANN*

CLARA SCHUMANN played her husband's pieces with such a wealth of expression that folks wondered why they had never heard of them before.

And today, wherever hearts are sad, or glad, and songs are sung, and strings vibrate, and keys respond to love's caress, there is in the hearts that feel and know, a shrine; and on this shrine in letters of gold two words are carved, and they are these: THE SCHUMANNS.

## *BRAHMS*

HE was deeply religious—although he never knew it. All music is a hymn of praise, a song of thanksgiving, a chant of faith. Music is a making manifest to our dull ears the divine harmony of the universe, and thus all music is sacred music, and all true musicians are priests, for by their ministrations we are made to realize our Oneness with the Whole. Through music we read the Universal.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York


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## "The Devil of Fear"

FRA ELBERTUS will tell you that it is fear that puts men in the B class. Tom Dreier tells us that it is fear that makes men fail. He also tells us why and how other men succeed, and how you can learn from them and apply your talents. All of which has been made into a clever little book by the merry Caxton workers. This little book is not for sale, but we will gladly give you a copy with a six-months' trial subscription to

### The Caxton Magazine

A magazine about men and women who have done things, done them a little better than seemed necessary, and have received their share of the world's reward. Little human-interest stories about real people, and the What, the Why and the How. Here are some of our contributors:

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Single copies are ten cents, or send us fifty cents for a six-months' trial subscription, and you may have a copy of "The Devil of Fear," for the asking.

The Caxton Society, Department Fifty-three, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

## HOTEL MAJESTIC

WEST 72d STREET AT CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK




Absolutely fireproof; refined environment; open-air and enclosed restaurants on highest elevation roof-garden in the city. As cool as mountain or seashore. Rooms with privilege of bath from $2.00 up; rooms with private bath from $2.50 up; parlor, bedroom and bath from $5.00 up.

¶ The comforts and luxury of the Hotel Majestic, its superior cuisine and service, combined with the most moderate charges, place it absolutely in the front rank of all New York City hotels. Its location facing and overlooking the entire park is the best, removed as it is from the noise of the lower city, yet within ten minutes of shopping and amusement centers. Favorite resort of tourists from all over the world. Illustrated Booklet on request.


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# History in Tabloid

THE Roycroft Fraternity was founded fifteen years ago by a man with a small capital and an expanding ego. ¶ The work has grown, and the workers have grown with their work. The concern now employs over five hundred people, and has a capital of half a million dollars. It has issued no bonds nor mortgages, and extends its lines only as it has the money and sees the way open. It is not given to plunging or speculation. The business has evolved slowly and steadily from the first, and is still evolving. ¶ The Roycrofters issue three magazines, *The Fra, The Philistine* and *Little Journeys*. These magazines have a combined paid-up circulation of over two hundred thousand copies a month, and are believed to exercise a vitalizing influence on the thought of the world. ¶ The Roycrofters print and bind books; they also have a blacksmith-shop, a furniture-shop, two hotels, a farm of a hundred acres and a "Chautauqua Assembly," and an art pottery is under way. Located in their central stone building is a Bank, which is operated under the title of "Elbert Hubbard, Banker," as a personal assurance to the depositor of right treatment. ¶ The policy of the Bank is a conservative one. It loans money to Roycroft workers who are building homes, or making improvements, and need a little transient assistance. This Bank started six years ago, and has grown slowly ever since. It pays four per cent interest per annum, on quarterly balances, adding the interest to the principal. Deposits from One Dollar up received, subject to check at any time. ¶ Experience has shown that banking by mail is safe and convenient. *You are invited to open an account with us*—also an account for your boy or girl. A bank-account is an education.

*Address:* ELBERT HUBBARD, Banker, East Aurora, N. Y.


THE lady of the establishment was getting ready to go out.

Word was passed out to the garage, and the chauffeur saw that the clock in the car was wound up, that the electric heating-apparatus was in condition and ready to turn on, that the writing-pad was in place, and that not a particle of dust was on the seats.

The head-butler, the under-butler, the grooms and the hall-maid were all notified.

Two ladies'-maids passed upstairs. One put on the lady's shoes. The other hooked her up. They ran back and forth bringing her things. Flowers, delicate perfumes, laces, plumes, jewels—everything that a lady needs when she goes out—were there.

The investment, including these articles of value, amounted to two hundred thousand dollars.

The cost of having the lady go out, including fixed charges, wear and tear, labor, interest account and a proper amount charged off to the sinking fund, totaled one hundred dollars and four cents.

The head-butler went back into his province and lighted his pipe. The two maids refreshed themselves with tea. The others settled back and read the afternoon papers—waiting for her to come back.

¶ The lady herself was the only object in the whole transaction who was absolutely valueless. She couldn't have earned six dollars a month at any occupation. She had no market value. From every standpoint she was useless ❧ ❧

That is, she was useless from every standpoint except one—she furnished a vacuum around which the money circulated.

—New York "Life."

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ONE day the superintendent of the Illinois Central Railroad, while passing through the machine-shop, noticed a small boy trying to teach himself the rudiments of mechanical drawing. With a scrap of paper before him and a crudely improvised compass in his hand he was so intent upon his work that he did not see the superintendent who was standing behind him. "That is very well done, my boy," the boss said, kindly. "Would you like to learn how to draw?" "Yes, sir," replied the boy, eagerly; "I would like nothing better." This was more than fifty years ago; today, this boy, whose name was Edward T. Jeffery, is one of the great railroad men of this country. He was less than thirteen years old when he became a machinist's apprentice in the Illinois Central shops, but opportunities to improve came so quickly that in less than twenty years he became the general superintendent of the system. Here he learned the importance of the railroad in the industrial and agricultural development of the country. ¶ Mr. Jeffery's genius for engineering and building enterprises has been shown in other fields than railroading, however, for it was he who laid out the grounds and made the plans upon which the World's Fair at Chicago was constructed. He went to Europe, and for weeks he devoted himself exclusively to the study of the problem. The splendid arrangement of the buildings and the perfect effect obtained were the result of his work, for which he declined to accept a penny in payment. All this has happened because, half a century ago, an observant railroad-man saw a small boy trying to improve and gave him a chance.—"The Bookkeeper."






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# FEET THAT LABOR

**AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD**

Makers of shoes rarely take into consideration the Feet that Labor.

So busy are they securing the trade of the Elite, that the man or woman who stands all day long gets none of their thought.

Of course, there are Steamboat Styles that "never Pinch"—certainly not. But these are rarely classed with the Leaders. You have to hunt them out and even so they're ugly rafts and not at all what you want.

Thousands care only for good-looking and comfortable shoes.

But these are slighted by the man who designs "smart" footwear.

The only shoe that looks well, and fits well, and is no different from the ordinary, every-day dress-shoe—except that it holds the foot together and it's easy, *so easy*—is The Coward Shoe.

Compared with The Coward *Easy* Shoe, the Other Kind is as an ulster to a tailor-made coat.

The Coward *Easy* Shoe feels and looks and is.

On the Avenue it's just as Smart as the "Smart" and smarting Shoes.

You are never conscious of The Coward *Easy* Shoe, nor are your feet. Yet every hour is made better by the wearing of them.

Success and happiness require perfect health, and no man or woman can be said to have perfect health who hobbles or stumbles along.

You are no stronger than your Feet.

And if you are obliged to "live in your shoes," you know. Very often the feet that have to stand for the greatest use and abuse are the tenderest feet.

The Coward Shoes are for those Folks who need shoes—not foot-frills.

# THE COWARD SHOE

**FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN**

They have width where width is needed, and snugness where snugness helps. They are friendly. If your foot sags, or spreads, or bunches, or chafes, or grows tired too soon—or if you are hard to fit—you need The Coward Shoe.

## EIGHT VARIETIES—THE COWARD *EASY* SHOE

***The Coward Good-Sense Shoe** (made especially for tender feet)*
***The Coward Straight-Last Shoe** (for slim, straight, slender feet)*
***The Coward Bunion Shoe*** ***The Coward Arch-Support Shoe***
***The Coward Corn-Room Shoe*** ***The Coward Orthopedic Shoe***
***The Coward Extension Heel** (Special Ankle Prop)*
***The Coward Shoes for Nurses and Housewives***

JAMES S. COWARD, 264-274 Greenwich St., New York
**(Sold Nowhere Else)**

**MAIL ORDERS FILLED. SEND FOR CATALOG.**


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You can have an object lesson in the use of the Gillette on any sleeping car in America.

Most men who shave on the train use the Gillette. They can shave quickly—with no stropping, no honing—shave smoothly and clean up all the corners, with no danger from the lurch or motion of the car.

A bridegroom on the Canadian Pacific acquired a three-day's growth of beard. Despair was written on his face. A kindly old gentleman loaned him a Gillette—and received the united thanks of two fond hearts.

Men who travel much become very practical. They go in for efficiency—get down to necessities.

Tourists and travellers are the staunchest advocates of the Gillette. It would be interesting to know how many thousand Gillettes are sold every year through their example and recommendation.

Be progressive. Keep a Gillette on your home washstand—take it with you when you travel. Spread around some of the Gillette sunshine. Wear the smile of the man who can shave without stropping or honing. Life is brighter when a clean face is an every morning habit.

Standard Set $5.00. Blades 50c and $1.00.

*King C. Gillette*

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 40 W. Second Street, Boston

New York, Times Building — Chicago, Stock Exchange Building — Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London — Eastern Office Shanghai, China — Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal

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The

UNDERWOOD

Standard TYPEWRITER

Makes it possible for the average operator to turn out more and better work.




"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

The Underwood Typewriter Co., Incorporated
New York and Everywhere

THE sun shines through the diamond-latticed panes and caresses thy fair hair with a thousand rainbow tints until thou seemest a child of some dim-remembered myth, wherein fairies, by magic known to themselves alone, touched common human into glorious divine; and I, thy mother, sitting in silent watch above thy slumbering form, am overpowered by the mystery which lies before me —I from whose glad heart thou leaped full-formed and beautiful, the closed bud of nature's most exquisite flower, whose petals shall unfold responsive to the call of life—and yet I am so little of thee, or thou of me!

Thou art the product of the ages, and in thy frail body are planted all the seeds which all the men who have lived before thee have sown; and among them, I, thy mother, have hidden the small sweet seed of mother-love, which is my heritage from all the mothers who have gone before me. With all these seeds which shall quicken and grow as thy mind and thy body quicken and grow, mother-love must contend.

How shall mother-love contend with all the mighty armies of the past whose cruelties and plunderings have laid waste earth's loveliest places and whose murder and rapine have killed the bodies and wrung the hearts of countless thousands? From these, my son, thou dost receive a heritage. How shall mother-love contend with these?

How shall mother-love contend with all the thought of all the ages that lie treasured to mold thy thinking? Great minds and wise have left the records for thy upbuilding; and others, subtle and false, have also left thee heritage.

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How shall mother-love contend with these? How shall mother-love contend with all the music that has filled the world since the first soft wind kissed the swaying branches of the trees? Moon and stars have sung together for thee and the harmonies of the spheres are thine. All the symphonies born in the souls of all the masters grew into being for thee. Wilt thou know these alone, or is it thine to know the storm and stress whose inharmonies rend and shatter the life of man? The ages have left thee sweet music and the cruel sound of strife. How shall mother-love contend with these? ¶ How shall mother-love contend with all the loves that must come to thee? The siren voices that sing thee to forbidden pleasures and woo thee to disgraceful lusts? How shall it contend with that great pure love which shall find thy heart and become the very flower of thy life, pervading thy mind and thy body until she who gave thee being is but a haunting shadow of some dim past? All the loves of all men who have gone before thee are thy heritage. How shall mother-love contend with these?

Aye, mother-love will contend. Though the fierce blood of all the warriors of the earth run through thy veins; though the thoughts of men both true and false find lodgment in thy brain; though music sweet and of the baser sort shall shake thy soul, and though thy heart shall throb to the love that is human and that also which is divine, mother-love will contend, for, unafraid, undaunted, sure, it doth enfold and encompass thee through all thy years.

—Kate Alexander Lentz.


# Old Age a Condition

## Really within Control To a Great Extent



A man with a healthy body feels young whatever his years.

The Secret of retained youth is in the food that builds and sustains the body, and a healthy mind.

The elasticity and "bound" of prime manhood is designed to last through after years.

Premature old age one brings upon himself through thoughtless living.

Scientists agree that most folks eat much more meat than the body needs.

The excess means **body work** and **body waste.** Premature decay follows.

A well-known food expert, knowing this, produced

# Grape-Nuts

A scientific, predigested food containing the vital body- and brain-building elements of natural food grains. It is quickly assimilated, and nourishes in the right way.

Persons who have been careless in their living find the body promptly responds to the use of **Grape-Nuts.**

There 's a Reason

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Michigan, U.S.A.


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# Autology



Dr. Moras has written a Commonsense Book on Autology, and by so doing, placed the Standard of the Creed of Health farther to the front than any man who has lived for a thousand years.
—ELBERT HUBBARD

I say this is a book. There are men and men; but there is much difference. When it comes to measuring men by an ideal standard there are but few; the same is true of books. *Autology,* by E. R. Moras, M.D., is a book.
—DR. J. H. TILDEN, Editor of "A Stuffed Club," Denver, Colo.

I have read your book *Autology* with much interest and profit. I congratulate you on improving on Graham, Trall, Dewey, Densmore, Bellows, Miles, Haig, Fletcher, Smith, Christian, Just, Broadbent and others.
—HENRY BOOL, Ithaca, N. Y.

Dear Doctor: I have never read a book before that held my interest so intensely. Wish I were able to place a copy of *Autology* in the hands of every one of my friends and others who do not take the proper care of their health. I look upon such as you who search out and expound the truth as greater heroes than most of those who are crowned such through feats of statesmanship and war.
—DEAN GORDON, Wichita, Kansas.

I am not young in years—retired from especially active service some time ago—but am more and more interested in the science that is now beginning to sway the brains and consequent action of man. When I strutted forth with my dip, I thought I knew enough to rule every inner foe of man's physical being. A good many years have passed and today I bow my head to such as yourself, who step aside from the sheep-path of the leaders and strike out to hew new broad roads whereupon all may walk as the Creator intended—unto the Wisdom of Simplicity.
Most earnestly,
L. L. MATTHEWS, M.D.

**A Moment Please!** What are You Actually Getting in *Autology?* Just as Much of Twenty-five Odd Years of My Time, Study, Experience, Earnings, Working, Suffering and Fighting for You as You are Willing to Help Yourself To.
**How Much is That Worth?** Pshaw! A Rockefeller could not pay for Its Actual Value to the People—but an Elbert Hubbard and People *who know* Recognize It.
Depending upon the Poverty of the Poorest Wage-Earner, or upon the Wealth of the Millionaire, You should get anywhere from One Hundred to a Million Dollars' Worth.

## Well or Sick, You Need AUTOLOGY

**Autology** is no theory, no fad, no creed. It deals with the **practical business** of your **body and brain** as you have learned to deal with the practical business of your home affairs, plants and flowers, your land and grain, your dollars and cents. ¶ With it there need be no such thing as pain or sickness in your life. Do you realize what **that** means? That you may see and know for yourself, write for

## "GUIDE TO AUTOLOGY" FREE




We consider *Autology* one of the most wonderful books ever written.—PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE.

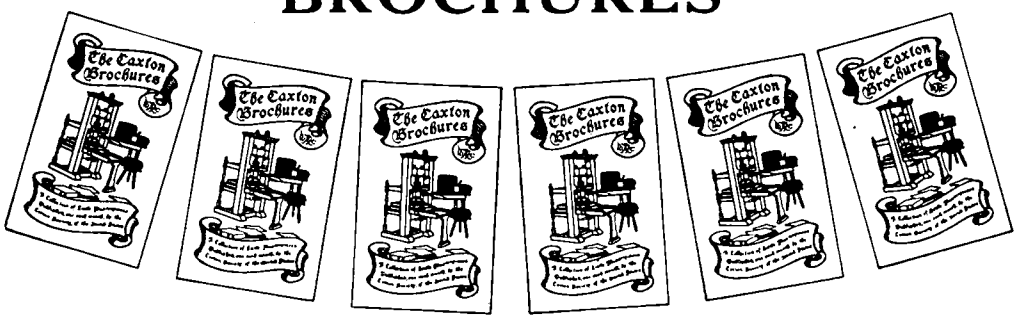
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Harvard University Medical School, '88; College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago), '89; Formerly House Physician and Surgeon in Cook County Hospital (Chicago); Professor of Obstetrics, College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago). Member of Chicago Medical Society, etc.


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# THE CAXTON BROCHURES




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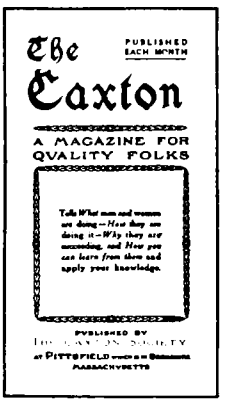
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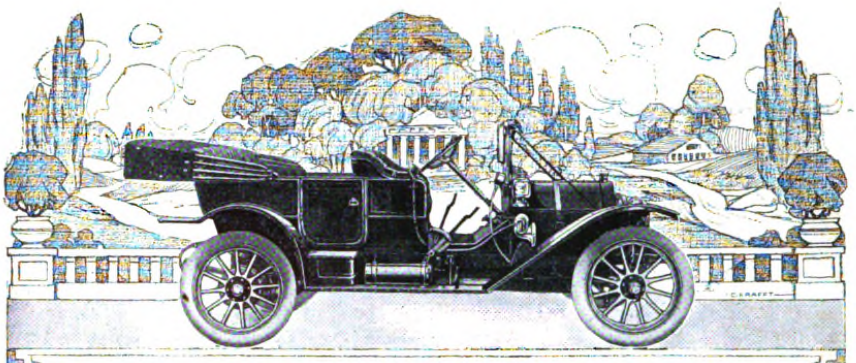

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# The 1911 Haynes
# Greater Value, But Still $2,000

Added refinement—even greater value than formerly—characterizes the Haynes Five-Passenger car for 1911.

The essential features of construction, however, remained unchanged.

The correctness of Haynes design has been proved by years of service.

The 1911 car is the same handsome, roomy, luxuriously appointed machine that set a new standard of automobile value in 1910. It still sells for $2,000—a thousand dollars less than cars of equal quality. But Haynes experience—the basis of the Haynes reputation—has shown a way for us to add still more to Haynes superiority.

HAYNES

The 1911 Model 20 has 35-40 Horsepower. It has a larger, roomier tonneau than last year's model, heavier wheels and a longer wheel-base—114 inches. Its equipment is not only complete, but of a quality that correctly reflects the excellence of the whole car. Every car this year—in addition to top, dust-hood, wind-shield, lamps, etc.—will be supplied with the famous Warner Auto-Meter, known as the most efficient speed-indicator ever put on the market.

We want you to know this Haynes Model 20 before you purchase any motor-car, *no matter what the price.*

We want you to compare it part for part with any other car—to ride in it and prove by actual test its easy-riding qualities, its responsiveness and power. Then we want you to note the completeness and quality of the equipment.

In accordance with our usual policy, we will build only a limited number of the Haynes Model 20 for 1911.

If you want to be sure of getting *your* car you can not afford to delay your investigation. Write today for catalog and name of nearest Haynes dealer.

We will also make a limited number of seven-passenger cars for 1911 for those who prefer a car of this size.

**HAYNES AUTOMOBILE CO., 250 Main St., Kokomo, Ind.**

Nature, with actual things, with common facts. He loved and appreciated the poem of the year, the drama of the seasons. In a new country a man must possess at least three virtues: honesty, courage and generosity. In cultivated society, cultivation is often of more importance than soil ❧ A well-executed counterfeit will pass more readily than a blurred genuine. It is necessary only to observe the unwritten laws of society—to be honest enough to keep out of prison, and generous enough to subscribe in public—where the subscription can be defended as an investment.

In a new country, character is essential; in the old, reputation is sufficient. In the new, they find what a man really is; in the old, he generally passes for what he resembles. People separated only by distance are much nearer together than those divided by the walls of caste.

It is no advantage to live in a great city, where poverty degrades and failure brings despair. The fields are lovelier than paved streets, and the great forests than walls of brick. Oaks and elms are more poetic than steeples and chimneys ❧ ❧

In the country is the idea of home. There you

LINCOLN had the advantage of living in a new country, of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his future the perpetual star of hope ❧ He preserved his individuality and his self-respect ❧ He knew and mingled with men of every kind; and, after all, men are the best books. He became acquainted with the ambitions and hopes of the heart, the means used to accomplish ends, the springs of action and the seeds of thought. He was familiar with

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can see the rising and setting sun; you become acquainted with the stars and the clouds. The constellations are your friends. You hear the rain on the roof and listen to the rhythmic sighing of the winds. You are thrilled by the resurrection called Spring, touched and saddened by Autumn—the grace and poetry of death. Every field is a picture; every landscape a poem; every flower a tender thought, and every forest a fairyland. In the country you preserve your identity—your personality. There you are an aggregation of atoms, but in the city you are only an atom of an aggregation.

In the country you keep your cheek close to the breast of Nature. You are calmed and ennobled by the space, the amplitude and scope of earth and sky—by the constancy of the stars.—Robert G. Ingersoll.





# One Telephone, Dumb; Five Million, Eloquent.

If there were only one telephone in the world it would be exhibited in a glass case as a curiosity.

Even in its simplest form telephone talk requires a second instrument with connecting wires and other accessories.

For real, useful telephone service, there must be a comprehensive system of lines, exchanges, switchboards and auxiliary equipment, with an army of attendants always on duty.

Connected with such a system a telephone instrument ceases to be a curiosity, but becomes part of the great mechanism of universal communication.

To meet the manifold needs of telephone users the Bell System has been built, and today enables twenty-five million people to talk with one another, from five million telephones.

Such service cannot be rendered by any system which does not cover with its exchanges and connecting lines the whole country.

***The Bell System meets the needs of the whole public for a telephone service that is united, direct and universal.***

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES


The reward for all good work is the ability to do more and better work.

IT is a very cheap wit that finds it so droll that a woman should vote. If the wants, the passions, the vices, are allowed a full vote, through the hands of a half-brutal, intemperate population, I think it but fair that the virtues, the aspirations, should be allowed a full voice as an offset, through the purest of people.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Poverty of mind is the greatest of misfortunes.

THE man that hath not music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.—"The Merchant of Venice."

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*Men must not merely learn first and then do, but seek to learn by doing*

# THE INTERLAKEN SCHOOL

## LA PORTE, INDIANA

EDWARD A. RUMELY, M. D., Pres. RAYMOND RIORDON, Supt.

OUR great men of today have not been reared in a city flat. The value of early farm life and work, and the simple old-fashioned home as a training-place for boys has been proved to us by the lives of those who have led in the upbuilding of our Nation. Think of any dozen of them, from Abraham Lincoln to James J. Hill and Luther Burbank.

¶ Such men were trained, most of them, by hard work on a farm—in the open, teeming fields, under the blue skies, driving the patient-toiling horses, caring for the cows, ducks and chickens, doing the manual training of chores; playing hard, when they had the chance, in meadow, forest and brook—living helpfully in that world of which we are a part, and upon which our life itself depends.

¶ The old education, when it found good human material, produced sound bodies; strong, capable hands; mental alertness and horse sense; an oaklike character. It made leaders of men—practical geniuses—constructive geniuses.

***ON his father's farm of eighteen hundred acres, young McCormick was equipped for the struggle which was finally to make him the foremost manufacturer of the world. He learned the rudiments in a little field schoolhouse. With his father and brothers he worked with his hands in the farm carpenter-shop and smithy. He hammered iron and shaped wood. He held the plow in the furrow. He cared for horses and cattle.***

***—Henry Barrett Chamberlain.***

¶ INTERLAKEN reproduces some of the best of these old conditions. It adds some modern ideas. It is a boarding-school upon a large farm, for boys between the ages of nine and eighteen. Most of them are preparing for college. Most of them are the sons of business and professional men—the directing classes of our civilization. All are being trained to become fit leaders of men in this industrial Republic.

¶ INTERLAKEN offers the usual course of our best schools. By the sound and careful teaching of old essentials, it gives thorough preparation for any American University or Technical School. By efficient individual instruction—one teacher to six pupils—it does this at a great saving of time—from one to two years.

¶ But INTERLAKEN does more than prepare for college. IT PREPARES FOR LIFE. The boys not only get the best out of books, they also get knowledge of the practical world through work and experience of actual life. They make their own apparatus used in Physics and Chemistry. For Geography they make excursions into the surrounding country to study the formation of the valleys and hills. They make maps and clay models of the country. They learn thoroughly THE THREE "R's." FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH and ITALIAN are taught by constant practise in speech.

¶ INTERLAKEN makes a specialty of SCIENCE. Books do not appeal to all boys. Facts do. All that is necessary is that they should be convincingly set forth. Science is taught not only by books, but by field trips, observation practically trained, laboratory work and multiplied experiments.

¶ MANUAL TRAINING at INTERLAKEN is work—not play. The afternoon is spent on the farm, in the workshop or garden. The fences, barns, beehouses and bridges for the school are designed and built by the boys. The boys make chairs, tables, bookcases, copper bowls and lamps for themselves, for their parents and for sale. Earning money by this early work—and there are many opportunities for it—they learn the value of a dollar.

¶ INTERLAKEN makes a point of THE STUDY OF MODERN INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS. Most of our schools are out of touch with the business world, yet business men are anxious that their sons should be heirs of their own practical knowledge. Classes from INTERLAKEN are constantly visiting factories and scenes of great industrial enterprises, such as the building of Gary, the construction of a railroad, the damming of a river. They see physical, mathematical, economic laws at work, instead of merely hearing of them in the classroom.

¶ At INTERLAKEN, PHYSICAL CULTURE, and much of the MENTAL CULTURE, is carried on out of doors. There is free use of Nature's gymnasium. There are open-air activities for all, instead of special athletics for the few. Every day of the year, and in all weathers, the INTERLAKEN boys have some out-of-door work and play. They swim, boat, skate and play ball. They make excursions to neighboring cities and into the country afoot, by wheel, wagon or sleigh. They camp out for the night with their teachers, and cook their own meals by the roadside.

¶ LIFE AT INTERLAKEN is many-sided, busy, happy. Good health and good work require few rules; and the spirit of the place gives every student full rights of self-government. The members of the faculty eat at the same tables with the boys and share the entire life of the school. The evening family-gatherings bring all together to the fireside for music, for reading, for play.

¶ INTERLAKEN offers EVERY COMFORT OF HOME. Pleasant, fully furnished bedrooms; shower and plunge baths and swimming-pool; homelike recitation-rooms; a well-stocked library, with daily papers and all the best magazines. Boys can have saddle-horses—if they will take entire care of them—keep pets, have gardens of their own to cultivate.

¶ INTERLAKEN is the FIRST SCHOOL OF ITS KIND in the United States, but similar schools are now flourishing in England, Germany, France, Poland and Sweden. Dr. Rumely, one of the founders of INTERLAKEN, has worked in these European Schools and mastered their methods.

¶ INTERLAKEN invites inquiry. References furnished on application.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS ADDRESS

# THE INTERLAKEN SCHOOL

## LA PORTE, INDIANA.

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*No. 4034 Built Especially For Women Who Travel*



# The Woman Who Travels *Needs* the Indestructo as Well as the Man

The College Woman must depend on her Trunk for the Safety of her Wardrobe. If her Trunk is smashed en route, and two or three gowns ruined, the inconvenience of replacing them is oftentimes more than the actual loss—she can appreciate the Indestructo. ¶ The Schoolteacher who may take along only one trunk—or two—when she goes far off to teach, she too can appreciate the Indestructo. ¶ The Indestructo looks well in any room. The fine natural-wood finish, the brassed corners, make the Indestructo seem like some Old Chest. You add to your closet-room with an Indestructo. The Trays and specially arranged Compartments keep your clothes fresh and well protected. ¶ But on the Road is where the Indestructo particularly outshines all others. The "Warning" makes the Baggagemen *go easy*. They scent trouble ahead for carelessness. ¶ The Indestructo is as nearly indestructible as Human Workmanship can make it. Under all sorts of conditions, enduring the slap-down-smash of travel, the Indestructo will hold together about five times better than any other trunk. You should own one—or more.




# INDESTRUCTO TRUNKS

Where the Jolts are the thickest and the strain is the most racking—where trunks of other makes succumb at the very outset—that is where Indestructo Trunks prove their GUARANTEE OF SERVICE.

The Six-strength hardwood construction—wonderfully tough, yet light and elastic—gives the most Ideal Trunk material in the world.

The Indestructo Trunk is fully protected at the Corners and Edges by cold-rolled Steel, heavily Brassed—this adds another safeguard against possible strain.

Taken in all, You have never seen a stronger, more sturdy, little Traveler—and You will never see a Trunk that will prove its appearance as will the Indestructo Trunk.

### *The Indestructo Insurance-Bond*

The Indestructo Trunk is guaranteed by Bond that in the Event of its destruction by Fire or Accident while Traveling on Land or Sea within Five Years from the Date of Purchase, We will replace said Trunk with a New Trunk of the same size and quality (as per the Policy issued with every Trunk).

Further, that in case of slight damage occurring to the Trunk in the above time, we will repair said Trunk at Our Factory without charge.

This Insurance is binding—absolute—just the same as that You carry on Your Life—Your House. It means that You may Travel with Assurance—that Your Baggage is safe. Do You think We could make this Claim if We thought the Trunk would not stand up?

### *The Indestructo Registry Feature*

Every Indestructo Trunk is numbered and registered with its owner's name and in our offices. There is no danger of losing Your Trunk—The Indestructo protects itself and is protected on the Road. It will reach its Destination promptly and safely.

Indestructo Trunks are carried in Stock by the Store that ranks first in each Town. We will gladly furnish Your Dealer's name on Application—Go in and see the Indestructo—We will let it speak its own Merits to You when You see it with other Trunks.




*The Steamer*



### *About a Traveler*

Don't go on any kind of a Trip without our delightful and authoritative bit of Travel Tips, "About a Traveler." Bound in handsome Style—beautifully illustrated—contains full information regarding Steamships, Railroads, Hotels and Customs both here and Abroad. Invaluable to the Man or Woman going to Europe. The present issue bound for a Library-Table Edition. Sent to any address on receipt of Fourteen Cents in Stamps to cover the cost of packing and mailing. Address—

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# The Hunt For Health

*An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard*

The booze of beef is as bad as the booze of beer.
The ideal food is fruit.—HORACE FLETCHER.

THE old idea that there was no tissue-building without a liberal use of the proteids is vanishing into the air with the Old World notion that strong drink was necessary in order to have a strong body.

All physicians now recommend a diet based largely on fruit.

Doctor Weir Mitchell and others recommend only such fruits as have been subjected to a high degree of heat.

Doctor J. H. Tilden, of Denver, in his great book on "Appendicitis," says there is only one cure and one prevention for this dreadful disease, and that is fruit at least twice a day and meat once. Then he adds an afterthought, thus: "Meat twice a week, and well-cooked, daintily served fruit at every meal is really better."

Appendicitis is always preceded by impaction, and only one thing can relieve the condition, and that is a fruit diet. Fruit is a stimulant and a food.

Doctor Dubois, of Berlin, in his "Practise of Medicine," says, "Trust the sense of taste—trust Nature—and if the child wishes to begin with fruit and end with fruit and have fruit in the middle, let him have it. The toxic principles that occasionally cause trouble after eating fruit come from the diseased cores and skins covered with bacteria. The fruit itself is pure and is God's own food for man."

Hunt Bros. Company prepare pure fruits in a hygienic way

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for people who prize physical efficiency. Science and skill combined with love and joy, and the result is an appeal to the palate that is irresistible.

Taste your food first, and you'll not have to taste it afterward. "Taste is the test," says Doctor Tilden.

This isn't theory: the writer of these lines lives largely on a fruit diet, and he has never been confined to the house but one day in forty years, and that was when a fruit-tree fell on him. He does not hunt for health. He hunts for Hunt's Quality fruits—and health hunts for him.

The choicest tree-ripened fruit combined with the care, attention and skill that the most fastidious housekeeper would require in her own kitchen, to which is added only pure cane-sugar syrup; no chemicals of any kind are used. Fruits like peaches, which require peeling, are peeled by knife and not by the lye-peeling process. When you eat these fruits you taste the characteristic orchard flavor of each variety, for *"We can the flavor as well as the fruit."*

Your grocer can supply you with these fruits.




INSIST ON THIS LABEL

Insist upon getting *Hunt's Quality Fruits*, packed by

**HUNT BROS. CO.**
**SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA**

**Largest Canners of Highest-Grade California Fruits**
**Canneries: Hayward, Los Gatos, and Gridley, Cal.**

***Member of the American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food-Products***

**We will mail you, postpaid, a pretty booklet, "HUNT'S CALIFORNIA CANNED FRUITS," and a valuable recipe-book on fruit serving, if you will send us the name of your grocer.**

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# The Roycroft Fraternity

Questions from September FRA. Use these questions for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. Members who are working for Certificates or Diplomas should answer the questions on separate sheets and send papers to us for examination and marking—no charge

## Lesson Number One

1 What do you understand by the expression, "A Closed Mind"?
2 Is a practical education preferable to a so-called classical education? Why?
3 Distinguish between Education, Training, Instruction and Breeding.
4 What are the ostensible purposes of Secret Societies?
5 Are you a "jiner"? What reasons have you for your attitude?
6 What is meant by the expression, "Captain of Industry"? Name five such living today.
7 For what are the following noted: (a) Krupp? (b) Ericsson? (c) Corliss? (d) Westinghouse? (e) Tesla? (f) Steinmetz?
8 Which, in your opinion, have made the greater progress in the last fifty years: the arts of peace or the arts of war?
9 What do the following references mean: (a) Sledded Polacks? (b) Juggernaut? (c) Eleusinian Festival?
10 What is Individualism? What is its effect on mankind?
11 What do you think of Miss Anthony's statement that "No Woman has a right to die until she has done something for womankind"?
12 Are International Marriages desirable?

## Lesson Number Two

1 Is your name in "Who's Who"? If not, why not?
2 What is your opinion of Doctor Eliot's "five feet of books"?
3 Should children be seen and not heard?
4 How about Solomon's dictum, "Spare the rod and spoil the child"?
5 For what were the following noted: (a) Horace Mann? (b) Wendell Phillips? (c) Arnold of Rugby? (d) Froebel? (e) Edward Everett Hale?
6 What is (a) Agnosticism? (b) Pantheism? (c) Atheism?
7 What do you understand by the "Inner Light"? Is it easy to follow?
8 What was the Underground Railway?
9 Distinguish between sanitation, prophylaxis, dope, booze.
10 What is the greatest good of expression?
11 What are the qualifications of a "Chief Citizen," as typified by Doctor Eliot?
12 Define (a) an adscripter; (b) an ad smith; (c) a publicist.

## Lesson Number Three

1 Is the boy who "works his way" through college, without money or social position, better off than the boy with all that wealth and position can afford?
2 In your opinion, is the "Frat" a benefit or a detriment to its members?
3 In the world of business is a college education of great worth?
4 Is an educated fool a bigger one than an uneducated fool?
5 Why do self-made men send their sons to college?
6 What is the difference between an Agricultural College, a Technical School, a Classical University, a Manual-Training School and a Reform School?
7 What are the most valuable years of learning? Why?
8 For what are the following noted: (a) Paganini? (b) George Peabody? (c) Spinoza? (d) William Herschel? (e) Mayer Rothschild? (f) Kitchener?
9 What is friendship?
10 What do you consider to be the basis of an ideal friendship?
11 Have you a friend? What peculiar excellences does your friend possess?
12 Where is the Bowery Mission? For what purpose does it exist?

## Lesson Number Four

1 Have you ever been in Jail?
2 What do you think of our present penal system as a corrective measure?
3 Would you hesitate about employing a Jailbird?
4 What is the relative importance of (a) Earning and Saving? (b) Study and Practise?
5 Define (a) a sect; (b) a schism.
6 What are the advantages of school-gardens?
7 What was the Transcendental Movement?
8 What is (a) Mohammedanism? (b) Buddhism? (c) Confucianism?
9 What was the so-called treason of Theodore Parker?
10 What is the fate of the man who harps on old troubles?
11 Does North Dakota strike you as a progressive State?
12 Do you believe in VOTES FOR WOMEN?

I heartily approve of the Junta method of getting an education. A project such as this certainly gives one an insight into the stupendous magnanimity of the Patriarch Sheik of The Roycrofters. I feel sure that any one taking advantage of the opportunity thus presented will get many times his money's worth.
—E. V. Chase, 351 W. 29th St., New York, N. Y.

An hour with THE FRA is like an Oasis in the desert of life to every thinking person.—Wilma McLees, Sheldon, N. D.

If I were asked to select one hundred thousand people to represent the greatest amount of poise, sanity, sense, health, serenity and genuine intellectuality, I should turn to the subscription-list of THE FRA to find them. I can always tell FRA readers. They possess balance, courtesy, good health, and in their faces is the dawn of great possibilities.—Bernard Meador, Northwestern Correspondent, "The Commercial Bulletin," Minneapolis, Minn.

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# This is Horace Fletcher, A. M.; F. A. A.

## After Whom "FLETCHERISM" was named

Mr. Fletcher is the great economist and wealth-giver who is devoting his life to teaching humanity that Right-Eating means increased energy, endurance, happy working-days, less food expense and decreased doctors' bills.

Now, at the age of sixty-one, he begins a new crusade—that is, the teaching of mothers the fundamental necessities of healthy child-culture, and inviting co-operation and concentration to secure this most important detail of conservation.



*Read What Mr. Fletcher Says*

"We will never attain the highest civilization until we attain the highest economy. ¶ "Self-shaving is a great self-saving—a great economy. And there is no reason why any one should look unclean of face and be repulsive to family, customers and people generally, through neglect of shaving, since the invention of the AutoStrop Safety Razor, with its easy means of expert stropping.

"That stropping is necessary to easy and efficient shaving is evidenced by the invariable practise of expert professional barbers who resort frequently, during each shave, to stropping even the best of steel, while serving their customers.

"Your handy and most useful AutoStrop Safety Razor shaves me with splendid satisfaction and pleasure. It is an instrument of respectability."

GET ONE. TRY IT. (Dealers, Read This)

Any Dealer will sell you an AutoStrop Safety Razor on thirty days' trial. If you don't like it he will cheerfully refund your money because he sends the said returned razor back to us and we give him a new one or refund the money he paid for it.

Consists of one self-stropping, silver-plated safety razor, 12 fine blades, and strop in handsome case. Price $5.00, which will probably be your total shaving expense for years, as one blade often lasts six months to one year.

A worthy manufacturer, of national fame, wrote us the other day that he had never been able to shave himself until he got an AutoStrop Safety Razor.

If yours is the same experience, 'phone or write your dealer to send you an AutoStrop Safety Razor on thirty days' trial. Don't wait to go to the store. You 'll forget it. 'Phone or write now before you put this magazine down.

"The Slaughter of the Innocents"

After you have failed with other safety razors, get a free copy of "The Slaughter of the Innocents" and learn why you failed and how to succeed at self-shaving.

The best way to forget all about sending for "The Slaughter of the Innocents" is to say, "I 'll send for it tomorrow."

AutoStrop Safety Razor Company, Three Hundred Fifty-Eight Fifth Avenue, New York; Two Hundred Thirty-Three Coristine Building, Montreal; Sixty-One New Oxford Street, London.




STROPS, SHAVES, CLEANS WITHOUT DETACHING BLADE

FAR QUICKER, HANDIER THAN A NO-STROPPING RAZOR


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Trust Company Bulletin

# After the Wild Oats—What?

LET us admit that all young men sow wild oats.

¶ Some people claim that wild oats are necessary—that youth must exhaust its energies.

¶ Let us also admit this.—So Good.

¶ But after the wild oats—what?

¶ Wild oats are not nourishing as Steady Diet.

¶ The thing or incident or happening forgiven in the young man is abhorrent in the Older One.

¶ Many a good man has kicked up his heels in the youthful days, from the sheer joy of living. But the years of discretion come.

¶ Be somebody. Don't frivol away your time. Start your Bank-Account at the Fidelity Title and Trust Company and take your place with men.

¶ On Regular Savings-Accounts at the Fidelity Title and Trust Company Four per cent interest is paid and compounded semi-annually. On Accounts subject to check at sight, and where the Balance warrants it, Two per cent per annum is paid. Certificates of deposits are issued and interest paid thereon.

**Fidelity Title and Trust Company**
**341 and 343 Fourth Avenue, PITTSBURGH, PENNA.**

ELLA FLAGG YOUNG, Chicago's able Superintendent of Public Schools, after a thorough investigation of the subject, recently made a recommendation for the establishment of two-year high-school courses, which has been adopted by the school board and will be carried into effect the next school year, beginning September First.

Less than one per cent of Chicago's school-children graduate from the high school.

The Chicago "Tribune" quotes Mrs. Young as saying: "Many children do not enter the high schools because they know they will not be able to finish the four years' course. The number of children who enter the high schools has decreased all over the country at an alarming rate. Other cities, among them St. Louis, have tried a shorter high-school course, and it has proved successful and has filled a real need. Therefore, they have decided to try it in Chicago."

The course is intended to be thorough and complete, as is evidenced by the following bulletin issued as an announcement:

¶ "The principal is requested to announce to each member of the graduating class that a new arrangement of courses for the first two years in high school will be ready at the opening of school in September. The plan is to have two years' work so arranged that a pupil who expects to be in school only two years can get a thorough training in some one principal subject of study, together with the allied subjects which are necessary. For example, a thorough two years' course will be given in stenography and typewriting, with such work in business arithmetic, English, etc., as is necessary.

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"Two years of work in household arts also will be offered, including household science, textiles, English, practical arithmetic, science and other subjects which are necessary ❧ Students who wish to take a special two-year course in bookkeeping will find such a course arranged for ❧ This course will include accounting, penmanship and business arithmetic, also business English and other subjects.

"Two years of work in industrial drawing and two years' work in each one of these technical subjects—pattern-making, advanced carpentry and machine-shop work—also will be arranged ❧ These to include shop mathematics, mechanical drawing and English." ¶ The very wise plan has been adopted of arranging these courses so that pupils who, at the end of the first two years, find that they can continue for the long four years' course, will have an opportunity to do so without loss of time.

There is a certain discouragement to young people to undertake a high-school or college course which they have little hope of completing. A certain stigma attaches to the failure to "go on" or "get through." Diplomas or credits for Short Courses are strong and worthy inducements to boys and girls to remain in school as long as they can afford to stay. If short courses are arranged so that two years' or one year's work stands as a definite achievement, high schools and colleges will reach the people much more widely and directly than they now do.

Many school reforms are difficult or expensive, but the short-course plan can be adapted to any high school.—"La Follette's Weekly."


# The Ingersoll-Trenton

## The *QUALITY* Watch

Heretofore, we have emphasized the ***Price*** of the Ingersoll-Trenton $5 to $15.
Because of this, some people have purchased without due thought for the Ingersoll-Trenton ***Quality***.
The Ingersoll-Trenton compares favorably with Watches that cost three, five, ten times more.
At the last, the Price does n't make the Watch.
In planning the first Ingersoll-Trenton, the ***Quality*** was considered before we thought of Price.
After we had made the Watch that came up to our Ideals, we estimated the cost, added a legitimate Profit—and the Price had made itself.
To ourselves, we wish only to take credit for producing a Wonderful Watch, of Perfect Materials, under almost Perfect Conditions.
The Ingersoll-Trenton first of all commends itself to you as a Timepiece without flaw—and ***guaranteed.***
If the Price also appeals to you—so much the better.
But you must appreciate the ***Quality*** of the Ingersoll-Trenton first—before you can appreciate the Price.



Ingersoll-Trenton

**$5 to $15**

7-jewel and 15-jewel movements in solid-nickel, gun-metal and gold-filled guaranteed cases

**SOLD ONLY BY RESPONSIBLE JEWELERS**



The I-T watch is sold only by Jewelers competent to regulate and repair it, and who will sell it at the moderate prices advertised by us. If not locally obtainable, sent prepaid by us. Our booklet, "How to Judge a Watch," is a complete explanation of watch construction, which every man should understand: mailed FREE with names of local jewelers who sell the "I-T."

In every case the movement is the same—the Ingersoll-Trenton movement made at the Ingersoll-Trenton special factory, Trenton, N. J. This movement is absolutely ***reliable and true,*** and it is backed by the Ingersoll-Trenton Guarantee.

**ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 99 Frankel Bldg., N.Y.**


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***LEARN about this wonderful mattress; made of one giant batt of pure, high-grade, long-staple cotton; pneumatically formed without tufts or layers.***

# SEALY Tuftless Mattress

The Sealy is the first mattress ever made without tufts, and the only successful tuftless mattress. Therefore, if you never have slept on a Sealy you never have known how comfortable a mattress can be.

The Sealy Mattress is just one big batt of springy, pure, high-grade cotton. It has neither tufts, nor layers, nor sections or divisions of any kind. It is evenly smooth, soft and resilient in every square inch of its surface.

When you lie down on a Sealy it is n't a case of "touching the high spots," as on a tufted mattress. *The Sealy undulates to meet the form of the body.* It conforms to each curve, giving perfectly even support to every part. *There* is a comfort that means perfect rest and relaxation—that will lull you off to sleep quicker than anything else—"*Sealy Tuftless Comfort.*"

¶ The Sealy is the only mattress made entirely of pure, "live," long-fiber cotton, with its liveliness undiminished by machine-rolling or felting. The Sealy Mattress stands absolutely unique. It is the only mattress with which you take no chances.



This is the Sealy Triple Guarantee given only with Sealy Mattresses:

*First:*—We guarantee the Sealy to be made entirely of pure, new, long-fiber cotton without linters, or mill waste. (Do not buy any mattress sold as cotton without such a guarantee.)

*Second:*—We guarantee the Sealy for 20 years against becoming uneven or lumpy.

*Third:*—We guarantee that after 60 nights' trial you will pronounce the Sealy the most comfortable mattress that you ever used, or your money back.

SEALY MATTRESSES are made in all sizes, covered with the best grade of A. C. A. Bookfold Sateen or Mercerized Art Tickings, either in Plain Edge or in the new Imperial Roll Edge, like the illustration. Prices: Plain-Edge Style, A. C. A. or Sateen Ticking, $18; Art Ticking, $19; Roll-Edge Style, A.C.A. or Sateen Ticking, $20; Art Ticking, $21

**SEND FOR OUR BOOKLET, "THE REAL DIFFERENCE IN MATTRESSES."**

It describes the SEALY still more fully. We want you to read it. We will also give you the name of our representative where you can see "The mattress that puts them all to sleep."

SEALY MATTRESS CO., Dept. F, Houston, Texas

**Factories (also offices) at our 14,000-acre cotton plantation, SUGAR LAND, Texas**



# Wedding Silver

A Wedding Gift ought to endure for many generations of service. Just as marriage is permanent and endures for life, the marriage gift should be equally enduring and permanent.

This desire for long service in a Wedding Gift explains why such gifts are universally chosen of silver.

Table Silver is especially popular for Weddings. For one thing it is immediately needed. It goes into use at once. It easily supplies a century of service. It has wondrous possibilities of moulding, shaping and decoration.

Going back nearly one hundred years, Gorham Silverware has been the "Wedding Silver" of three successive generations. To-day "Gorham" and "Wedding Silver" are almost synonymous terms.

There is something appropriate in giving as a Wedding Gift a piece of Gorham Silver — universally admitted the best in the world.

Sold by leading jewelers everywhere.



# The Gorham Co.

**Silversmiths**

**New York**

GORHAM SILVER POLISH—THE BEST FOR CLEANING SILVER

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# ABOUT REMEMBERING

*An Advertisement by ELBERT HUBBARD*

FOR some long time I have been promising myself to write up my good friend, Mr. Henry Dickson of Chicago, and I have not forgotten. ¶ Mr. Dickson is teaching a Science or System, whichever you choose to call it, which I believe is of more importance than the entire curriculum of your modern college

Mr. Dickson teaches Memory.

Good Memory is necessary to all achievement. ¶ I know a man who is fifty-five years old. He is a student. He is a graduate of three colleges, and he carries more letters after his name than I care to mention. But this man is neither bright, witty, clever, interesting, learned nor profound.

He 's a dunce.

And the reason is that he CAN NOT REMEMBER Without his notes and his reference literature, he is helpless.

This man openly confesses that he can not memorize a date or a line of poetry, and retain it for twenty-four hours. His mind is a sieve through which sinks to nowhere the stuff that he pours in at the top.

Education is only what you remember. The lessons that you study into the night and babble about the next day in class are rot, unless you retain them and assimilate them by the slower process of memory.

You can not gulp and discharge your facts and hope that they will do you good. Memory only makes them valuable.

Every little while in business I come across a man who has a memory, a TRAINED MEMORY, and he is a joy to my soul.

He can tell you when, where, why, how much, what for, in what year, and what the paper said the next morning.

Like this man is another, the general manager of a great corporation in a Western City. He never misses a face. If he sees you once that 's enough. The next time he 'll call you by name, inquire about the folks at home, and ask if you have recovered from that touch of rheumatism.

He told me how he did it. He told me that he studied memory-training with Professor Dickson of Chicago. Also, he said a lot of nice things about Professor Dickson, that I hesitate to write down here lest my good friend Dickson object.

This Dickson System of Memory-Training, as I understand it, and I do understand it, is very simple. If you want to enlarge your arm to increase the power and strength of your muscle, you exercise it. The same with your mind

You must put your brain through a few easy exercises regularly to discover its capacity. You will be surprised, when you go about it the right way, to know how quickly it responds to you.

To the man or woman whose memory plays you tricks, I especially recommend that you write to Professor Dickson to send you his literature. It will cost you nothing, and if his credentials and recommendations and the facts he sets forth, do not convince you, you are not to be convinced—that 's all.

You do not know when you will be called to stand on your feet and tell what you know: then and there a trained memory would help you

You 've sympathized with the little girl who stuttered her "piece." But you 've wept for the strong man who stammered and sucked air and gurgled ice-water and forgot, and sat down in the kindly silence. In the child it was embarrassment, but in the adult it was a bad memory

¶ Professor Dickson's System can give you a BETTER MEMORY because it is based upon right principles.

Write and mention THE FRA and ask Professor Dickson to tell you how he trains the memory.

PROF. HENRY DICKSON, Principal, DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL

**963 AUDITORIUM BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

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# Elbert Hubbard will give his lecture, "The New Religion," as follows:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Murat Temple, Sunday afternoon, Sept. 11th, three o'clock.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.—Memorial Hall, 19th St. and Lucas Place, Monday Evening, Sept. 12th, eight o'clock.

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KANSAS CITY, MO.—New Casino Hall, Tuesday evening, Sept. 13th, eight o'clock.

---

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Columbia Theater, Sunday afternoon, Sept. 18th, three o'clock.

---

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Blanchard Hall, Monday evening, Sept. 19th, eight o'clock.

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DENVER, COLO.—Auditorium, Woman's Club, Glenarm St., Friday evening, September 23d, eight o'clock.

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BOSTON, MASS.—Monday evening, Oct. 3d, eight o'clock. This will be Mr. Hubbard's only appearance in Boston during the coming season.

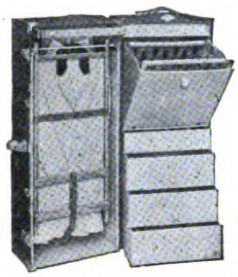
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NEW YORK CITY—Cooper Institute, Tuesday evening, Oct. 4th, eight o'clock. This will be the only lecture given by Mr. Hubbard in New York during the coming season.

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## The Latest "LIKLY" WARDROBE TRUNKS for CAREFUL PEOPLE

The "Likly" Wardrobe Trunks appeal only to people who take Pride in their appearance. Careless People—No! ¶ Deep Thinkers believe that Clothes reflect Character. If this be so, you should not wear frowsy garments—all wrinkled—without freshness. ¶ Traveling in Good Shape, transporting one's wardrobe and finding it *wearable* when you want it, is merely a matter of forethought and of planning in advance. ¶ Really, it 's just as convenient to buy a "Likly" Wardrobe Trunk, just as cheap, all things considered, as it is to buy the kind that moves your effects in *bales*. ¶ The "Likly" Wardrobe Trunk separates one garment from the other, considerately, conveniently; when you are ready, so are the Clothes. ¶ And you do not have to tumble out everything to "get at" one.



THE LATEST "LIKLY" WARDROBE TRUNK FOR WOMEN

Sixteen to eighteen suits or gowns, and the accessories to go with them, are readily carried, and every garment is instantly accessible when the trunk is opened.
In addition to the wardrobe section, there is a large and roomy complete chiffonier section, including a drawer especially designed to accommodate two hats.

THE "LIKLY" MIDGET WARDROBE TRUNK FOR MEN



Is also one of the simplest, most convenient and most compact wardrobe trunks made, and is an excellent short-trip trunk for busy men. It will carry, without wrinkling, three suits and an overcoat, or four suits.
It has special compartments for shirts and underwear, neckwear, collars, hosiery, shoes and a hat.

*A Complete Wardrobe Booklet of Special Styles for Men and Women Will be Sent on Request*

HENRY LIKLY & COMPANY 116 LYELL AVENUE, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Investors' and Traders'

## POCKET MANUAL

containing a treatise on Short Sales, Wall Street Terms, Small-Lot Trading, Commission Charges, Margin Requirements, Unlisted and Curb Stocks, Opening an Account and many other valuable suggestions.

FREE UPON REQUEST

**Special Night Letter Service**

For Prospective Customers. We Invite Your Account.

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## FINEST QUALITY FURS

### At Maker's Summer Prices

BUY furs now, and get the advance-season discounts. Our location for over half a century at St. Paul, the gateway to the great American fur country, and one of the largest fur-markets in the world, enables us to buy raw skins direct from the trappers. These selected skins are made up in our own clean, airy workrooms. Our designers are the best; our styles the latest. Furs are sent on approval to responsible persons. Fit and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
To attract early orders and to avoid usual rush later, we offer, until October First,

**15 Per Cent Discount off 1910 Catalog Prices of**

**ALBRECHT FURS**

All our furs are genuine, true to name; made from whole skins by workmen of lifelong experience. We do not make or sell cheap, unreliable furs. Hundreds of styles of Fur Garments, Neckwear and Muffs; photographs, in colors, of actual furs; how to take home-measurements; valuable information about all furs, etc , given in our

**60-Pg. Catalog No. 25, 4c in stamps**

Write today; take advantage of advance-season discounts; and get your furs in time for first cold days. We refer to any bank or business house in St. Paul or Minneapolis.



Model 29L and Large Pillow Muff. (*Reduced from catalog illustration.*) Special 15 per cent Discount Price of set in Kamchatka Fox only **$30.60**

**E. ALBRECHT & SON** (*Established 1855*)

6th and Minnesota Streets, Station P, Saint Paul, Minnesota


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furnish literary workers with subjects, doctors with diseases, and preachers with texts. If they did not exist we should never know how well off we are.
—Puck.

IGNORANCE is not so damnable as humbug
—George Eliot.

THE life-blood of business-building is Salesmanship—the power to persuade the people to purchase product at a profit Of persuasion there are two kinds—direct and indirect. The persuasion that counts most of all, to the end of permanency of trade, is first, quality of goods, and, second, excellence of service. Patrons are illy served if served with anything but quality goods.—Arthur Frederick Sheldon.


# Why Internal Bathing Preserves Perfect Health

You can not be healthy unless you keep your system absolutely free from waste matter.
For when the bodily waste is not promptly removed, the blood passing through the intestines re-absorbs the deadly poisons, and carries them back into the vital organs.
Your powers of resistance against infection are thereby weakened. Headache, palpitation, sallowness, dizziness and a multitude of ills are the result. Moreover, you are exposed to the attacks of countless other serious and often incurable diseases.
The only *natural* way to keep the system absolutely free from this noxious waste is by means of the

## J. B. L. CASCADE

This is a scientific appliance built on the most approved medical principles. It thoroughly cleanses and purifies the system without the use of drugs. Moreover, it helps to strengthen the vital organs and aids the entire system to perform its functions naturally. It can be used by any one at home without the slightest trouble.

**STOPPED CHRONIC HEADACHE**

DEAR DOCTOR:—Some three months ago I ordered one of your "Cascades," thinking it might do something toward relieving me of violent headaches, to which I am subject every two or three weeks. I knew these headaches were due to clogging up of the system and to overwork, and looked forward to them with dread. I have used the "Cascade Treatment" about five times, and at such times as I felt the headache coming on. After using the treatment I would lie down for half an hour, and on rising would be entirely free from every symptom of the threatened headache. My digestion is improved and I feel better generally since using your treatment than I have for a long time. I have been in practise of medicine for thirty-six years, and have always been subject to these headaches. No treatment has ever relieved me as yours has. You may make use of this if you think it will save any one from suffering the distress that I have passed through since boyhood days.
Very truly yours,
D. B. HAND, M.D., Scranton, Pa.

**GET THIS FREE BOOK**

The sure way to retain and regain perfect health is told plainly and comprehensively in our book, "The What, the Why, the Way." Contains letters from widely known people who have been restored to health by the J. B. L. Cascade.
You should send for this book at once, as the reading of it may mean health and a brighter, happier life for you.
Write today to department 140 J.

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, 134 West 65th St., New York City





## Mexican Drawn-Work of Rare Quality

The Drawn-Work on this Shirt-Waist Front is twelve inches wide and sixteen inches long; the back, the sleeves, collar and cuffs are similar.

We will send such a Shirt-Waist prepaid to any address—made of Lawn, $4.00; made of Linen of very fine quality, $6.00. We will guarantee satisfaction.

There are many other designs at about the same price.

We will also send to any responsible party, an assortment of drawn-work consisting of Shirt-Waists, Tablecloth, Napkins, Table-Covers, Doilies and Handkerchiefs, *on suspicion*.

When you answer this Ad, mention that you read THE FRA—and your Order will have Special Attention.

F. H. Williams, Box 283, Brownsville, Texas


I AM quite certain that there is nothing which draws so good, or at least so large, a congregation as a fight in the pulpit.
—Bolton Hall.

I AM aware that many object to the severity of my language; but is there not cause for severity? I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest; I will not equivocate: I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I WILL be heard.
—William Lloyd Garrison.

WITHIN yourself lies the cause of whatever enters into your life. To come into the full realization of your own awakened powers is to be able to condition your life in exact accord with what you would have it.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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**Inter-Haven By-The-Sea**

is a modern cottage, directly on the ocean-front, connected with the famous Boardwalk by a private approach. The house is open on all sides to the sea, and there is a large piazza on three sides of the cottage, which is constantly swept by the soft, soothing, ocean breezes. It is a most ideal place to gather together the frayed and weary nerves, and to build physically.

**THE RESTORIUM**

The Restorium is not a sanitarium. It is not a medical center. It is not conducted in connection with any home or hospital, but it is established for a few select persons who desire, above all, rest and comfort and a new insight into life; who want to cease for a time the constant strain upon the vital forces that modern life seems to necessitate.

The Restorium is a Health Home, where comfort reigns, where sunshine gladdens, where quiet may be enjoyed, where freedom is not restrained, and where sanity in right living, right thinking, right sleeping and right resting are taught and observed.

As the number of guests at The Restorium is limited, it is necessary for those contemplating taking advantage of its benefits to address immediately. ¶ Prices, $15 to $35 per week.

MRS. MATILDA B. NORDIN, Atlantic Avenue and Ocean Front, Atlantic City, New Jersey

**OUR CATALOG OF RARE BOOKS** State Histories, First Editions, etc., Law-Books, Case and Text, also rare Session Laws, will be mailed free on application.

WE PUBLISH

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"Bar-Examination Review," by Albert H. Putney, 1910 **$4.00**

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**Illinois Book Exchange, Lakeside Building, Chicago, Illinois**

**GINSENG** Culture is the "Only Way" to make Big Money on Little Capital. One acre is worth $25,000 and yields more revenue than a 100-acre farm, with much less work and worry. Let me show you how to turn your spare time into cash. Start a garden now and increase your annual income $500 to $5,000, without interfering with your present vocation. Five Thousand pounds grown on an acre. Sells for $6 to $7.50 a pound. I will buy all you can raise. Write now for my beautifully illustrated booklet and prices on stratified seed and cultivated roots.

T. H. SUTTON, 1600 SHERWOOD AVE., LOUISVILLE, KY.

ELBERT HUBBARD has marked a certain number of men who have lived and have directly influenced our present civilization. A man who has not read "Little Journeys" and has n't them in his library is not abreast of the times.

—Percival K. Frowert.

FROM one viewpoint this is all there is to commerce; namely, the work of the seller inducing in the mind of the buyer these six mental states: favorable attention, interest, desire, action, confidence, satisfaction. But it is all that, and that is a very great deal. Any one who can successfully induce these six mental states in the minds of a high percentage of people within the area of his possible clientage is a business-builder and will have a profitable business.—Arthur Frederick Sheldon.

ONE of the speakers who helped Harvard to win the annual freshman debate from Yale and Princeton is fourteen years of age. In view of the twelve-year-old lecturer on the fourth dimension, Yale and Princeton should enter a protest on the ground that this member of the Harvard team is too old to represent his university.—Wex Jones.

ANY one who talks to a credit man before lunch takes his own life in his hands.—Mike Kinney.

THE slums are inhabited by people who have nothing to trust in but Providence. The slums are preyed on by poverty, charitable organizations and settlement workers. They

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# Did You Ever See a Florida Paper-Shell Pecan? Specimens Below are Natural Size



**Van Deman** **Stuart** **Schley**

¶ The real truth about the interest-paying capacity of a Pecan Grove is so much beyond what is considered legitimate that we hesitate to make statements lest we be put in a class in which we neither belong or wish to be suspected of belonging. For this reason, in our book about Pecan-Growing we have refrained from putting in our own optimistic opinions about the possibilities of Pecan culture and have confined ourselves to testimony of reliable and distinguished people who are growing *The Florida Paper-Shell Pecan* for profit. Among them is the name of the Honorable J. R. West, of Monticello, who makes affidavit before the County Judge of having in Nineteen Hundred Eight sold *Ninety-nine Dollars' worth from one old tree* and Thirty-six Dollars from a tree twelve years old. Another planter makes affidavit of Thirty-one Dollars from a seven-year-old tree in one season.

¶ These are by no means average yields, but specimens picked from the best records made by single trees. What a grove will do for a period of years is what the investor wants to know; and to be frank, no one can tell you what a large grove will do for a considerable number of years, for the Florida Paper-Shell Pecan as a commercial proposition is just a toddler.

¶ We know of an *eighty-acre grove eleven years old for which a Chicago capitalist offered Eighty Thousand Dollars* six months ago, and we know of another grove of eleven acres for which Twenty Thousand Dollars was offered within the last sixty days, and in both cases the offer was refused. This gives an idea of what they will produce in these two instances, for it is assumed the offers were made on a basis of the groves paying liberal interest on the valuation. In fact, Mrs. Ramsey, the owner of the eighty acres, gives as her reason for refusing the offer the fact that she knows of no manner in which she could invest Eighty Thousand Dollars with a hope of receiving the returns this eleven-year-old grove is bringing.

¶ Most groves, however, are but three to five years old, and as we say the evidence of what a large grove will do over a term of years must be estimated. This we know, and you will admit it after a fair investigation: THERE IS NO CROP OR FRUIT OF ANY KIND GROWN IN THE KNOWN WORLD THAT WILL BRING TO THE PRODUCER ONE-HALF THE NET INCOME OF THE FLORIDA PAPER-SHELL PECAN.

¶ Our booklet tells you all about it and gives handsome halftones of Pecan groves and scenes in and about the good old town of Tallahassee, Florida, and we are paying for this space in the hope that you will ask us to mail you a free copy. Hardly that either, but in the hope that it may lead to our interesting you in the purchase of five or more acres of land which we will set out to Pecans for you and care for them until they come into bearing, giving you your own time and terms in which to pay for them.

¶ The kindly-souled gentleman, scholar and man of business who edits this magazine and just makes an easy living saying things for people who know enough to say the same thing themselves, sometimes hauls up from the well of his own deep experience, diamonds so large that the crowd passes them by, as he with an inward chuckle flips them out in their path. He knows they are too big to be taken for true stones. Here is one of them, "*Honesty is the greatest graft yet!*" So here are a few of the things we offer to do for you: Sell you as many acres in our Pecan Villa Property as you feel you can afford to buy on easy terms. The villa is within four miles of Tallahassee, and contains twelve hundred acres. Then we will agree to plant the same to the best varieties of Florida Paper-Shell Pecans, and care for them until they come into bearing. Then, to assure you we are working the "*greatest graft yet,*" we will not ask you to pay the money or any part of it to us, but deposit it with one of the strongest banking concerns in the State, to be paid over to us when we have fulfilled the conditions of our contract with you. Then, to cinch the graft, we have the bank enter into contract with you to step in and complete our work should we fail in any particular. Then as a sort of little side graft—should you want to invest now and come later and look at your purchase, we offer to refund your money if you can find a man in Florida raising Pecans who is dissatisfied with the business or if you find that we have in any way exaggerated or misstated in our booklet, by letter or otherwise. If there is any more graft, the booklet will tell you about it.

¶ When you read it you will know that the writer, so far as he knows, is giving the whole truth, and just that is shamefully full of suggestive promise. Have a bit of faith—all grafters are not bad. The dog and the coyote are both of the same family, but the dog has evolved to a plane of intelligence where he knows he can get the most out of the game for himself by being a friend, so he works the friendly graft. Should we get into correspondence I might be able to convince you I am really interested in giving you something you need, and if you get the feeling that it's right, drop me a card asking for the book.

WM. A. BELL, Tallahassee, Fla., Secy. Florida Home Development Company

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# New Type and Quality

***An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard***

¶ Every little while some fellow who wants the real goods writes to me for printing. Maybe he is away off in San Francisco or San Antonio or Boston; he may have a printer doing business right next door; but still he writes to me.
¶ If he has ever had work done here before, he does n't say anything about prices —just sends along the job.
¶ But the new customer generally wants some figures, and when he gets them his next letter probably tells us that he knows a printer who will do the job for "just about half that."
¶ Does he send the job to the other fellow—the Cut-Price Jabberwok? On your life he does not!—and I will tell you why, Algernon: it is because he wants *Roycroft Quality*.
¶ Quality pays, and pays big dividends. It is not much harder to turn out a fine piece of printing than it is a bum job—just a little more care, just a little more patience and a little better typography.
¶ If you do good work, pretty soon you find men and concerns who will pay Your Price.
¶ Low Price and Poor Work go hand in hand.
¶ Here at Roycroft we use good paper and good presses, and hire the best printers we can find—Printers with the artistic grouch preferred. But if the printer is supplied with a lot of worn-out type he is discouraged before he begins to set the job. And the pressman who has to spend his time sticking underlays on the feet of letters that are too low for the rollers to ink them—well, if you are a printer you know what he says. Also, you know just about how long it will be before he is looking for a place where they don't monkey with that kind of type.
¶ I know both sides.
¶ Type costs money, and the Type-Founders have an unpleasant way of sending their bills in with alarming regularity. But you have to have clean, sharp, new type to get "quality" results, and until we installed our Monotype Machine the Type-Founders were getting most of our money.
¶ Now, the fuzzy face of Italian Handmade paper does not worry us a little bit. When the type is worn out it goes back into the pot, and the beauty of it is, that since the Monotype Machine came to our rescue, we not only cast and set the type for THE FRA and "The Philistine" every month, but make the display-type for the advertisements as well.
¶ So here, then, is a hunch—to get good prices you must have *quality*, and to get quality you must have good typography and good type. The Monotype is the solution, and this is my experience.
¶ When you cut Prices below your self-respect, you lose it.
¶ Send a card today for "Printing for Profit."

**Lanston Monotype Machine Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**


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# Dead Air Means Dead Brains

By Fra Elbertus

TWO weeks, each year, you go away to the Country to benefit by the pure, fresh air.

The city has wrung the life out of you, and because of the imperative need, you set aside two weeks of the fifty-two, and say, "Presto! Now I will secure Health."

Health must be earned. You can not overwork and under-breathe all year 'round and then in two casual weeks call back your loss.

If you are a business man working in city buildings, you are forced to breathe impure air. Even though your Office may be "Ventilated," the vitiated air of the Big Town can give no Health to you, no resilience.

Unless you have forethought and prepare against the admitted evil of bad air, you may one day pay heavily for your neglect.

You would not feed an expensive and delicately adjusted machine with inferior oil. Even though you were willing to risk the life of the machine, you would n't do it, because of decreased and low-grade production.

Yet, you feed your body on *dead* air and expect to have *live* brains. Well—you don't.

Air—Good Air—is about sixty times as important as food.

You can do without food for days, but air is your Life-Giver.

There is every Good Reason why you should try to increase your own efficiency in the Office, or Store, or Shop. Then give some thought to the quality of Air you breathe.

Outdoor air is better than indoor air.

Country air is an improvement on city air.

Sea or mountain air is an improvement on country air.

Why? Simply because sea or mountain air has a bracing quality added to it. That bracing quality is due to the ozone, the one element which, added to *good air*, makes it the *best air you can get.*

Ozone is largely produced in Nature by the action of electricity on the oxygen of the air. Ozone is produced by the ***Vohr Ozone-Maker*** in your office with electric-light current, transformed to a higher voltage, and brought into contact with the air. "Nature's way under Man's control."

***The Vohr Ozone-Maker*** is portable and compact: 15 x 19 x 13 inches. It is now used in many general offices, factories, theaters, clubs, telephone-exchanges, restaurants, banks, vaults, courts, homes, hospitals and hotels.

WRITE FOR IMPORTANT BOOKLET

Standard Electro-Utilities Co.
Manufacturers of THE VOHR ELECTRIC OZONE-MAKER
**Box No. 515, 312-314 Fifth Avenue**
**CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**



The fan inside radiates electricity in a purple glow

Same cost to run as one light.
Yields 10,000 cubic feet ozonized air hourly

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# Style is the Dress of Thoughts

—Chesterfield

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, Fourth Earl of Chesterfield, is the man to whom all Disciples of Good Form trace a direct lineage.

Chesterfield never stepped on his lady's train. He never called before ten in the morning. He never asked her age. Nor discussed vaccination. He never tipped the waiter in her presence. He never kissed and told. He never noted how sallow she seemed. He never confided to her that her gown did not fit. And when "unavoidably called away," he always sent flowers.

Lord Chesterfield was master of the Art of Doing Things Beautifully.

Any man can fall into Life and stumble out, but the one who performs gracefully deserves the plaudits.

He who sends flowers when it is the obvious thing to do, assumes a duty. But he who projects himself, and sends flowers to the girl in New York, when he is in Chicago—or to the girl in St. Louis, when he is in Bangor, Maine—that is Art. He earns for himself a special niche in her memory.

*Fox delivers Flowers anywhere!*

There is no exorbitant charge attached to Fox Service—just the Market-Price of the Flowers, plus the shipping cost, that's all.

If you can afford to send flowers at all, you can afford to send them the Fox Way—which is the way of the more-than-ordinary man.

## Fox Suggestions for September

For Travelers: Home-Coming Flowers. Fall Weddings. On Going Away to College. Events in Far-Off Cities.

When Ordering say about how much you care to spend, and remit in advance.

**Charles Henry Fox**

*At The Sign of The Rose*

**Broad Street Below Walnut, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**


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# WHERE GUSH THE GEYSERS

*Nature Alone is Permanent.—Longfellow.*



HERE is just one objection to Yellowstone Park—and that is, it exhausts your supply of adjectives.

Usually we describe things by saying they are like this or they remind you of that.

But the Yellowstone Park reminds you of things you have seen and experienced in dim eons past and ages gone. You look upon the gushing geysers, the towering crystal peaks, the dashing streams, the limpid lakes, the mountains lifting themselves to the skies, cold, solemn and imperturbable, and your eyes turn at last to the eternal blue overhead, and you are hushed, awed, subdued, and the Sense of Sublimity holds you fast. Tears come as a great relief.

No one can ever describe Yellowstone Park, because what you see and feel there is beyond compare, and therefore beyond speech. The eyes reveal the soul, the mouth the flesh, the chin stands for purpose, the nose means will. But over and behind all is that fleeting Something we call "expression." This Something is not set or fixed, it is fluid as the ether, changeful as the clouds that move in mysterious majesty across the surface of the Summer sky, subtle as the sob of rustling leaves—too faint at times for human ears—elusive as the ripples that play hide-and-seek over the bosom of a placid lake. You feel there as did Leonardo when he tried to portray the face of his lady-love. To do so would have been to picture his own fleeting, changing, moving mood

You see Niagara Falls and you go away and talk about it; you see Yellowstone Park and you go away and think about it.

It is an Experience, and never again are you quite the same person. You have been close to Infinity.

Robert Browning tells us of Lazarus, who, having come back from the confines of Death, could not speak of what he had seen, because there was nobody he could talk with who had had a similar experience.

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# BEING AN ADVERTISEMENT

*By ELBERT HUBBARD*

The person who has been to Yellowstone Park can only talk about it with those who, too, have seen, known and felt.

But great as is Yellowstone Park, I have found something that almost parallels it. It is a book on Yellowstone Park, wherein artist and writer have collaborated.

This book is called "Where Gush the Geysers." and it is an advertisement for the Oregon Short Line ✍ It tells you how to reach the Yellowstone with ease, and gives you a foretaste of what you will see when you get there. The illustrations are mostly reproductions of paintings ✍ ✍

How much the work cost I dare not guess. Yet I know a little about the art of the illustrator, a little about literature, a lot about printing, and look you, neighbor, I now say that this book, "Where Gush the Geysers," is the finest and most satisfying piece of commercial literature ever put out in America, Europe, Asia or Africa.

It is the work of Poole Brothers, Chicago.

A beautiful girl in Vaudeville was once asked this question, "What do you find the most difficult thing in your profession?"

And the answer was, "To live up to my lithographs."

I know, I love and I reverence Yellowstone Park. But splendid as is the Park it now has a task set for it—to live up to this beautiful book, "Where Gush the Geysers."

I bound my copy in full Levant. A man came along and offered me twenty-five dollars for it, and I've held him off until I find whether I can get another.

If you want a copy of this superb book, it will be mailed on receipt of twenty-five cents in stamps or silver. Address

**D. E. BURLEY**

**General Passenger Agent, Oregon Short Line**

**Salt Lake City, Utah**


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# The Science of Service

## An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

*"He that is greatest among you shall be your servant."*

THE other day I met John G. Shedd, General Manager of the great business of Marshall Field and Company. He introduced me to his First Assistant, a youth of thirty-two. This young man draws a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year—and earns it.

Also, he has an interest in the business that pays him—oh, say a hundred thousand dollars every twelve months.

In five minutes the young man had heard my case and made his decision. He was quick but kindly—sane and positive. He knew what he wanted and also what he did n't want.

"Where did you find him?" I asked Mr. Shedd, as the Hundred-Point man disappeared up the elevator.

"God sent him, I guess—I need six more just like him, now. He knows the science of human service!"

As I made my way out on the street, those words, "The Science of Human Service," sort of stuck in my memory.

Society needs the men who can save it from dissolution—who can serve it. The "Don't-Care Colony" is crowded. But the men who can concentrate and consecrate, and joyously and jauntily carry life's burdens shall be crowned with honor and clothed with riches.

However, to work for honors and to strive for money is to miss both. "The Science of Human Service!"

Is there such a science? I answer, "Yes." Success is the result of complying with the Laws of Success; just as Health is the result of obeying the Laws of Health. These Laws of Success have been formulated by Arthur Frederick Sheldon, as Blackstone analyzed, formulated and organized the Common Law of England.

Blackstone made a Science of the Law. Sheldon has made a Science of Business.

Sheldon began with a Science of Salesmanship, and this was well, but the expansion, unfolding and blossoming of the idea has given to us the Science of Business-Building.

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## The Science of Business-Building

Business was once a matter of barter, a thing of the booth and bazaar. Today, business is the Science of Human Service. It is, in fact, the philosophy of manhood—of right thinking and right doing. It has taken twenty-five years' time, the expenditure of a million dollars, and the help of forty thousand pupils for The Science of Business-Building to bloom and blossom.

Sheldon is a student and a teacher—he is always learning, and he has grown rich by giving. His is n't a perfect science, this thing of "Sheldonism," because there is one ingredient which has never been fully analyzed, and that is Human Nature, and Human Nature is Divinity in process.

Sheldon knows full well that he can not produce manhood on formula.

¶ You must work, but Sheldon shows you how to work.

These lessons in The Science of Business-Building I have read and studied with pleasure and profit. They are the expansion of the "Salesmanship" idea, and are taught as a Correspondence Course. They are for average men and women—even as you and I—folks who desire to know and to become.

"You can not make a statue out of punk," says Emerson. And no one knows this better than Sheldon. But no human punk product will read this, much less be interested in it. If you are interested in what I here say it proves that you are not a punk party.

Would you enlarge your powers, enrich your life, increase your usefulness, and make yourself safe against hospital, poorhouse, penitentiary or insane-asylum? Then study this *Science of Human Service*. It is no cut 'cross lots—you 'll have to work, but you 'll find it pleasant work—profitable work—and work that may change the whole current of your life

Perhaps this is the pivotal point in your career—who knows!

Write to Arthur Frederick Sheldon for complete information regarding this course.

## THE SHELDON SCHOOL

**(A. F. SHELDON—Personal)**

REPUBLIC BUILDING

CHICAGO, ILL.


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JAMES OLIVER

# THE OLIVER HOTEL at South Bend, Indiana

WHEN James Oliver, the Plow Man, built The Oliver Hotel he built his personality into it. This Hotel is just like the "Old Man" himself—four-square from the ground up—no veneer, no pretense without the premise, nothing cheap, nor tawdry, nor out of place, but fine, airy, clean and comfortable.

Men who know little of Art or Harmony sense the serenity, the "smoothness" of THE OLIVER and linger long whenever time and business permit.

South Bend is a small city, as cities are rated numerically—say fifty thousand—yet many a place of greater size yearns for a Hotel like THE OLIVER. James Oliver built this Hotel because of his love for South Bend. He built it anticipating the next fifty years.

Outside the door the country stretches away and the river ambles slowly along. Inside is Metropolitan convenience set to the sure motion of many men on busy business bent.

Traveling men on their way West arrange their headquarters at THE OLIVER instead of in Chicago. There is rest and Hominess at THE OLIVER.

THE OLIVER may not produce great profits, that is not necessary. But it has well-paid, happy, helpful help—and the Hotel never wants for guests to fill its rooms.

Any one who comes once to THE OLIVER comes back, and that 's certain.

Are there other hotels in South Bend? There may be, but no one knows nor cares. Ask the Oldest Inhabitant!

South Bend and THE OLIVER are on the Main Line of travel from Everywhere to Anywhere—particularly when going East to West or West to East.

For an Auto Party—just a good run from Chicago. Come down one day and go back the next. Regular stopping-place for Glidden Tourists.

Rates are most moderate and service exceptional.

Have you read "A Little Journey to the Home of James Oliver," by Elbert Hubbard? If not, drop us a postal card and we will be glad to send you a copy, gratis.



THE OLIVER HOTEL
SOUTH BEND INDIANA


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# CLARKSON Is Cutting Book Prices Again

## 81% Discount. I Offer 487 Sample Sets of Books to THE FRA Readers at About 19 Cents on the Dollar

Now is the season's end when publishers clear their sample-rooms, and I have secured, at my own price, slightly handled sets of the finest de-luxe editions to be had. With these I have included from my own sample-rooms every set used for display during the last six months. These sets are not damaged or second-hand; while not fresh, they are in as perfect condition when you receive them as if they had been in your glass-protected bookcases and not read. Every book is guaranteed perfect inside, and so perfect outside that an expert would scarcely know the difference.

¶ I have not enough to warrant making a catalog, and therefore offer these sets to THE FRA readers at lower prices than were ever known for books of this high grade, an average discount of 81 per cent.

### I Ship These Sets on Approval

Letting you examine the books in your home before paying, and return at my expense if books are not satisfactory in every way. I know these sets will please you, but I don't ask you to pay for them until you have seen them and are satisfied. Please use coupon in lower right-hand corner.



***Dickens*** 20 volumes. De-luxe subscription edition. Limited to 1,000 numbered sets. Text and illustrations are of the famous Chapman & Hall, London, edition, as revised by Dickens himself. Large well-spaced type on heavy, soft, linen-finished white paper. Illustrations by the original illustrators are in duotone on India plate-paper. Illuminated title-pages on Japan vellum. Bound in three-fourths Levant, grained morocco. Gold-veined, marbled sides and linings. Silk headbands. Gold tops. Full gold back stamping. Tooled panels. Untrimmed edges. Size of volumes 5¾ x 8½ inches.

Publisher's price, **$90.00**

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The following sets are in the same rich, limited, numbered, de-luxe subscription editions as Dickens described above:

| | Publisher's Price | My Price |
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The following are well-known rich subscription editions—bound in finest cloth, gold tops, back labels, large volumes:

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| **De Kock**—25 vols. | 100.00 | 15.75 |
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Check below the sets you want and mail me this coupon. If you are rated in the commercial reports, attach your business letter-head. If not rated, please give bank or commercial references. I will then ship on approval, books to be paid for after five days' examination, or returned at my expense if not satisfactory. If you remit with order and books are unsatisfactory, return as above and I will refund money at once.—DAVID B. CLARKSON.

***David B. Clarkson, 381-385 Wabash Ave., Chicago***

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# Salesmanship and "The Sale"

***An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard***

After "the Sale"—do you stop there? ¶ Not if you hope to live and to do business.

The Push-Cart Man sells you ten cents' worth of cherries, then hustles his cart around the corner before you discover the short measure, the false bottom in the box.

This is very fine Salesmanship, good enough ethics for a *Push-Cart Business*, for his Salesroom is wherever the sun shines. He is an uncertain quantity. He comes from an Age Past—"Let the Buyer Beware!"

After he makes "the Sale" he has no further interest in his customer, but to avoid his recognition.

Salesmanship of the Burroughs kind does not end when the Sale is made. After the Sale comes *Service*.

Consider the Service of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company.

The Individual Merchant or Corporation who buys a Burroughs puts himself in touch with 103,750 other Burroughs Buyers.

All the Good Systems devised and developed by *Each* of the Burroughs Users are worked over by the Home Force. When Perfection is in Sight, then it is passed along for your use.

Just one of these Systems applied to your business will often return to you many times over your original expenditure for the Machine.

If your Machine is out of order, or if some one breaks it beyond use, or if it needs cleaning or overhauling, there is no loss of time to you. Any one of the Burroughs Representatives close at hand, will provide another—free—while yours is in the Shop. Even the latest Inventions are turned to your advantage.

The Burroughs people work in direct opposition to the Push-Cart Man's practise. They spend $300,000 each year, improving the Burroughs Service.

They give you more for your money than you can get anywhere else, and then very naturally when you want to buy or your friend wants to buy, the name Burroughs, the thought of Burroughs, comes to you unbidden.

You recognize that you not only buy the machine, you Buy the Brains behind the Machine.

This may explain why ninety per cent of all Adding or Listing Machines sold are *Burroughs*. (Do you know of any other Adding-Machine than the Burroughs?)

Salesmanship is not Salesmanship, without effectual *Service* to follow.

We can't make the Burroughs indispensable to you (because not anything is *indispensable*). But we can make it as indispensable as we can. And we do.

The Burroughs Adding Machine is only Part of the Burroughs "Sale." The Service is the Other Part.



Seventy-One Styles of Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines—One to Handle Any Kind of Work: and Made to Fit any Pocket.

If you are interested in **"A Better Day's Work,"** write us (using letterhead) for our unique book under that title. Now in its fourth edition—192 pages. 100,000 already distributed.

Other books: **"Why Don't You Go Home?"**—a 48-page book for retailers. Also, **"Cost-Keeping Short Cuts"**—180 pages—giving simplified methods for cost-keeping departments.

Burroughs Adding Machine Co., Dept. F, Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

European Headquarters: 65 High Holborn, W. C., London, Eng.

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HAVE you ever "fletcherized" on the sausages we make here on the farm—the kind whose savory odor used to make you glad you were alive when you came in from the barn of a frosty morning with an appetite like the hired man's? ¶ Our sausages are made from the choicest portions of home-grown, milk-fed little pigs, home-ground spices and salt. Those who know say they have "farm flavor plus"; and they 're as far from suspicion as an armful of daisies. ¶ Our recipe for sausages is such an old one that it might have come over in the "Mayflower" for all we know. We brought it with us from New England long before the war. We never heard of a better one, and so many folks—Immortals and others—say our sausages are the best ever, we just go on making them in the same old-time way, year after year. ¶ Our way may be primitive, but it 's clean; and we know that every particle of everything that goes into our sausage is as pure and wholesome as it 's possible for it to be. We never make a single sausage more than is needed to fill exactly the day's orders, and *our* next morning's breakfast menu. And every order is filled and shipped the day received. That means freshness absolute—that means better tasting. So it is a wise plan to leave standing orders with your grocer to supply you on certain days—say, Wednesday and Sunday. Then you 'll be certain to have them at that time. We 'll be ready for you about October first, as usual. ¶ Whenever you 're in this vicinity we 'll be pleased to show you over the farm. Anyway, send for the Jones Dairy Farm Booklet. It tells about us, and gives a lot of old-time recipes for cooking the things we make.

MILO C. JONES, The Jones Dairy Farm

Post-office Box, Number 622, FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN

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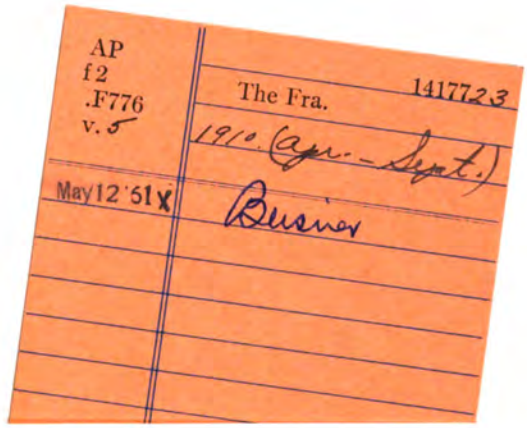
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